





A
VERSI^N
OR
THE PSALMS;

ORIGINALLY WRITTEN BY THE LATE
REV. JAMES MERRICK, A. M.
FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD;

FORMED INTO STANZAS, AND DIVIDED INTO SHORT
PORTIONS, FOR THE USE OF THE CHURCH;

WITH
Explanatory Heads to each Section,

BY THE
REV. W. D. TATTERSALL, A. M.
LATE STUDENT OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

*And introduced under the Sanction of the late King George III.
with the Consent and Approbation of the Rector, into the
Parish Church within the Borough of Weymouth and Mel-
combe Regis.*

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TO THE KING.

SIR,

THE following Work, the result of much application, was at first undertaken, and has been completed, solely from a desire to promote the cause of Religion, and the credit of the Established Church.

In this point of view, I trust, it may not appear unworthy the regard of a Monarch, who has uniformly shown himself the firm supporter of that Church, and graciously expressed his conviction of its intrinsic purity, and inseparable connexion with our excellent Constitution.

That the Church of England may continue to flourish, and preserve its accustomed mildness and moderation, under the happy government of your Majesty, and your illustrious Descendants, to the latest ages, is the earnest prayer of,

Sir,

Your Majesty's most obedient,

And most devoted servant,

W. D. TATTERSALL.

A VERSION
OF
THE PSALMS.

PSALM I.

*The Blessedness of the Righteous, and miserable State
of the Wicked.*

- 1 O how blest the man, whose ear
Impious counsel shuns to hear,
Who nor loves to tread the way
Where the sons of folly stray,
Nor their frantic mirth to share,
Seated in derision's chair ;
But, to virtue's path confined,
Spurns the men of sinful mind,
And, possess'd with sacred awe,
Meditates, great God, thy law.
This by day his fix'd employ,
This by night his constant joy.
- 2 Like the tree that, taught to grow
Where the streams irriguous flow,
Oft as the revolving sun
Through the destined months has run,
Regular its season knows,
Bending low its loaded boughs,
He his verdant branch shall spread,
Nor his sick'ning leaves shall shed ;

PSALM II.

He, whate'er his thoughts devise,
 Joyful to the work applies,
 Sure to find the wish'd success
 Crown his hope, his labour bless.

3 See, ah ! see a different fate
 God's obdurate foes await ;
 See them, to his wrath consign'd,
 Fly like chaff before the wind.
 When thy Judge, O earth, shall come,
 And to each assign their doom,
 Say, shall then the impious band
 With the just assembled stand ?
 These th' Almighty, these alone,
 Objects of his love shall own,
 While his vengeance who defy
 Whelm'd in endless ruin lie.

PSALM II.

The Folly of striving against God.

1 WHY thus enraged, ye tribes profane ?
 Why strive the Gentiles thus in vain ?
 Why, roused by discord's fierce alarms,
 Do headlong nations rush to arms ?

2 Earth's sceptred lords rebellious rise
 Against the Ruler of the skies,
 And Him on whose distinguish'd head
 His hand the sacred oil has shed.

3 In factious counsels thus they join,
 And vaunting brave the Pow'r divine ;
 " Quick let us each renounce their sway,
 " And cast their hated bands away."

4 God from on high their threats shall hear,
 Laugh, as the tumult meets his ear,

And arm'd with vengeance, thus aloud
 Superior quell the frantic crowd :

5 " Yet, mortals, yet your Monarch see,
 " And bow to Him the humble knee ;
 " His throne on Sion's hill my hand
 " Has built, and what I build shall stand."

Christ's Acceptance of his Kingdom.

6 Thy will, great Father, I obey ;
 Pleased I accept the offer'd sway,
 And through the earth's extended frame
 The counsels of thy love proclaim.

7 " Thou art my Son, on this blest day
 " Begotten ; (thus I hear Thee say ;)
 " Prefer thy wish, and to thy hand,
 " Lo ! I consign each heathen land.

8 " I bid thee rule the nations round,
 " Far as to earth's remotest bound ;
 " Though join'd in firmest league, thy foes
 " With vain attempt thy power oppose.

9 " Thy arm the iron rod extends ;
 " Behold them, as the stroke descends,
 " Crush'd like the potter's brittle store,
 " And scatter'd, to unite no more."

Kings exhorted to worship God, and his Messiah.

10 Ye kings, from error's sleep arise,
 Ye judges of the earth, be wise ;
 And, warm'd with duteous zeal, conspire
 To serve with joy th' eternal Sire.

11 O, lest ye perish from the way
 That leads to realms of endless day,
 With awful love, with holy fear,
 His Son, the world's great hope, revere.

PSALM III.

12 If yet but kindling in his hand
 The vengeful bolt uplifted stand,
 Thrice happy, who on Him depend,
 And thankful own th' almighty Friend.

PSALM III.

The Security of God's Protection.

1 BEHOLD, my God, what num'rous foes
 With dire intent my steps inclose,
 While, flush'd with hope, the impious band
 In haughty triumph round me stand :
 " Lo ! there," they cry, " our obvious prey,
 " The wretch whom God has cast away."

2 But see Omnipotence my shield !
 My head aloft by Thee upheld,
 Thy far'ring beams around me shine ;
 Thou, Lord, from Sion's hallow'd shrine
 With kind regard shalt hear my cry,
 And instant grant the wish'd reply.

3 Oppress'd with toil, I sought repose,
 I laid me down, I slept, I rose ;
 For Thou, my God, wert waking still,
 To guard my slumb'ring head from ill :
 Though myriads leagued against me rise,
 My heart secure their rage defies.

4 Thy aid, blest Lord, indulgent yield :
 Oft, as I trod the doubtful field,
 Each hostile cheek has felt thy stroke ;
 Thy rod their teeth vindictive broke ;
 O yield (nor shall I ask in vain)
 That oft experienced aid again.

5 Th' impending storm, my God, assuage,
 'Tis thine to quell their impious rage,

PSALM IV.

5

'Tis thine, great God, 'tis thine to save
Thy servants from th' expecting grave,
'Tis thine to bless them from above,
And crown them with eternal love.

PSALM IV.

An Incitement to private Meditation.

- 1 DEFENDER of my rightful cause,
While anguish from my bosom draws
The deep-felt sigh, the ceaseless prayer,
O make thy servant still thy care ;
That aid, which oft my griefs has heal'd,
That aid again, intreated, yield.
- 2 How long, ye sons of pride, how long
Shall falsehood arm your impious tongue ?
How long shall secret love of ill
To wretched malice urge your will,
And erring rage your breast inflame
My power to thwart, my acts defame ?
- 3 To God my heart shall vent its woe,
Who, prompt his blessings to bestow
On each whose breast has learn'd his fear,
Bows to my plaint the willing ear :
Him wouldest thou please ? With rev'rent awe
Observe the dictates of his law.
- 4 In secret on thy couch reclined,
Search to its depth thy restless mind,
Till hush'd to peace the tumult lie,
And wrath and strife within thee die :
With purest gifts approach his shrine,
And safe to Him thy care resign.

The happy Effects of Confidence in God.

- 5 I hear a hopeless train demand,
“ Where’s now the wish’d Deliv’rer’s hand?”
Do Thou, my God, do Thou reply,
And let thy presence from on high
In full effusion o’er our head
Its all-enliv’ning influence shed.
- 6 What joy my conscious heart o’erflows !
Not such th’ exulting lab’rer knows,
When to his long-expecting eyes
The vintage and the harvests rise,
And, shadowing wide the cultured soil,
With full requital crown his toil.
- 7 My weary eyes in sleep I close,
My limbs, secure, to rest compose ;
For Thou, great God, shalt screen my head,
And plant a guard around my bed,
Thy choicest gifts shalt bid me share,
And make my safety still thy care.

PSALM V.

*A Prayer for Preservation, and the right-ordering of
our Conduct.*

- 1 THE words that from my lips proceed,
My thoughts, (for Thou those thoughts canst
read)
My God, my King, attentive weigh,
And hear, O hear me, when I pray.
- 2 With earliest zeal, with wakeful care,
To Thee my soul shall pour its prayer,
And, ere the dawn has streak’d the sky,
To Thee direct its longing eye :—
- 3 To Thee, whom nought obscured by stain
Can please ; whose doors to feet profane

PSALM V.

Inexorable stand ; whose law
Offenders from thy sight shall awe.

4 Let each whose tongue to lies is turn'd,
Who lessons of deceit has learn'd,
Or thirsts a brother's blood to shed,
Thy hate and heaviest vengeance dread.

5 But I, whose hope thy love supports,
(How great that love !) will tread thy courts,
My knees in lowliest rev'rence bend,
And tow'r'd thy shrine my hands extend.

6 Do Thou, just God, my path prepare,
And guard me from each hostile snare ;
O lend me thy conducting ray,
And level to my steps thy way.

God is the Defender of the Just.

7 Behold me, Lord, by troops inclosed,
Of hatred and of guilt composed,
Nursed in deceit, in sin allied,
Nor faith nor truth their actions guide :

8 Their throat a sepulchre displays,
Deep, wide, insatiate ; in their praise
Lurks flattery, and with specious art
Belies the purpose of their heart.

9 O let the mischiefs they intend
Retorted on themselves descend ;
And let thy wrath correct their sin,
Whose hearts thy mercy fails to win.

10 May all who trust in Thee employ
Their grateful voice in songs of joy,
And share the gifts on those bestow'd,
Who love the name of Jacob's God.

11 To each, who bears a guiltless heart,
Thy grace its blessing shall impart ;

PSALM VI.

Strong as the brazen shield, thy aid
Around him cast its covering shade.

PSALM VI.

An earnest Supplication to God for Mercy.

1 O SPARE me, Lord, nor o'er my head
The fulness of thy vengeance shed;
With pitying eye my weakness view,
Heal my vex'd soul, my strength renew,
And O, if yet my sins demand
The wise corrections of thy hand,
Yet give my pains their bounds to know,
And fix a period to my woe.

Return, great God, return, and save
Thy servant from the greedy grave.

2 Shall death's long-silent tongue, O say,
The records of thy power display?
Or pale corruption's startled ear
Thy praise within its prison hear?
By languor, grief, and care oppress'd,
With groans perpetual heaves my breast,
And tears, in large profusion shed,
Incessant lave my sleepless bed.

Return, great God, return, and save
Thy servant from the greedy grave.

3 While clouds of grief around me roll,
And hostile storms invade my soul,
My life, though yet in mid career,
Beholds the winter of its year
Relentless from my cheek each trace
Of youth and blooming health erase,
And spread before my wasting sight
The shades of all-obscuring night.

Return, great God, return, and save
Thy servant from the greedy grave.

4 Hence, ye profane: my Saviour hears ;
While yet I speak, he wipes my tears,
Accepts my prayer, and bids each foe
With shame their vain attempts forego ;
His vengeance whelms their souls in dread,
And bursts in tempests o'er their head ;
While, struck with horror from on high,
In wild amaze they backward fly.

My Saviour hears ; and deigns to save
His servant from the greedy grave.

PSALM VII.

*The Psalmist prays for Protection, and, conscious of
his own Innocence, appeals to God.*

1 O save me, Lord, and to my foes
Do Thou (in Thee I trust) oppose
Thy power, and let the arm divine,
Strech'd in my cause, bespeak me thine :
2 Lest, while I mourn thy absent aid,
The lion fierce my soul invade,
Pleased, with my blood his thirst allay,
And rend the unresisting prey.
3 My God, if truth their censure guide,
If guilt be in my facts descried,
If e'er from my dissembling heart
My friend has found the hostile part,—
4 If, gracious Lord, with stubborn mind
To wrathful violence inclined,
Impell'd by wrongs, I taught my foe
The terrors of my hand to know,—
5 That foe's worst vengeance let me meet,
Till trampled underneath his feet

Low in the dust my life be laid,
And earth's dark womb my glory shade.

A Declaration of God's Justice and Knowledge of Men's Hearts.

6 Rise, mightiest Lord, triumphant rise
O'er each whose hand thy power defies ;
O let thy wrath chastise my foes,
Hear, and relieve thy servant's woes.

7 Judgment is thine : in awful state,
While circling crowds the doom await,
Ascend thy throne, great God, again,
And justify thy ways to men.

8 O Thou, on whom our fates depend,
My cause, my guiltless cause, defend ;
Awake, thy aiding strength excite,
Awake, and vindicate my right.

9 Sin's baneful growth do thou control,
And guard from ill the upright soul ;
For Thou, just Lord, with searching eye,
The heart and inmost reins canst try.

Sinners bring Misery on Themselves. God's Righteousness is worthy of perpetual Praise.

10 To God, my soul, for help repair,
Who makes the faithful heart his care,
Th' impartial Judge ! whose eyes each day
Indignant scenes of guilt survey.

11 If man his law refuse to know,
He whets his sword, he bends his bow,
He tips with fire the fatal dart,
Ordain'd to pierce th' oppressor's heart.

12 With mischief teem their breasts ; but woe,
And frustrate hope, attend the throe ;

They dig, and with exactest care
A pit, but for themselves, prepare.

13 They toil, and each, condemn'd to gain
The luckless harvest of his pain,
Ills, for a brother's head design'd,
Retorted on his own shall find.

14 Thy justice, Lord, shall on my breast
In sure remembrance stand impress'd,
With grateful joy my heart inspire,
And wake to ceaseless praise my lyre.

PSALM VIII.

*Admiration of God's Works, and his Condescension to
the human Race.*

1 IMMORTAL King ! Through earth's wide frame
How great thy honour, praise, and name !
Whose reign o'er distant worlds extends,
Whose glory heaven's vast height transcends.

2 From infants thou canst strength upraise,
And form their lisping tongues to praise,
That, struck with awe, each wrathful band
In mute astonishment may stand.

3 When, rapt in thought, with wakeful eye
I view the wonders of the sky,
Whose frame thy fingers o'er our head
In rich magnificence have spread,—

4 The silent moon, with waxing horn
Along th' ethereal region borne,
The stars with vivid lustre crown'd,
That nightly walk their destined round,—

5 Lord ! what is man, that in thy care
His humble lot should find a share ;
Or what the son of man, that Thou
Thus to his wants thy ear shouldst bow ?

Man the chief Object of the inferior Creation.

- 5 Lord ! what is man, that in thy care
His humble lot should find a share ;
Or what the son of man, that Thou
Thus to his wants thy ear shouldst bow ? .
- 6 His rank awhile, by thy decree,
Th' angelic tribes beneath them see,
Till round him thy imparted rays
With unextinguish'd glory blaze.
- 7 Subjected to his feet by Thee,
To him all nature bows the knee ;
The beasts in him their lord behold,
The grazing herd, the bleating fold,—
- 8 The fowls, of various wing, that fly
O'er the vast desert of the sky,
And all the wat'ry tribes, that glide
Through paths to human sight denied.
- 9 Immortal King ! Through earth's wide frame
How great thy honour, praise, and name !
Thy reign o'er distant worlds extends,
Thy glory heaven's vast height transcends.

PSALM IX.

*God is praised for his Goodness, and declared to be
the eternal King and Judge of the Earth.*

- 1 WARM'D to its inmost depth my breast
Thanks, not by words to be express'd,
Conceives, nor shall my grateful tongue
E'er leave thy wondrous acts unsung.
- 2 Thee, Lord, I boast my bliss supreme,
Thy praise my song's exhaustless theme ;
O higher than the highest, hail !
Thou, Thou hast bid my cause prevail.

3 Lo ! from the terror of thine eye
 My foes with stumbling step shall fly,
 Or, struck by thy resistless hand,
 In heaps promiscuous strew the land.

4 Strict justice, Lord, supports thy throne,
 And her decrees and Thine are one ;
 Thy stern rebuke the Heathen feel,
 Their name oblivion's shades conceal.

5 See, o'er their guilt-polluted plain
 Destruction, death, and horror reign ;
 While, where the rural waste extends,
 No more the village smoke ascends :

6 No more their cities brave the sky,
 But (rased by Thee) forgotten lie,
 Scarce even in shapeless ruins view'd,
 That mark where once the wonder stood.

7 But Thou, when time shall reach its end,
 Unchanged the sceptre shalt extend ;
 Then fill thy throne in awful state,
 While man's whole race thy judgment wait.

God is the Saviour of the Faithful.

8 Come ye, who in the dang'rous hour
 Wish for your guard the strong-built tower ;
 Each terror to the winds resign'd,
 In God a surer refuge find.

9 The souls that erst oppress'd with woe
 Have learn'd thy name, great God, to know,
 Their hope on Thee shall still sustain,
 Whom none has sought, and sought in vain.

10 In Sion God has fix'd his rest ;
 O be his praise aloud confess ;
 His acts through ev'ry clime resound,
 Far as to earth's extremest bound.

11 He from the proud oppressor's hands
 The poor man's guiltless blood demands,
 And (nor with unregarding ear)
 His just complaint from heaven shall hear.

12 O Thou, whose care prolongs my breath,
 And lifts me from the gates of death,
 Thy servant's woes attentive view,
 While impious men my steps pursue:

13 So shall thy praise employ my tongue,
 And Sion's portals hear my song,
 While with experienced heart I show
 What joys from thy salvation flow.

The Wicked are the Cause of their own Calamities.

14 Low in the pit for others made
 Th' artificers of death are laid;
 And, struck with dire amazement, find
 Their nets around themselves intwined.

15 His justice thus our God displays,
 And mischief with itself repays
 On those who thus their arts prepare,
 And for the guiltless plant the snare.

16 Behold the grave its jaws extend,
 While to its depths the crowds descend,
 Who dare in lawless counsels join,
 Forgetful of the will divine.

17 For think not, O ye good distress,
 That in the all-rememb'ring breast
 Your woes and wrongs unnoticed rise,
 That virtue's hope for ever dies.

18 Up, Lord, nor let the impious soul
 Build sin on sin without control;
 Thy balance, mightiest Judge, assume,
 Pass on the heathen race their doom.

19 O let thy terrors, scatter'd wide,
 Correct them, till each son of pride,
 By Thee convinced, his weakness scan,
 And, humbled, own himself but man.

PSALM X.

A Prayer that the Wicked, who does not believe in God, may be made to repent of his Presumption.

1 SAY, Lord, why thus thy aiding power
 Deserts us in the needful hour,
 Why clouds impervious, round thee roll'd,
 Thy presence from our sight withhold ?

2 Shall impious men escape thy view,
 While thus the guiltless they pursue ?
 O let them, by themselves chastised,
 The ills sustain for Him devised,—

3 No longer boast their mad desires,
 And acts which headlong rage inspires,
 Or joyous grasp their lawless gain,
 And Thee, the soul's best wealth, disdain.

4 Proud wretch ! who shuns o'er nature's face
 The footsteps of thy care to trace,
 And Thee, th' all-potent Monarch, Thee
 Denies, who gav'st himself to be.

5 Behold, while, high above all height,
 Thy judgments, Lord, his distant sight
 Elude, this minister of woe
 Blast with his breath each obvious foe ;

6 “ See, proof to each assault I stand :
 “ What power shall e'er my fear demand :
 “ What ill, to life's remotest day,
 “ Obstruct the tenour of my way ?

The base Designs of an impious Boaster.

- 7 The sinner's lips, with curses fraught,
Words ill according to his thought
Have utter'd, and beneath his tongue
Lurk fraud, and violence, and wrong.
- 8 Beside the solitary way,
Intent the helpless poor to slay,
He waits, and with malignant eye
Insidious marks each passer by.
- 9 As, couch'd within his bushy lair,
The lion fierce with hideous glare
Around him casts his wide survey,
And meditates the future prey,—
- 10 So longs the man of blood to seize
The souls, that own thy just decrees,
When, planted with successful care,
His nets their captive feet insnare:
- 11 What, Lord, his fury shall withstand,
Or save them from the murd'rous band,
That, leagued in sin, assist his toil,
And share with him the guilty spoil?
- 12 " Shall Heaven's high Lord," he cries, " descend
" The human actions to attend?
" The paths by me at will pursued
" His inem'ry and his thought elude."
- 13 Rise, mightiest Lord, and lift thy hand,
Nor let the injured poor demand
Thy saving aid with fruitless prayer,
But guard them by thy fost'ring care.
- 14 Why should the souls who Thee defy
With impious tongue reproachful ery,
" 'Tis not within th' Almighty's plan
" To scrutinize the acts of man?"

An Intercession for the Afflicted.

15 What eyes, like thine, eternal Sire,
Through sin's obscurest depths inquire?
What judge, like Thee, on virtue's foes
The needful vengeance can impose?

16 The meek observer of thy laws
To Thee commits his injured cause;
In Thee, each anxious fear resign'd,
The fatherless a Father find.

17 O, break the arm of impious might;
So shall their threats no more excite
Our dread, nor thy offended eye
The triumphs of their guilt deserv.

18 Thine is the throne: beneath thy reign,
Immortal King! the tribes profane
Behold their dreams of conquest o'er,
And vanish to be seen no more.

19 Thou, Lord, thy people's wish canst read,
Ere from their lips the prayer proceed;
'Tis Thine their drooping hearts to rear,
And when they call incline thine ear.

20 'Tis Thine the orphan's cheek to dry,
The guiltless sufferer's cause to try,
To rein each earthborn tyrant's will,
And bid the sons of pride be still.

PSALM XI.

God protects the Faithful and Just, but punishes the Wicked.

1 ON God my steadfast hopes rely:
Why urge ye then my soul to fly,
And swift, on trembling wings convey'd,
To seek the mountain's cov'ring shade?

PSALM XII.

See, prompt to ill, th' insidious foe
 Now couch'd in secret bend the bow,
 Now to the string adjust the dart,
 That thirsts to wound the guiltless heart :
 While justice mourns her base o'erthrown,
 Say, who the injured cause shall own ?

2 Thou, Lord, that cause wilt still sustain ;
 Thou, throned amid thy heavenly fane,
 Shalt cast, regardful, from on high
 On suffering innocence thine eye,
 Each human heart intent to prove,
 And bid the souls that seek thy love,
 Blest objects of thy constant care,
 The fulness of thy bounty share ;
 While lawless hands and hearts impure
 Thy wrath and stedfast hate endure.

3 Behold the lightnings wing their way,
 Behold the fires vindictive stray ;
 While from thy hand the baleful draught,
 With storm and mingled sulphur fraught.
 In wild amaze the impious train
 Low to its utmost dregs shall drain :
 For (just himself) where'er it shines
 To justice God his love inclines,
 Delighted in the upright mind
 His own reflected beams to find.

PSALM XII.

A Want of Sincerity among the Sons of Men ; God's Judgments will overtake the Wicked, and succour the Righteous.

1 O HELP me, Lord : for none I see,
 Whose acts conform to thy decree ;

Nor truth nor faith my search can trace
Amid the sons of human race.

2 New plans of fraud each mind has known,
And speaks a language not its own ;
Their lips have learn'd with specious art
To veil the purpose of the heart.

3 But God with vengeance arm'd shall rise,
The tongue of flattery to chastise,
And justice to the lip of pride
Its stroke with aim unerring guide.

4 What force, exclaims the impious band,
Shall eloquence like ours withstand ?
And say, to whom the task belongs
To fix the bridle on our tongues.

5 "Enough, (th' eternal Sire has cried)
"Enough my suffering saints have sigh'd,
"To Me disclosed their ceaseless fear,
"And pour'd their sorrows in mine ear.

6 "My hand shall see their wrongs redrest,
"And soothe to peace their troubled breast ;
"Its saving aid around them throw,
"And guard them from th' insulting foe."

*God's Promises never fail. Ungodly Rulers
encourage Sin.*

7 Pure are thy words, almighty Lord,
As silver, that, by art explored,
Has seen the seventh tormenting fire
Around th' inclosing vase aspire.

8 Thy love thy servants, Lord, shall share,
And, safe in thy protecting care,
Behold, unmoved, an impious age
Aim at their life its fruitless rage.

9 When men, by every crime debased,
 In seats of sov'reign rule are placed,
 Then wrong and fraud the earth o'erspread,
 And vice triumphant lifts the head.

PSALM XIII.

Confidence and Hope in God.

1 How long shall I, my God, in vain,
 Press'd by a weight of griefs, complain ?
 Say, shall I sink in deep despair,
 For ever banish'd from thy care ?

2 Condemn'd thy absent beams to mourn,
 Still to divided counsels turn
 My lab'ring thought, and hear the foe
 Exulting triumph in my woe ?

3 Thy suppliant's voice attentive weigh,
 And bid, O bid, thy heav'nly ray
 With healing influence o'er me rise,
 Ere death's dark slumber close my eyes.

4 What transport would my fall impart
 To each incens'd opposer's heart,
 Who would his utmost art address,
 The friend of peace and trnht t' oppress !

5 "Behold," the hostile tongue would cry,
 "Beneath my feet behold him lie,
 "The wretch that, hastening to his end,
 "With pow'r superior durst contend."

6 But, while their ceaseless threats I hear,
 Thy mercy, Lord, dispels my fear ;
 My hopes on thy salvation rest,
 And fill with conscious joy my breast.

7 Well pleased that mercy to proclaim,
 To Thee, instinct with holy flame,

To Thee my tongue from day to day
Shall meditate the grateful lay.

PSALM XIV.

The extravagant Height of Man's Unrighteousness.

- 1 BEHOLD the fool, whose heart denies
The God who form'd the earth and skies :
While fearless, sin's worst paths he treads,
Mark how the dire example spreads.
- 2 Of man's whole race not one we find
To virtue's Heaven-taught rules inclined,
Who 'midst infectious times has stood
Unstain'd, and obstinately good.
- 3 Th' eternal Monarch from on high
Cast on the sons of earth his eye,
If haply some he yet might see
True to their God, from error free.
- 4 He look'd : but ah ! not one could find
To virtue's Heaven-taught rules inclined :
Each, led from wisdom's path astray,
Pursues the tenour of his way.

*The Enmity of the Wicked against the People of
God, and a Prayer for Salvation.*

- 5 O say, what ignorance could blind
The souls, who with remorseless mind
Presume my people to devour,
As bread, nor own their Maker's power.
- 6 Yet see their thoughts tumultuous roll,
See various terrors shake their soul :
For God amidst the righteous dwells,
And each invading foe repels.
- 7 And what are ye, who thus deride
The souls that in their God confide,

With wise simplicity of mind
 To his all-just decrees resign'd ?

8 Who, mightiest Lord, to Israel's eyes
 Shall bid the wish'd salvation rise,
 From Sion's hill its healing ray
 Extend, and round us pour the day ?

9 When Thou thy captives shalt restore,
 Thy praise shall sound through Judah's shore,
 And ceaseless shouts, through Heaven's wide frame
 Loud echoing, Jacob's joy proclaim.

PSALM XV.

*The Qualifications of that Man who is fit to enter
 into God's holy Temple.*

1 Who shall tow'r'd thy chosen seat
 Turn in glad approach his feet ?
 Who shall at thine altars bend ?
 Who to Sion's hill ascend ?
 Who, great God, a welcome guest,
 On that hallow'd mountain rest ?—
 He whose heart thy love has warm'd,
 He whose will to thine conform'd,
 Bids his life unsullied run ;
 He whose word and thought are one.

2 He who ne'er, with cruel aim,
 Seeks to wound an honest fame,
 Nor with gloomy joy possess'd,
 Can a brother's peace molest,
 Or to slander's tongue severe
 Stoops with easy faith his ear ;
 Who, from servile terror free,
 Spurns at those who spurn at Thee ;
 And to each, who Thee obeys,
 Love and lowliest reverence pays.

3 What he swears, with stedfast will
 To his loss he shall fulfil,
 Nor by avaricious loan
 Make the poor man's bread his own ;
 Nor can bribes his sentence guide
 'Gainst the guiltless to decide.
 He who thus, with heart unstain'd,
 Treads the path by Thee ordain'd,
 He, great God, shall own thy care,
 And thy constant blessing share.

PSALM XVI.

*David prays for Support, avows his Love to the
 Saints, and his Detestation of Idolaters.*

1 FATHER of all ! my soul defend ;
 On Thee my stedfast hopes depend :
 “ Thou, mightiest Lord, and none beside,
 “ Thou art my God,” my heart has cried.

2 In vain, with grateful zeal, I burn
 Thy boundless goodness to return ;
 In vain would gifts by me bestow'd
 Augment the treasures of my God.

3 Yet shall my love on all descend,
 Whose souls to thy decrees attend,
 My heart's desire to each incline,
 Whose saint-like virtue marks him thine.

4 The wretch, who madly strays from Thee,
 And bows to gods miscall'd the knee,
 Shall find new sorrows round him roll,
 And whelm in dread his conscious soul.

5 Be witness to my guilt, if e'er
 Their draughts of offer'd blood I share ;
 If, while thy breath my life sustains,
 Their name my hallow'd lip profanes.

6 Thee, Lord, my patrimony, Thee
 The portion of my cup I see :
 Thy care my envied lot secures,
 And life's best gifts around me pours.

*The Psalmist boasts of the divine Protection, and
 declares the Hope of a Resurrection.*

7 Thee let me bless, the faithful guide,
 Whose counsels o'er my life preside,
 And wisdom to my wakeful breast
 At midnight's silent hour suggest.

8 In all my acts, in each intent,
 Thee to my soul my thoughts present,
 Whose sure defence my gate has barr'd,
 And planted on my right a guard.

9 For this my heart, for this my tongue,
 Shall meditate the joyful song ;
 Hope e'en in death shall be my guest,
 And smooth the pillow of my rest.

10 Thou from the grave my soul shalt free,
 Nor leave thy holy one to see
 Corruption's power :—before my eyes
 The op'ning paths of life shall rise ;

11 Those paths that to thy presence bear,
 For plenitude of bliss is there ;
 And pleasures, Lord, unmix'd with woe,
 At thy right hand for ever flow.

A Prayer of the Innocent for Protection and Safety.

1 To Thee, the Judge enthroned on high,
 Shall injured innocence apply :

O let my prayer by Thee be heard,
From undissembling lips preferr'd ;
O let my doom from Thee proceed,
And gracious mark the upright deed.

2 When night's dark shades were round me pour'd,
Thy thoughts my spirit have explored ;
Say, to thy all-discerning eyes
If aught of guilt within me rise,
If offer'd violence and wrong
Have urged to sin my thoughtless tongue.

3 Taught by thy word, my stedfast mind
Has each nefarious path declined ;
O still my guardian, still my guide,
Forbid my wav'ring feet to slide ;
To Thee, (for Thou the prayer canst hear)
To Thee my suppliant voice I rear.

4 O treat me not with cold disdain,
Nor let my vows return in vain ;
O Thou, whose hand th' oppressor quells,
And each invading power repels
From him, whose hopes on Thee repose,
To me thy wond'rous grace disclose.

5 What care the pupil of the eye
Demands, that care to me apply ;
Let thy prevailing beams dispel
The clouds of grief that o'er me dwell,
" And keep, O keep me, King of Kings,
" Beneath thy own almighty wings."

*God's Vengeance implored upon the Wicked. The
Joy of resembling God in his Perfections.*

6 Rich in my spoils, with murd'rous hate
A painper'd crowd around me wait ;

Their heart, with impious fury stung,
To mad presumption prompts their tongue ;
Pride on their neck its chain has bound,
And violence invests them round.

7 With watchful look they mark my way,
As lurks, expectant of their prey,
The lion, or his tawny brood,
To rapine born, and nursed in blood ;
Rise, Lord, and let me, by thy aid
Preserved, their threat'ning jaws evade :
8 With sword unsheathe'd, and lifted hand,
Preventive crush the lawless band,
Whose days, with life's full blessings fraught,
To earth's low scene confine their thought :
Whose eyes a num'rous race behold,
To heir their heaps of treasured gold.
9 Far other bliss my soul shall own,
A bliss to guilty minds unknown :
O ! when, awaken'd by thy care,
Thy face I view, thy image bear,
How shall my breast with transport glow,
What full delight my heart o'erflow !

PSALM XVIII.

Reliance upon God in Adversity and Danger.

1 BLEST object of my soul's desire,
To Thee my grateful thoughts aspire ;
On Thee my stedfast hope I build,
My God, my rest, my rock, my shield.
2 The strength of my salvation Thee,
And tower of sure defence, I see ;
Protected by thy powerful arm,
No danger can my soul alarm.

- 3 What foe shall e'er my terror raise,
While thus I pay my debt of praise ;
Aud, as the doubtful field I tread,
To God my suppliant hands outspread ?
- 4 Woes heap'd on woes my heart deplored,
While sin's tumultuous torrents roar'd,
And, spreading wide, before my view
Their gloomy horrors round me threw.
- 5 The sepulchre's extended hands
Had wrapt me in its strongest bands,
And death, insulting, o'er my head
Th' inextricable toils had spread.
- 6 My words, as grieved to God I pray,
Wing to his heavenly fane their way,
Through adverse clouds their passage clear,
Nor unaccepted reach his ear.

God's awful Appearance in behalf of his afflicted Servant.

- 6 My words, as grieved to God I pray,
Wing to his heavenly fane their way,
Through adverse clouds their passage clear,
Nor unaccepted reach his ear :
- 7 With strong convulsions groan'd the ground,
The hills, with waving forests crown'd,
Loos'd from their base their summits nod,
And own the presence of their Gol.
- 8 Collected clouds of wreathing smoke
Forth from his angry nostrils broke,
And orbs of fire, with dreadful glare,
Rush'd onward through the glowing air.
- 9 Incumbent on the bending sky
The Lord descended from on high,

15 And bade the darkness of the pole
Beneath his feet tremendous roll.

16 God in my rescue from the skies
His arm extends, and bids me rise
Emergent from the flood profound,
Whose waves my struggling soul surround.

The Effects of God's awful Appearance.

10 God to his car the cherub join'd,
And on the wings of mightiest wind,
As down to earth his journey lay,
Resistless urged his rapid way.

11 Thick-woven clouds, around him clos'd,
His secret residence composed,
And waters, high suspended, spread
Their dark pavilion o'er his head.

12 In vain reluctant to the blaze,
That previous pour'd its streaming rays,
As on he moves, the clouds retire,
Dissolv'd in hail and rushing fire.

13 His voice th' almighty Monarch rear'd,
Through Heaven's high vault in thunders heard,
And down in fiercer conflict came
The hailstones dire and mingled flame.

14 With aim direct his shafts were sped,
In vain his foes before them fled ;
Now here, now there, his lightnings stray,
And sure destruction marks their way.

15 Earth's basis open to the eye,
And ocean's spring ; were seen to lie,
As, chiding loud, his fury pass'd,
And o'er them breathed the dreadful blast.

16 God in my rescue from the skies
 His arm extends, and bids me rise
 Emergent from the flood profound,
 Whose waves my struggling soul surround.

God protects the Righteous.

16 God in my rescue from the skies
 His arm extends, and bids me rise
 Emergent from the flood profound,
 Whose waves my struggling soul surround.

17 His hand my strongest foes repell'd,
 Their force by force superior quell'd ;
 And I, unequal to the fight,
 Ev'n I have triumph'd in his might.

18 Oppressed with languor, grief, and pain,
 Ere yet my nerves their strength regain,
 His fierce assault th' invader gave ;
 But thou wert present, Lord, to save.

19 My spacious path by Thee outspread,
 With course secure behold me tread ;
 From Thee, when terrors clos'd me round,
 My soul its fullest succour found.

20 Blest in the favour of my God,
 I speak the grace on all bestow'd,
 Who guiltless hands to him can raise,
 And offer unpolluted praise.

21 His precepts, fix'd before my view,
 My thoughts with stedfast aim pursue,
 Nor error's cloud, nor arts of sin
 My soul from his obedience win.

22 Thou seest, eternal Judge, my breast
 Each taint of inward guilt detest ;
 Thine eye my innocence surveys,
 Thy power with fullest bliss repays.

The Equity of God's Dealings with Mankind.

23 Thy ways to ours conform : in Thee
 The holy shall the holy see ;
 The pure the pure ; the perfect mind
 In Thee perfection's self shall find.

24 Their arts the men of foward turn
 Surpass'd by deeper art shall mourn,
 While they their powers with effort vain
 Unite against the pious train.

25 By Thee their guardian, ever nigh,
 The poor are saved ; the haughty eye,
 Chastis'd by thy afflicting stroke,
 Bends to the earth its humbled look.

26 While night's thick shades around me stand,
 My lamp, illumined by thy hand,
 Pours through the gloom its steady ray,
 And turns my darkness into day.

27 My arm, if Thou thine aid supply,
 Shall bid whole hosts before me fly ;
 My feet, if Thou my sinews string,
 High o'er the wall exulting spring.

28 Author of good ! nor sin, nor guile
 The pureness of thy path defile ;
 On thy tried word who build their trust,
 Shall find their confidence was just.

The King prevails against his Enemies.

29 What God but Thee shall Israel know,
 Or who, O who can save but Thou ?
 'Tis God that arms me for the fight,
 'Tis God that girds my soul with might :

30 Upheld by Him, in air sublime,
 Swift as the hind, the rock I climb,

Girded with strength, there fix my stand,
Safe from each proud invader's hand.

31 By Him inform'd with surest art
My hands direct the pointed dart,
And forceful break the stely bow,
New wrested from the struggling foe.

32 Thou, mightiest Lord, hast o'er my head
The shield of thy salvation spread ;
Thee its defence my soul has found,
And gratefully thy succour own'd.

33 By thy right hand I walk'd upheld,
Great in thy meray trod the field
With step enlarged, and thou my guide,
Nor fear'd to fall, nor knew to slide.

34 With fiercee pursuit my foes I press'd,
Beheld my spear their flight arrest,
Nor bade my sword its fury stay,
Till prostrate on the earth they lay.

35 My foes, beneath my feet o'erthrown,
The terrors of my hand have known ;
They bow'd, they fell, distain'd with gore ;
They bow'd, they fell, and rose no more.

Victory ascribed to God alone.

36 Blest Lord ! 'twas thy resistless power,
That arm'd me for the dreadful hour ;
Their baeks exposed to many a wound,
And stretch'd them breathless on the ground.

37 Aloud, oppress'd with horror, cried
The rebel throng ; but none replied :
To God they call ; but God their prayer,
Abhorrent, scatters to the air.

38 Behold their troops before me chased,
As dust before the driving blast,

And trampled, as the yielding clay
Extended o'er the beaten way.

39 When factious crowds against me rose,
How prompt thy hand to interpose !
O'er realms, that have but heard my name,
Through Thee the just command I claim.

40 The tribes, that from their God estrang'd
Through climes to me unknown had rang'd,
With flatt'ring lip their homage pay,
And trembling own a foreign sway.

41 In vain they seek themselves to hide
In walls and forts, their strength and pride ;
Each dreads my vengeance to sustain,
Nor walls nor forts their fears restrain.

*The King praises God for his extraordinary Success,
and the Establishment of his Throne.*

42 Blest be the living God, whose aid,
When impious foes my peace invade,
Their rage instructs me to decline,
And makes his wish'd salvation mine.

43 His power inflicts th' avenging stroke,
And bends the nations to my yoke,
Each force, that durst my reign contest,
By His resistless strength suppress'd.

44 For this, thy power my song shall claim,
And distant regions hear thy fame,
Whose hands thy David to the throne
Have raised ; whose oil his temples own.

45 Prosperity and fair success
His counsels and his arms shall bless,
Thy love on him and on his line
With unextinguish'd lustre shine.

PSALM XIX.

The heavenly Bodies shew forth the Glory of God.

- 1 God the heavens aloud proclaim
Through their wide extended frame,
And the firmament each hour
Speaks the wonders of his power.
- 2 Day to the succeeding day
Joys the notice to convey,
And the nights, in ceaseless round,
Each to each repeat the sound.
- 3 Prompt, without or speech or tongue,
In his praise to form the song,
To the Lord they raise the theme,
Who of Gods is God supreme.
- 4 Pleased to hear their voice extend
Far as to her utmost end,
Earth the heaven-taught knowledge boasts
Through her many-languag'd coasts ;
- 5 While the sun above her head
Sees his tabernacle spread,
Aud, from out his chamber bright,
Like a bridegroom, springs to sight :
- 6 See him with gigantic pace
Joyous run his destined race ;
See him, ev'ry breast to cheer,
Pass through heav'n in swift career :
- 7 Now to farthest regions borne
Onward speed, and now return,
And to all, with welcome ray,
Life and genial warmth convey.

The inestimable Value and Perfection of God's Law.

- 8 Warmth and life each thankful heart
 Feels thy law, great God, impart ;
 Clear from ev'ry spot it shines,
 And the guilt-stain'd thought refines.
- 9 Truth's firm base its frame upholds,
 While it mysteries unfolds,
 Which the child-like mind explores,
 And to heavenly science soars.
- 10 Prest with sorrows, doubts, and fears,
 What like this the spirit cheers,
 Stor'd with rules, that shall suggest
 Lasting joy to ev'ry breast ?
- 11 What so perfect, what so pure ?
 What to reason's eye obscure
 Can such wond'rous light afford,
 As the dictates of thy word ?
- 12 Where thy fear its fruit matures,
 (Fruit, that endless years endures)
 There the mind, with stedfast trust,
 Owns thy statutes wise and just.
- 13 Nor can gold such worth acquire
 From the seventh exploring fire,
 Nor the labour of the bees
 E'er in sweetness vie with these.
- 14 Taught by them, thy servant's breast
 Joys the blesiugs to attest,
 Heap'd on those, whose hearts sincere
 Learn thy precepts to rever.

A Prayer to God to be preserved from Sins of Presumption.

- 15 Best Instructor ! from thy ways
Who can tell how oft he strays ?
Save from error's growth my mind,
Leave not, Lord, one root behind.
- 16 Purge me from the guilt, that lies
Wrapt within my heart's disguise ;
Let me thence, by Thee renew'd,
Each presumptuous sin exclude :
- 17 So my lot shall ne'er be join'd
With the men whose impious mind,
Fearless of thy just command,
Braves the vengeance of thy hand.
- 18 Let my tongue, from error free,
Speak the words approved by thee ;
To thy all-observing eyes
Let my thoughts accepted rise.
- 19 While I thus thy name adore,
And thy healing grace implore,
Blest Redeemer ! bow thine ear,
God my strength, propitious hear.

PSALM XX.

A Prayer for the King's Safety.

- 1 MAY He, whom heaven and earth obey,
Regard thee in the dreadful day,
May Jacob's Lord above thy head
His own victorious banner spread.
- 2 May He from out his hallow'd shrine
Reach to thy aid the hand divine,
And strength into thy soul instil
From beauteous Sion's favour'd hill.

3 There may thy incense to the skies
 In sweet memorial ever rise ;
 Thy victims there in smoke aspire,
 Touch'd by his own celestial fire.

4 May He thy ev'ry wish approve,
 May He, indulgent from above,
 His wonted benefits impart,
 And grant the wishes of thine heart.

5 May he in dangers intervene,
 While we, his great salvation seen,
 Assist thy joy, thy triumph share,
 And bless the God who hears thy pray'r.

The King is assured of God's Blessing.

6 I see, I see th' Almighty shed
 His blessings on th' anointed head,
 Attentive from his holy heav'n
 Protect the crown himself has giv'n.

7 I see th' Almighty to thy foes
 His all-subduing strength oppose,
 And, cloth'd with mercy, reach his hand
 To save thee from th' impious band.

8 These urge to fight the rattling car,
 And those the fiery sted prepare,
 Unenvied both by us, who see
 Our sure defence, great God, in Thee.

9 Driv'n by superior force they fly,
 Or, fall'n, in heaps promiscuous lie,
 While we our heads exulting raise,
 And sing our great Deliv'r'r's praise

10 O, when we praise, and when we pray,
 Do Thou, whom heaven and earth obey,
 Accept the praise, confirm the prayer,
 And make our safety still thy care.

PSALM XXI.

The King's Happiness and Security under God's Protection.

- 1 By thy unweari'd strength upheld,
To Thee the king his thanks shall yield,
Aud, taught by blest experience, know
What joys from thy salvation flow.
- 2 Thy cares his heart's desire complete
His pray'r from thy eternal seat,
As low to Thee his knees he bends,
In full acceptance back descends.
- 3 Thou, Lord, preventive of his want,
The blessings of thy love wilt grant,
And bid the golden circlet spread
Its purest splendours round his head.
- 4 He ask'd Thee life, and finds it giv'n,
Life, lasting as the days of heav'n ;
The conquests, which thy hands bestow,
With grace and glory bind his brow.
- 5 He, crown'd with bliss perpetual, he
Thy face in full display shall see,
And (for on Thee his hopes rely)
Unmov'd each adverse shoek defy.

*The King foretells the Destruction of his Enemies,
and celebrates the divine Power.*

- 6 Thy hand shall find each latent foe,
And vengeful strike th' unerring blow,
Mark as their crimes for justice call,
And teach thy terrors where to fall.
- 7 Fierce as the kindled furnace glows,
Whose sides the crackling thorns inclose,

PSALM XXII.

Thy wrath its flames shall round them pour,
And quick their boasted strength devour.

8 Their fruit, a luckless progeny,
Uprooted from the ground shall die,
And earth their tribe no more behold
Amidst her families inroll'd.

9 In vain each hostile art they try ;
Behold, as trembling back they fly,
Thy shafts, adjusted to the string,
Impatient wait upon the wing.

10 Maker of all, through earth and skies
O let thy power conspicuous rise,
And furnish to our grateful lays
A theme of everlasting praise.

PSALM XXII.

A Complaint of the Righteous.

1 My God, my God, O tell me, why
Unheeded still ascends my cry ;
Why thus from my afflicted heart
Thy presence and thy health depart ?

2 Eternal Lord ! throughout the day
With fruitless plaint to Thee I pray ;
Nor sleeps the anguish of my soul,
When night's dark shades involve the pole.

3 Yet unimpeach'd thy faith appears,
Thy sanctity my heart revercs,
O Thou, to whom in homage join
The sons of Jacob's chosen line.

4 Thee, Lord, our sirs their strength confess'd,
And found Thee, as their stedfast breast
To Thee its full affiance gave,
Nor slow to hear, nor weak to save.

5 Lord, what am I? A man in form,
 Yet brother to the trampled worn' ;
 An outcast from the human kind,
 To fierce derision's rage consign'd :
 6 They shake the head, they shout, they gaze ;
 Each eye, each lip, contempt betrays :
 " On God," they cry, " thy hope was staid ;
 " Be God, if his thou art, thy aid."

An Appeal to God's fatherly Affection.

7 Thine, mightiest Father, thine I am ;
 By Thee from out the womb I came :
 From Thee my ev'ry comfort sprung,
 While yet upon the breast I hung.
 8 Hail, from my birth and to my end
 My God, my Guardian, and my Friend !
 O haste, thy needful help bestow,
 And save me from th' invading foe.
 9 O view me not with distant eye,
 While various griefs await me nigh ;
 Thy aid withheld, what friendly power
 Shall shield me in the dang'rous hour ?
 10 See Basan's bulls around me roar,
 Nor rage the famished lions more,
 When nightly through the starless gloom
 Along the howling wild they roam.
 11 My frame, disjoin'd, in swift decay
 Wastes, like the running stream, away ;
 My heart in groans its grief proclaims,
 And melts as wax before the flames.
 12 Fast to my jaws my tongue is chain'd,
 My flesh, its vital moisture drain'd,
 While, Lord, thy chastisement it bears,
 Dry as the clay-form'd vase appears.

13 Yet, patient still of ev'ry pain
 Unerring wisdom can ordain,
 I wait till Thou resume my breath,
 And lodge me in the dust of death.

A Prayer against Persecutors.

14 A hostile throng, who Thee despise,
 Dogs fierce of kind, against me rise ;
 And, while fast-issuing streams the gore,
 My hands and feet relentless bore.

15 My starting bones to ev'ry cye
 Exposed, O ye that, passing by,
 In wonder (not in pity) join,
 O say, was ever grief like mine ?

16 My raiment each with each divides,
 My vesture, as the lot decides,
 Becomes some new possessor's spoil,
 The prize that crowns his impious toil.

17 My God, my strength, recede not far,
 But haste, and make my soul thy care ;
 My soul, pursued by hostile hate,
 Afflicted, helpless, desolate.

18 My God, (for Thou their rage hast seen)
 With timeliest succour intervene,
 And turn th'impending swords away,
 Nor yield me to the dog a prey.

19 The foaming lion's wrath assuage,
 Nor let the oryx, in his rage,
 With headlong force against me borne,
 Aim at my life the pointed horn.

An Exhortation to praise God.

20 I joy, O Lord, thy honour'd name
 Amidst my brethren to proclaim,

And gath'ring crowds shall hear my tongue
 Thus to my God awake the song :

21 " Exalt, ye saints, the Power divine,
 " Exalt him, all of Jacob's line ;
 " And let each tribe with duteous fear
 " His boundless majesty revere.

22 " 'Tis not in him, with cold disdain
 " To hear the helpless poor complain ;
 " He kindly sees their wrongs redrest,
 " And soothes to peace their troubled breast :

23 " He (nor with unrelenting eye)
 " Each falling tear, each heaving sigh
 " Regards, attentive to perceive
 " Their wants, and faithful to relieve."

24 Such strains thy mercy shall inspire,
 While in the full-assembled choir
 To Thee the votive song I raise,
 And thankful pay my debt of praise.

25 To you, ye humble, meek, and good,
 Who ask from Israel's Lord your food,
 His hand indulgent from on high
 Shall yield at full the wish'd supply.

26 Who seek like you their God, like you
 To Him their praises shall renew,
 Whose love immortal life imparts,
 And swells with joy their conscious hearts.

A Prediction of the Increase of God's Worshippers on Earth.

27 Maker of all ! through ev'ry land
 Thy deeds in full record shall stand,
 And farthest realms converted join
 In homage to the name divine,

28 Kings shall in Thee their mightier greet,
 And lay their sceptres at thy feet ;
 (Thy grace by sacrifice implored)
 Earth's tribes shall spread the festal board :

29 And all mankind, whose mortal frame
 Th' insatiate grave prepares to claim,
 Thy power, immortal Judge, shall own,
 And prostrate kneel before thy throne.

30 See, while by Thee redemp'd I live,
 A race from me their birth derive ;
 A race by just possession thine,
 Whose hearts inspired, to truth incline.

31 Whose tongue thy glory shall display,
 Instruct the world thy will t' obey,
 And bid thy righteous acts engage
 The wonder of the future age.

 PSALM XXIII.

The Psalmist professeth his Confidence in God's Care.

1 Lo, my Shepherd's hand divine !
 Want shall never more be mine :
 In a pasture fair and large
 He shall feed his happy charge,
 And my couch with tend'rest care
 'Midst the springing grass prepare :
 When I faint with summer's heat,
 He shall lead my weary feet
 To the streams that still and slow
 Through the verdant meadow flow.

2 He my soul anew shall frame,
 And, his mercy to proclaim,
 When through devious paths I stray,
 Teach my steps the better way :

Though the dreary vale I tread
 By the shades of death o'erspread,
 There I walk from terror free,
 While my ev'ry wish I see
 By thy rod and staff supplied,
 This my guard, and that my guide.

3 While my foes are gazing on,
 Thou thy fav'ring care hast shown ;
 Thou my plenteous board hast spread,
 Thou with oil refresh'd my head ;
 Fill'd by Thee, my cup o'erflows,
 For thy love no limit knows ;
 Constant to my latest end
 This my footsteps shall attend,
 And shall bid thy hallow'd done
 Yield me an eternal home.

PSALM XXIV.

God the Creator and Governor of the World. The Qualifications of his Worshippers.

1 EARTH, big with empires, to thy reign
 Submits, great God, its wide domain ;
 Whate'er this orb's vast bounds confine,
 By just possession, Lord, is thine.

2 That orb amid the wat'ry waste
 Thy hands, best Architect, have placed,
 And bid th' unfathomable deep
 Beneath its firm foundations sleep.

3 Lord, who shall to thy hill ascend ?
 Who suppliant at thine altars bend,
 There joyful find a sure abode,
 And own the presence of his God ?

4 Whose hands and heart from guilt are free,
 Who ne'er to idols bow'd the knee,

PSALM XXV.

Nor, studious of deceit, would try
By oaths to consecrate a lie.

5 On such th' Almighty from above
Shall heap the blessings of his love,
And, purged from sin's transmissive stain,
Admit them to his sacred fane.

6 Such only form the chosen choir,
Whose feet, with licensed step, aspire
To visit Sion's blest abode ;
Who seek the face of Jacob's God.

*A Representation of Christ's Ascension and Entrance
into Heaven.*

7 Lift, lift your heads, each hallow'd gate ;
Aloft, with sudden spring, your weight,
Ye everlasting portals, rear :
Behold the King of Glory near !

8 And who this King of Glory ? say.
That Lord who bears th' eternal sway ;
Who, cloth'd with strength, to war descends,
And conquest on his sword attends.

9 Lift, lift your heads, each hallow'd gate ;
Aloft, with sudden spring, your weight,
Ye everlasting portals, rear :
Behold the King of Glory near !

10 And who this King of Glory ? say.
The God, whom heaven's high hosts obey ;
In him that King of Glory view,
And yield to him that homage due.

PSALM XXV.

God is entreated to protect and guide his Servant.

1 To Thee, great God, my soul shall rise ;
On Thee my stedfast mind relies :

O save me, Lord, from shame and woe,
And blast the triumphs of my foe.

2 Nor shame, nor woe the heart attends,
Whose trust on Jacob's God depends ;
But grief, confusion, doubt, and fear
The souls that rashly sin shall tear.

3 Thy paths, blest Source of Light, display,
And teach my doubting steps thy way.
God of my health, from morn to eve
In Thee my hopes have learn'd to live.

4 O lead me in thy truth, and store
My heart with thy celestial lore ;
Thy mercy, Lord, recal to mind,
Whose beams from earliest age have shin'd.

*A Petition that the Sins of Youth may be forgotten
and pardoned.*

5 O let oblivion's thickest veil
Th' offences of my youth conceal,
That I with them my lot may bear,
Whose souls thy kind remembrance share.

6 Good, Lord, and just art Thou ; thy love
Returning sinners joy to prove,
And led by thy auspicious ray
Correct the error of their way.

7 In Thee shall each of humble mind
The friend and sure instructor find,
And each, whose trust on Thee is plac'd,
Shall happiness perpetual taste.

8 Thus, while the dictates of thy law
His thoughts to full obedience awe,
With joy thy paths the just shall tread,
By mercy and by truth outspread.

9 Thy wonted pity, Lord, impart,
 While in the anguish of my heart
 The burthen of my guilt I own,
 And humbled bow before thy throne.

The Blessedness of that Man, who fears God.

10 Ye souls, that to his fear incline,
 Secure to God your steps resign,
 And learn from his directing hand
 What path may best your choice demand.

11 How blest, thy precepts, Lord, who knows !
 As o'er life's pilgrimage he goes,
 See peace and safety nightly spread
 Their tent around his favour'd head :

12 See, rang'd in fair descent, his line
 The lot which thy decrees assign
 Divide, and, long as time shall last,
 The blessings of thy bounty taste.

13 Who bow to Thee th' attentive ear,
 The secrets of thy will shall hear ;
 Thy compact, Lord, to such reveal'd,
 Shall light and heav'nly transport yield.

*The King solicits God to send Help in his Afflictions,
 and redeem him, and his People.*

14 Wrapt in the hostile snare I lie,
 Yet lift to Thee th' expecting eye,
 Till Thou my full relief decree,
 And bid my captive soul go free.

15 O turn Thee, Lord, in pity turn,
 Behold me helpless and forlorn ;
 See various griefs my heart oppress,
 My wants supply, my wrongs redress :

PSALM XXVI.

47

16 O let me thy attention win,
And seal the pardon of my sin ;
For who like Thee with quick'ning ray
Can chase each cloud of grief away ?

17 While factious crowds around me wait,
Inflam'd with rage, and impious hate,
Stretch to my aid the arm of pow'r,
And guard me in the dang'rous hour.

18 Let not my soul, on Thee reclin'd,
Its sorrows utter to the wind ;
Let truth and spotless innocence
Their succours to my heart dispense.

19 Indulgent to my prayer, with mine
My country's wish'd deliv'rance join ;
God of my hope, thy love disclose,
And heal, O heal my people's woes.

PSALM XXVI.

*The Psalmist, conscious of his Integrity, appeals to
God, whom he worships in the Sanctuary.*

1 BE Thou my judge ; thy searching eyes
My guiltless life have known :
On Thee my stedfast soul relies,
Nor fear of lapses shall own.

2 O search me still ; my heart, my reins,
With strictest view survey :
Thy love, great God, my hope sustains,
Thy truth directs my way.

3 The house of guile, and seat of lies,
With studious care I shun :
From crowds that impious deeds devise
My steps abhorrent run.

4 In innocence I wash my hands,
 Thy altar compass round,
 And grateful lead the saered bands,
 Whose hymns thy acts resound.

*The Psalmist declares his Love for God's House,
 and determines to bless God.*

5 How oft, instiuet with warmth divine,
 Thy threshold have I trod !
 How lov'd the courts, whose walls inshrine
 The glory of my God !
 6 O let me not the vengeance share,
 That waits the guilty tribe,
 Whose murd'rous hands each mischief dare,
 And grasp the offer'd bribe.
 7 But pour, O pour, while thus I tread
 The path by Thee prepar'd,
 Thy beams of merey on my head,
 And round me plant a guard.
 8 Thou, Lord, my steps hast fix'd aright,
 And, pleas'd, shalt hear my tongne
 With Israel's thankful sons unite
 To form the festal song.

The Psalmist, surrounded by Enemies, puts his Confidence in God.

1 **THOU, Lord, my safety, Thou my light,**
 What danger shall my soul affright ?
 Strength of my life ! what arm shall dare
 To hurt whom Thou hast own'd thy care ?
 2 When erst, impatient to devour,
 Against me rose each hostile power,

Their fiercee attempts successless found,
They stumbled, fell, and bit the ground.

3 Though adverse hosts the standard rear,
Thy servant shall without a fear
The gath'ring war around him see,
And fix, secure, his trust on Thee.

*A longing Desire to dwell in God's House, and praise
the Lord, through whom the just Man triumphs.*

4 One wish, with holy transport warm,
My heart has form'd, and yet shall form ;
That in thy presence I may stand,
And share the blessings of thy hand.

5 One gift I ask ; that to my end
Fair Sion's doom I may attend,
There joyful find a sure abode,
And view the beauty of my God.

6 For He within his hallow'd shrine
My secret refuge shall assign,
And, while the storms around me beat,
Fix on the rock my stedfast feet,

7 My heart secure to God resign'd,
In Him its safety boasts to find ;
For He, his arm beneath me spread,
High o'er my foes exalts my head.

8 For this, with grateful joy bestow'd,
My off'ring shall his altar load,
My tongue its note exulting raise,
And dictate to the harp his praise.

*A Prayer to God under Affliction. When forsaken
by Parents, God is our Protector.*

9 O hear me, Lord ; on Thee I call,
And prostrate at thy footstool fall ;

Propitious in my cause appear,
And bow to my request thine ear.

10 " Seek ye my face with duteous care,
" And frequent to my throne repair :"
Thus to my heart I hear Thee speak ;
Thy face, my heart replies, I seek.

11 Look down, my only hope ! look down,
Behold me, but without a frown ;
And ne'er to my desiring eye
Thy presence, heavenly Lord, deny.

12 O let me, on thy aid reclin'd,
Thee still my great salvation find,
Nor leave me, helpless and forlorn,
The absence of thy grace to mourn.

13 When, doom'd the orphan's lot to bear,
No father's kind concern I share,
Nor o'er me wakes a mother's eye,
My wants attentive to supply ;—

14 Adopted by thy care, in Thee
The parent and the friend I see,
And, nourish'd by thy fost'ring hand,
Within thy courts secure I stand.

A Petition for Instruction and Safety, and an Encouragement to Patience and Fortitude.

15 Instruct me, Lord, thy path to know,
And, while with secret art the foe
My doubting steps would turn aside,
Be Thou my guardian and my guide.

16 O save me from the hand of wrong ;
My soul, by each malignant tongue
With causeless insult loaded, view,
And charg'd with guilt it never knew.

17 O how had grief consum'd my frame,
 But that I hop'd, while yet my name
 Amidst the living stands inroll'd,
 Thy boundless mercy to behold.

18 With patient hope, with mind sedate,
 On Israel's God expectant wait ;
 Be strong, be stedfast ; so thy heart
 Shall feel his grace its aid impart.

PSALM XXVIII.

The Psalmist prays for Deliverance from his Enemies, and prophesies their Destruction.

1 God, my strength, to Thee I pray ;
 Turn not Thou thine ear away ;
 Lest, while to thy suppliant's cry
 Thou thine answer shalt deny,
 Sudden I my place assume
 'Midst the tenants of the tomb :
 Gracious to my vows attend,
 While the humble knee I bend,
 And, inspir'd with holy fear,
 Tow'rd thy shrine my hands uprear.

2 Give me not thy wrath to know,
 Nor to feel the vengeful blow,
 By thy just decrees assign'd
 To the men of impious mind,
 Who, their hearts intent on wrong,
 Smooth with lies their venom'd tongue ;
 Let whate'er their thoughts devise,
 Thus aloud thy justice cries,
 What their ruthless arm has dar'd,
 Meet from Thee its full reward :—

3 While thy wrath with steady pace
 Step by step their feet shall trace,
 And, though now their stubborn ear
 Shun thy wondrous acts to hear,
 Teach them to confess thy pow'r,
 Shatter'd like some heav'n-struck tow'r,
 That before th' astonish'd sight,
 Stooping from its airy height,
 'Midst the thunder's awful roar,
 Falls, to be rebuilt no more.

The King praises God, and intercedes for the People.

4 Let me (for with pitying ear
 God my pray'r has deign'd to hear)
 Let me thanks perpetual yield ;
 He my strength, and he my shield,
 On his long-experienc'd aid
 See my hope for ever stay'd,
 While my heart with joy possess'd,
 Dances in my throbbing breast,
 And my tongue in grateful lays
 Consecrates to Him its praise.

5 Thou whose arm is o'er us spread,
 Prompt to guard th' anointed head,
 And from each invader's hand
 Vindicate thy chosen land,
 Save thy people from distress,
 And thy patrimony bless !
 Give them, Lord, thy love to share,
 Feed them with a shepherd's care,
 And their pow'r to latest days
 O'er their foes triumphant raise.

PSALM XXIX.

The most powerful are exhorted to praise God, whose Thunder shakes and displaces Mountains.

- 1 SING, ye sons of might, O sing
Praise to Heav'n's eternal King ;
Raise to him some new-taught song,]
To his praise the note prolong.
- 2 Pow'r and strength to Him assign,
And before his hallow'd shrine
Yield the homage, that his name
From a creature's lips may claim.
- 3 Hark ! his voice in thunder breaks ;
Hush'd to silence while he speaks,
Ocean's waves from pole to pole
Hear the awful accents roll.
- 4 See, as louder yet they rise,
Echoing through the vaulted skies,
Loftiest cedars lie o'erthrown,
Cedars of steep Lebanon.
- 5 See, uprooted from its seat,
Lebanon itself retreat ;
Trembling at the threat divine,
Sirion hastens its flight to join.
- 6 See them like the heifer borne,
Like the beast, whose pointed horn
Strikes with dread the sylvan train,
Bound impetuous on the plain.

The wonderful Effects produced by God's Lightnings. The Eternity of his Reign, and Happiness of his People.

- 7 Now the bursting clouds give way,
And the vivid lightnings play,

And the wilds, by man untrod,
Hear, dismay'd, th' approaching God.

8 Cades, o'er thy lonely waste
Oft the dreaded sounds have pass'd ;
Oft his stroke the wood invades,
Widow'd of its leafy shades.

9 Mightiest oaks its fury know ;
While the pregnant hind her thro'
Instant feels, and on the earth
Trembling drops th' unfinish'd birth.

10 Prostrate on the sacred floor,
Israel's sons his name adore,
While his acts to ev'ry tongue
Yield its argument of song.

11 He the swelling surge commands ;
Fix'd his throne for ever stands ;
He his people shall increase,
Arm with strength, and bless with peace.

PSALM XXX.

*An Acknowledgment of God's Readiness to hear the
Prayers, and relieve the Sorrows of his afflicted
Servants.*

1 To Thee, great ruler of the skies,
Whose arm its constant aid supplies,
While vanquish'd foes confess my sway,
My heart its ready vows shall pay ;
My grateful tongue, immortal King,
Thy mercy shall for ever sing.

2 As, press'd with woe, to Thee I cried,
Thy hand its healing pow'r applied,
And, while increasing languors gave
The signal to th' expecting grave

PSALM XXX.

This mortal fabric to receive,
Revers'd the doom, and bade me live.

3 Ye faithful sons of Israel's name,
Your Maker's sanctity proclaim ;
And, while his mercies on your breast
In sweet memorial stand impress'd,
To Him in joyful accents raise
The song of gratitude and praise.

4 How well our great Preserver knows
To weigh and to relieve our woes !
Behold his wrath's avenging blast,
How slow to rise, how soon o'erpast,
How prompt his favour to dispense
Its life-imparting influence.

5 How speedy his paternal love
Our deep afflictions to remove !
Grief for a night, obtrusive guest,
Beneath our roof perchance may rest ;
But joy, with the returning day,
Shall wipe each transient tear away.

*Human Confidence checked. Praise for the
Restoration of God's Favour.*

6 O Lord, as pleas'd I look'd around,
And view'd my life with blessings crown'd,
While, safe in thy protecting hand,
High on the rock I took my stand,
In confidence of soul I said,
" What ills shall e'er my peace invade ? "

7 But instant, Thou thy face hadst turn'd,
And prostrate on the earth I mourn'd ;
I mourn'd, and, O my Guard, my Guide,
(With humbler spirit thus I cried)

Shall aught of profit, if the ground
My blood absorb, to Thee redound ?

8 Shall, vocal in thy praise, the dust
Proclaim thy counsels wise and just,
And wake thy wond'rous acts to tell
Amid corruption's dreary cell ?
Thy aid, my God, in pity lend,
And gracious to my plaints attend.

9 Again the face of joy I wear ;
Thy hand, indulgent to my pray'r,
The sackcloth from my loins unbound,
With mirth's fair cincture wraps me round ;
Thy strength my fainting spirit cheers,
And checks my griefs, and calms my fears.

10 For this, with sacred transport fill'd,
To Thee my soul its praise shall yield,
My thankful heart with zeal shall burn,
My tongue the bands of silence spurn,
And pleas'd, through life, in grateful verse
Thy love, eternal Lord, rehearse.

PSALM XXXI.

*A Prayer for God's Direction and for Deliverance
from Danger.*

1 **LORD**, (for on Thee supported stand
My hopes) O let thy aiding hand
The justice of my cause proclaim,
And save me from impending shame.

2 Thy ear, thou Majesty divine,
Propitious to my pray'r incline :
Haste to my help, and let thy pow'r
My rock present and brazen tow'r :—

3 That rock, that tow'r, my God, in Thee,
 Snatch'd from surrounding ills, I see ;
 Show me thy path, and so thy name
 Shall praise and thanks perpetual claim.

4 O let me, by thy counsel led,
 That path with step unerring tread,
 And, sav'd by thy preventive care,
 Shake from my feet the broken snare.

*Former Mercies an Encouragement to hope for
 future Consolation.*

5 God of my strength, the wise, the just,
 To Thee my spirit I intrust ;
 From Thee, when terrors clos'd me round,
 My soul its full redemption found.

6 My thoughts the self-deceiving train,
 Enslav'd to superstitions vain,
 Abhor, and 'midst increasing woes
 Their confidence on Thee repose.

7 Thy mercy shall my thanks employ,
 My constant theme, my highest joy ;
 For Thou, my soul by griefs pursi'd,
 My state with pitying eye hast view'd.

8 Thy hand, while rang'd in close array
 Insulting hosts around me lay,
 Gave to the wind their vain design,
 And made the paths of freedom mine.

9 Once more, my sight with inward grief
 Consum'd, vouchsafe me thy relief,
 Confess me thine, dispel the sighs
 That in my heaving bosom rise.

10 For while my soul its ceaseless pains
 Deep through its inmost frame sustains,

Life's noon for eve exchang'd I bear,
And age invited on by care.

Afflictions the Consequence of Sin. Confidence in God.

11 The guilt, that in my thought revolves,
My strength impairs, my joints dissolves ;
The scorn of foes, and, keener yet,
The scorn of friends my soul beset.

12 My former guests, if in their way
My wasted form they now survey,
With horror struck, the sight forego,
And shun th' infection of my woe.

13 With lonely step the earth I tread,
Forgotten as the silent dead,
Or as the vase of meanest clay,
In useless fragments cast away.

14 Opprobrious tongues my fame invade,
While terrors wrap me in their shade,
And crowds with fierce and heighten'd rage
Against my life their pow'rs engage.

15 Yet see me, Lord, in Thee confide ;
Thou art my God, my heart has cried ;
From Thee my time its limit knows ;
O save me from devouring foes.

*A Petition against the Wicked. The happy Condition
of the Righteous.*

16 O let thy presence on me beam,
Thy clemency my life redeem ;
Nor let me, Lord, the shame sustain,
Thy aid to ask, and ask in vain.

17 Theirs be the shame, thy pow'r who brave,
Nor cease their insults, till the grave,

Absorbing quick the guilty throng,
In endless silence seal their tongue.

18 Such silence on their lips impose,
Whose words their pride-swoln heart disclose,
At wisdom's sons their malice aim,
And blast with lies the guiltless name.

19 O, how shall all who seek thy love
The fulness of thy bounty prove !
And teach th' admiring world to see
How blest the souls that trust in Thee !

20 Thy saints, while breath their life prolongs,
Sav'd by thy care from strife of tongues,
Shall see thy tabernacle spread
Its awful splendours o'er their head.

The Prayer of the Psalmist being accepted, he exhorts the good to rely on God's help alone.

21 Blest be the name of Jacob's God,
Whose love, in happiest hour bestow'd,
Has giv'n within my lot to fall
The strong-built city's guarding wall.

22 Awhile with uncollected mind,
As banish'd from thy sight, I pin'd ;
But Thou thy servant's pray'r hast heard,
In anguish of my heart preferr'd.

23 Ye souls, devoted to his fear,
With thankful love your God revere,
Who wakes your chosen train to guard,
And deals to pride its just reward.

24 Be strong, be stedfast ; so your mind
From Him its full support shall find ;
Ye saints, that in his care confide,
Nor own, nor ask a help beside.

PSALM XXXII.

The Blessedness of the Man, whom God freely pardons. The Misery of concealing Sin.

- 1 How blest the man, whose conscious grief
From Thee, great God, has found relief ;
Whose guilt thy boundless love has veil'd,
His fears compos'd, his weakness heal'd ;
- 2 To whom th' offences of his hand
No longer now imputed stand,
Who learns thy precepts to revere,
Whose heart is pure, whose tongue sincere.
- 3 While deep within my lab'ring breast
My mind its dire disease suppress'd,
Incessant groans, that shunn'd control,
Betray'd the anguish of my soul.
- 4 See age-anticipating care
My joints dissolve, my strength impair,
Relentless from my cheek each trace
Of youth and blooming health erase.
- 5 When night extends its dusky cone,
Beneath thy terrors, Lord, I groan ;
The shades anon retreating see,
And day to all restor'd, but me.
- 6 Behold my frame with drought consum'd,
That late with youthful vigour bloom'd ;
Such drought the blasted fields betray,
Beneath the dog-star's burning ray.

The salutary Effects of a sincere Confession.

- 7 My humbled soul its crimes shall own ;—
Behold me bow before thy throne,
To Thee my inmost guilt disclose,
And in thy bosom pour my woes.

8 But lo ! while yet my hands I rear,
 The voice of mercy to my ear
 Descends, and, whisp'ring peace within,
 Confirms the pardon of my sin.

9 For this shall all, who Thee adore,
 Ere yet the day of grace be o'er,
 To Thee with stedfast hope repair,
 To Thee prefer th' unwearied pray'r.

10 So, when affliction's tempests rise,
 And leave the billows to the skies,
 They, safe in Thee, the storm shall brave,
 And distant view the madding wave.

11 When various griefs my soul surround,
 In Thee my sure retreat is found ;
 Thy wish'd salvation meets my eyes,
 And songs of triumph round me rise.

Instruction to the Wicked, whose Obstinacy is reproved.

An Exhortation to Praise.

12 Come, from thy God instruction learn ;
 While, prompt from error's path to turn
 Thy feet, thy every step I scan,
 Let reason's use bespeak thee man.

13 Nor imitate the steed and mule,
 Whose brutal mouth, averse to rule,
 To guard thee from their rage, must feel
 The forceful rein, and curbing steel.

14 What pangs the impious tribe await,
 While hope and joy his heart dilate,
 Who trusts in thee, O King of Kings,
 And mercy round him spreads her wings !

15 Ye saints, exulting lift your voice,
 Ye pure of mind, in him rejoice,

Whose presence on the soul impress'd
With heav'nly transport fills the breast.

PSALM XXXIII.

*The Duty of the Just to show themselves thankful
to God.*

- 1 YE saints, (to you the task belongs,
And praise sits comely on your tongues,)
Bless, bless Jehovah ! sweet the joy,
When tasks like these the voice employ ;
Wake to Jehovah's name the lute,
Nor let the ten-string'd lyre be mute.
- 2 O sing, in accents loud and strong,
O sing some new-invented song ;
And let the finger's artful stroke
The psalt'ry's various pow'r provoke,
And teach the praise of Israel's Lord
To vibrate on the sounding chord.

The Truth and Efficacy of God's Word.

- 3 God's words eternal truth has seal'd ;
His promises, in act fulfill'd,
Shall equity and judgment prove
The changeless objects of his love,
And bid the earth's wide confines know
The gifts that from his bounty flow.
- 4 His word yon azure vault outspread,
Ere time the seasons onward led ;
Form'd by his breath, the starry host
Their unextinguish'd lustre boast ;
While in their cavern'd storehouse sleep
The treasures of the wat'ry deep.

5 Thy Maker's name, O earth, revere ;
 And let thy sons with holy fear
 To Him in low prostration bend,
 And duteous his decrees attend.
 He spake ; and heaven, and seas, and land
 Appear'd : He bade ; and lo, they stand.

No human Counsels can succeed against God's Will.

6 Their counsels vain the Heathen tribes
 Unite ; but God th' event prescribes,
 And blasts at will each hope, that springs
 Within the breast of haughtiest kings ;
 His counsel, from control secure,
 His counsel only shall endure.

7 His thoughts to time's remotest bound
 With sure effect shall e'er be crown'd.
 How blest the people, that have known
 Him for their God, and Him alone ;
 The flock his heritage declar'd,
 And objects of his fix'd regard !

*God controls the Hearts of Kings, and is the
 Protector of the Faithful.*

8 Wide o'er the sons of earth his eye
 The Pow'r eternal from on high
 Extends, (that Pow'r, whose hand, with art
 Mysterious, forms the human heart,)
 Through life's wild maze their steps pursues,
 Each act, each thought, attentive views.

9 Think not, ye kings, his aid resign'd,
 In well-arm'd hosts your help to find :
 In vain the warrior bold and young
 Exults, his arm with vigour strung :

In vain, his lord to save, the steed

Vaunts in the fight his strength and speed.

10 Hail, sure Protector of the just!

From him, who builds on Thee his trust,

Thy arm averts with studious care

Each death that viewless wings the air;

Thy hand with food his life sustains

When drought infests the blasted plains.

11 Our souls by Thee, their help and shield,

With patient hope have stood upheld;

Thy sacred name our trust, each mind

From Thee shall joy perpetual find:

In mercy give us, Lord, to see

How just the hope that rests on Thee.

PSALM XXXIV.

Praise for Deliverance from Trouble.

1 THEE will I thank, and day by day

Form to thy praise the joyful lay;

From morn to eve the song extend,

Thee boast my father, Thee my friend.

2 While pleas'd each heart of humble frame

Shall wake, great God, to hear thy fame,

His voice let each triumphant raise,

And sing with me your Maker's praise.

3 To Him my soul disclos'd its care;

He heard, and present to my pray'r

His faithful buckler o'er me held,

Each terror from my breast dispell'd.

4 The souls, that His decree regard,

Like me his cheering light have shar'd,

And, fearless of repulse or shame,

The promise of his mercy claim.

The Security and unspeakable Happiness of the Righteous.

5 Behold a heart with woes oppress'd ;
 Behold, its vows to God address'd ;
 His hand its healing pow'r display,
 And chase each cloud of grief away.

6 His angel, nigh the just man's tent
 Encamp'd, each danger to prevent,
 His sure protection round him throws,
 Though harness'd hosts his peace oppose.

7 Hail, Saviour of the human race !
 Hail, fountain of exhaustless grace !
 Thrice happy, who on Thee recline,
 Nor own, nor ask a help but thine.

8 O taste with me ; O taste and prove
 The blessings of his boundless love :
 His fear preserve, ye just and pure,
 And live from dread of want secure.

9 The strengthful lion's tawny brood
 With thirst and penury of food
 Are stung ; but who in God confide
 Shall find their ev'ry wish supplied.

—
An Exhortation to walk in the Fear of God.

10 Ye children, come ; my precepts hear,
 And learn the dictates of his fear ;
 O come, if long extent of days,
 With blessings crown'd, thy hope can raise.

11 Averse from each injurious art,
 Let falsehood from thy lips depart ;
 Be good thy choice ; from evil cease,
 And plight the ready hand to peace.

12 Him serve, whose fav'ring eyes survey
 The hearts that his commands obey ;
 Him serve, whose ever open ear
 With just regard their pray'r shall hear.

13 But terrors, planted on his brow,
 Instruct the stubborn soul to bow ;
 And vengeance, kindled to a flame,
 Blots from the earth the impious name.

The Humble and Meek are Objects of Divine Compassion.

14 With suppliant voice in each distress,
 His sole support, his sole redress,
 From God the man of faithful mind
 Shall seek, and what he seeks shall find.

15 A spirit griev'd is sacrifice
 Delightful to th' all-seeing eyes ;
 God ever watchful, ever near,
 The meek and contrite soul shall cheer.

16 What though the just, by his decree,
 Awhile a man of griefs we see,
 His love shall soon its aid bestow,
 Relieve his cares, and soothe his woe.

17 To violence expos'd his frame
 Thy fix'd attention, Lord, shall claim ;
 Nor hell's worst rage one bone shall dare
 To break, when Thou hast bid to spare.

18 But ill on all who ill intend
 In full proportion shall descend ;
 Who tow'rd the just in hatred join,
 Shall feel, great God, the weight of thine.

19 'Tis thine thy saints from woes to free ;
 Nor time throughout its course shall see
 The soul, whose hope on Thee is staid,
 Neglected mourn thy absent aid.

PSALM XXXV.

A Prayer for Divine Assistance.

- 1 Do Thou, just God, my cause defend,
O let thy pow'r its aid extend,
And make my quarrel thine ; my foes
Let thy resistless arm oppose ;
Arise thy speediest help to yield,
And reach the corslet, reach the shield,
Grasp in thy hand the glitt'ring lance,
And obvions in the breach advance ;
Say to my troubled soul, " In me
" Thy strength and sure salvation see."
- 2 Let shame their glowing cheeks o'erspread,
Whose ceaseless threats excite my dread ;
And let them, struck with wild affright,
Inglorious backward urge their flight,
Dispers'd, as chaff before the wind,
Thy angel pressing close behind,
Along the dark and slipp'ry way,
Whose paths their stagg'ring steps betray ;
And from the arm ethereal find
The vengeance to their guilt assign'd.

*God perceives the Designs of the Wicked, and is the
Preserver of the Righteous.*

- 3 Lord, see my foes with causeless hate
Beside my path insidious wait,
With causeless hate the pit prepare,
And plant before my steps their snare.
O let destruction's sudden stroke,
While thus thy justice they provoke,
Descend, vindictive, on their head ;
Fast in the net for me outspread

Involv'd, let each repentant groan,
And reap the mischiefs he has sown.

4 But thou, my soul, with awful joy
On God thy stedfast thought employ ;
And, his salvation taught to prove,
Record the wonders of his love :
Each bone, whose strength supports my frame,
With grateful transport shall exclaim,
Lord, whom like Thee shall mortals find,
For ever just, for ever kind ;
Like Thee prepar'd th' afflicted poor
From lawless insult to secure ?

The Ingratitude of the Ungodly.

5 A prey to want, oppress'd with wrong,
Awhile I pin'd ; a hostile throng,
Whose tongue to fraud has loos'd the reins,
And lie with lie connected feigns,
Against me urg'd, to scandal prone,
The guilt my breast had never known,
And left me helpless and forlorn,
The friendship ill repaid to mourn,
That, when affliction's weight they bare,
Had taught my heart their woes to share.

6 While sickness wrapt them in its chain,
And fix'd them on the bed of pain,
My heart, that no affection ow'd,
With sympathizing pity glow'd ;
I knew their suff'rings to bewail,
And sunk with grief, with fasting pale ;
To God, in sorrow's garb array'd,
With humblest intercession pray'd,

And found the pray'r their pride has spurn'd
With blessings on my head return'd.

*The greatest Tenderness recompensed with extreme
Cruelty.*

7 Dissolv'd in tears, with languor worn,
What grief for foes my soul has borne !
Nor friend for friend sincerer woes,
Nor brother for a brother knows ;
Nor feels the son his melting breast
With deeper sense of grief impress'd,
That grasps a dying mother's hand,
And waits to take her last command,
Or o'er her loss in secret pines,
And wraps the sackcloth round his loins.

8 Not such the pity shown to me ;
Ev'n abjects my abjection see
With scornful gaze, as round me stand
In adverse league a lawless band ;
These taught with well-dissembled art
To veil the purpose of their heart,
While those in open hate engage,
And ceaseless vent their murd'rous rage,
Now furious grin their teeth, and now
Insulting aim the deathful blow.

An earnest Petition against Persecutors.

9 How long wilt thou, my God, how long
With patient eye behold my wrong ?
How long shall I, with anguish torn,
Thy face, my God, averted mourn ?
With vain and fruitless hope attend,
Till Thou, my guardian and my friend,

The lion's dreaded rage control,
And rescue my deserted soul,
That, 'mid th' assembled tribes, my tongue
May raise to Thee the thankful song?

10 O let not my uninjur'd foes,
With speaking eye, amidst my woes,
As round they stand in close array,
The triumphs of their heart betray :
Behold them, Lord, their arts address,
Th' friends of peace and truth t' oppress,
But chief my name with insults load ;
"Thou wretch, abandon'd of thy God,
"In vain," they clamour, "what our eyes
"Attest, thy conscious tongue denies."

*The mournful Suppliant comforted with the Prospect
of the most happy Deliverance.*

11 Lord, Thou th' oppressor's rage hast seen,
With timeliest succour intervene ;
Nor silent long, Almighty Sire,
Remain, nor distant far retire ;
Arise, thy saving power disclose,
And heal, with pitying hand, my woes ;
Awake, thy aiding strength excite,
Awake, and vindicate my right ;
Let justice teach them by thy stroke
Their frantic triumphs to revoke.

12 Let not their heart, its wish complete,
With secret joy transported beat,
Or, boasting, hail th' expected hour,
That gives me to the murd'rer's power ;
But back my threaten'd life demand
From sharp oppression's iron hand ;

Let all, who make my grief their scorn,
Their blasted hopes astonish'd mourn ;
Let stern rebuke and foul disgrace
With shame perpetual clothe their face.

13 Lo, night me ranged with thankful voice,
The friends of innocence rejoice ;
And, " Blest," they cry, " be Jacob's Lord,
" The God by heav'n and earth ador'd,
" Who joys his servant's cause to plead,
" And crowns with peacee his favour'd head."
While, loudest in the choir, my tongue
To notes of praise shall tune its song,
And, pleas'd, through eah revolving day,
Thy justice, mightiest Lord, display.

The Perverseness of a hardened Sinner.

1 BEHOLD the wretch, in error lost,
Whose stubborn heart with impious boast
His law rejects, his fear denies,
Who form'd the earth, and seas, and skies.
2 He ne'er repentant looks within,
To view the measure of his sin ;
His tongue to falsehood train'd ; his mind
No more to acts of good inclin'd.
3 Concerted mischiefs crowd his breast,
And rob his midnight hours of rest ;
Nor wisdom to her paths his will
Can turn, or wean his soul from ill.

The comfortable Effects of God's Mercy and Goodness to his People.

4 Thy merey, Lord, to heav'n extends,
Thy truth the lofty clouds transcends ;

Fix'd as the mountain's solid base,
Thy righteousness maintains her placee.

5 Who seeks to trace the will divine
By reason's aid, with scanty line
(Prepost'rous) would the deep explore,
And measure with his span its shore.

6 Nor rest thy cares alone confin'd
To us, the sons of human kind ;
Thy hand th' unconscious brute sustains,
And spreads his pasture on the plains.

7 But we, with pious trust, who know,
What gifts we to thy mercy owe,
(O what that mercy can excel !)
Beneath thy fost'ring wings shall dwell.

8 To each, who seeks thy name, behold
Thy house its richest stores unfold ;
And bliss, unintermix'd with woe,
In fullest streams their breast o'erflow.

9 From out thy seat, immortal King,
Forth issues life's perennial spring ;
Thy light with unextinguish'd rays
Shall o'er our heads auspicious blaze.

A Prayer for the Continuance of the Divine Protection.

10 Lord, may the souls, who Thee have known,
The blessings of thy mercy own,
And each, who bears a spotless mind,
His refuge in thy justice find.

11 Me let thy care, Almighty friend,
From pride's injurious foot defend ;
Each impious hand, that seeks my hurt,
Let thy superior strength avert.

12 O bid before my sight each foe
 The terrors of thy vengeance know ;
 Lo, there they fall, their triumphs o'er,
 And prostrate lie, to rise no more.

PSALM XXXVII.

An Encouragement to Faith, Patience, and Resignation.

1 LET not the sinner's wealth or might
 The envy of thy soul excite ;
 Anon thine eye shall see him fade
 Quick as the flow'r or vernal blade,
 That now rejoicing lifts the head,
 Now with'ring on the earth is spread.

2 But thou thy will to heav'n's high Lord
 (His faith thy trust, thy rule his word,) Submit, and, nourish'd by his hand,
 Inherit from his gift the land ;
 In Him delight, on Him depend,
 Him choose thy guide, thy way, thy end.

3 So shall his love thy wishes grant,
 His care anticipate thy want,
 And bid thy acts in light serene
 Fair as the rising morn be seen,
 Thy justice as the noon of day
 Diffusive pour its cloudless ray.

4 With patient hope await his will,
 Nor let the sight of prosp'rous ill
 Impel thee with disquiet vain
 His wise disposals to arraign,
 Lest wrath and doubt thy conscience blind,
 And urge to acts of guilt thy mind.

The Inheritance of the Wicked is bestowed upon the Godly.

5 Sec, from their dwelling torn, th' unjust
 To those who fix on God their trust
 (So wills the Majesty divine)
 Their forfeit heritage resign :
 Wait but awhile, then look around ;
 No more the impious race are found.

6 But see the meek and pious band
 (Advanc'd by God's almighty hand
 The pow'r among them to divide,
 To fierce ambition's sword denied,)
 Earth's bounds possess, and, peace their care,
 The fulness of its blessings share.

*The Disappointment and Punishment of the Wicked,
 and a Description of the Safety and Happiness of
 the Faithful.*

7 Gnashing his teeth, the fool prepares
 To catch the upright in his snares ;
 But God his frantic rage derides,
 And sees the day, as on it glides,
 Whose beams, with wrath uncommon red,
 Shall stream in vengeance o'er his head.

8 On you, ye poor, with vain intent
 The sword is drawn, the bow is bent ;
 The sword, with better aim impress'd,
 Descends into its owner's breast :
 Reluctant to the archer's will,
 Bursts the tough bow, and mocks his skill.

9 Exchange not ye your scanty store
 For heaps of guilt-polluted ore ;

'That God, ye saints, whose love ye seek,
The arm of lawless pow'r shall break,
And bid the just protected stand
Beneath the shadow of his hand.

10 By him your years determin'd flow ;
The lot, which his decrees bestow,
From sire to son, till time shall end,
In sure succession shall descend ;
No distant time shall see his love
Its blessings from his saints remove.

11 When war's dire flames around you burn,
From you the darts their points shall turn ;
Each blast that taints the redd'ning sky
From your exempted fields shall fly ;
Nor shame, nor want the heart attends,
Whose trust on Jacob's God depends.

*God's Judgments a Warning to obstinate Sinners.
Sudden Destruction awaits the Unrighteous, while
the Good constantly enjoy the Blessings of Peace
and Prosperity.*

12 Who know not Thee, great God, to dread,
As victims for the slaughter fed,
Consum'd by heav'n's avenging fire
Shall perish, and in smoke aspire :
How swift, how sudden is their fate !
What horrors, Lord, their death await !

13 While faithless these th' intrusted loan
With base ingratitude disown,
His plenteous alms the just can give,
And pleas'd a brother's wants relieve ;
Earth's goods thy blessing to the pure
Shall grant, and what it grants insure.

14 While guilty souls the curse divine
 To full excision shall consign,
 The just, blest object of thy love,
 Thou, Lord, wilt lead, his path approve,
 Thy faithful hands his steps sustain ;
 Nor falls he, but to rise again.

15 Once was I young, and now am old,
 Yet ne'er the righteous could behold
 By God deserted, nor his seed
 Requesting at my gate their bread :
 Secure he lives, and for his heirs
 Prosperity and peace prepares.

The Advantages of Godliness.

16 From ill recede ; to good incline
 Thy thought, and endless life be thine :
 Delighted whom his laws delight
 Th' Almighty views : nor day nor night
 The soul, that bows to His decree,
 Abandon'd from his love shall see.

17 Behold, ye just, th' eternal doom
 The sinner's short-liv'd days consume ;
 His fruit, a luckless progeny,
 Uprooted from the ground shall die ;
 While happier ye to yours assign'd
 A heritage perpetual find.

18 How blest whom Thou, great God, hast taught !
 His lips with sacred science fraught,
 The lessons of thy truth impart ;
 And, grav'd within his inmost heart,
 Thy law, the ever faithful guide,
 Forbids his stedfast feet to slide.

19 Each art the murd'rous tribe essay,
 And mark the guiltless for their prey ;
 But God his rescue has decreed ;
 Himself will rise his cause to plead,
 Refute th' accuser's perjur'd tongue,
 And save him from the hand of wrong.

*They who trust in God shall escape the Afflictions
 that fall to the Lot of Sinners.*

20 Wait on thy God ; observe his ways :
 His pow'r aloft thy head shall raise ;
 Exerted in thy right, his hand
 Shall vindicate to thee the land,
 And bid, before thy sight, each foe
 The terrors of his vengance know.

21 The prosp'ring sinner once I view'd ;
 Strong as the healthful tree he stood,
 That, shadowing wide its native soil,
 Nor knows, nor asks the planter's toil :
 I went, I came, and look'd again ;
 I look'd, but sought his place in vain.

22 Behold the just, and mark his end ;
 See peace his eve of life attend :
 But see, ah ! see a diff'rent fate
 The sinner's wretched course await ;
 For lo, upon his latest hour
 The storms of heaviest vengeance low'r.

23 To God the just his safety owes,
 Him owns his strength amidst his woes,
 Assur'd that he shall each defend,
 Whose constant hopes on him depend.
 And, while his foes their peace invade,
 Reach, in their cause, his promis'd aid.

PSALM XXXVIII.

A Prayer for Divine Mercy and Compassion.

- 1 O SPARE me, Lord, nor o'er my head
The fulness of thy vengeance shed ;
Pierc'd by thy shafts, great God, I stand,
And feel the pressure of thy hand.
- 2 Thou seest, from health estrang'd, my frame
The terrors of thy wrath proclaim,
While conscious guilt alarms my breast,
And robs my tortur'd joints of rest.
- 3 Whelm'd with a weight of sins I mourn,
A weight too heavy to be borne ;
My wounds, whose smart those sins repays,
The wide-infected air betrays.
- 4 See ! bow'd from morn to eve with woe,
And wrapt in sackcloth drear, I go ;
My reins with hidden torments wrung,
Each limb diseas'd, each nerve unstrung.
- 5 Aloud my suff'rings I bemoan,
And fainting pour the frequent groan ;
But Thou, ere yet my groans proceed,
My griefs and inmost wish canst read.

The Aggravations of the Suppliant's Distress.

- 6 Behold my heart with anguish torn,
My strength with long affliction worn,
And stretch'd before my wasted sight
The shadows of approaching night.
- 7 Each kind consoler of my care,
Who wont my plenteous board to share,
With pitying eye, with silent gaze
My alter'd lineaments surveys.

8 My friends, and next allies by birth,
(Once dear companions of my mirth,
When wing'd with health the moments flew,)
My griefs with distant horror view.

9 With snares my foes beset my way,
Intent on death, throughout the day
With fiercest rage my name revile,
And discipline their thoughts to guile.

10 Invented crimes, and taunts severe,
With steadiest patience, Lord, I hear,
Unmov'd, as one who deaf and mute
Nor censure feels, nor can refute.

11 For Thou, best Advocate, art nigh;
On Thee, great God, my hopes rely:
O vindicate my fame from wrong,
And silence the reproachful tongue.

*An earnest Address against the Malicious and
Ungrateful.*

12 Thou know'st the tenour of my pray'r,
Thou know'st what insults, Lord, I bear ;
Propitious hear, nor let my foes
Exulting triumph in my woes.

13 Mark, when my steps have chanc'd to slide,
The shouts that rise on ev'ry side,
And, echoing through the wounded air,
The triumphs of their heart declare.

14 Thou seest how prone to lapse my feet,
What woes my eyes ineessant meet ;
Nor shuns my soul its guilt to own,
But sorrowing bows before thy throne.

15 How strong, how num'rous are the foes,
That unprovok'd my peace oppose,

Their veins with health's full current warm,
And strung with active might their arm !

16 Ill for my good return'd I find,
Nor know from aught (but that, inclin'd
To good, their deeds I shun,) to date
The ground of their prepost'rous hate.

17 O let me, rais'd by Thee, no more
The absence of thine aid deplore ;
God of my life, recede not far,
But haste, and make that life thy care.

PSALM XXXIX.

*Prudent Resolutions and serious Reflections on the
Uncertainty and Vanity of human Affairs.*

1 My steps discretion's rules shall guide ;
Nor error from my lips shall slide,
(Thus to myself resolv'd I said),
Nor word, in wisdom's scale unweigh'd.

2 While lawless crowds attend me nigh,
And mark me with insidious eye,
Behold me with the steady rein
Each effort of my tongue restrain.

3 Awhile my soul its purpose keeps ;
A stubborn silence seals my lips :
But O, from themes of good withheld,
How oft my full-swoll'n heart rebell'd !

4 My thoughts in various tumult roll ;
At length, impatient of control,
Forth from my struggling bosom brake
The kindled flame, and thus I spake :—

5 Taught by thy wisdom, let me learn
How soon my fabric shall return

To earth, and in the silent tomb
Its seat of lasting rest assume.

6 O let me, heav'nly Lord, extend
My view to life's approaching end ;
What are my days ? (a span their line ;)
And what my age compar'd with thine ?

7 Our life advancing to its close,
While scarce its earliest dawn it knows,
Swift through an empty shade we run,
And vanity and man are one.

8 With anxious pain this son of care
Toils to enrich an unknown heir,
And, eyeing oft his heapy store,
With vain disquiet thirsts for more.

God alone can afford Men Pardon and Relief. Their frail Nature is unable to sustain the Effects of his Anger.

9 Where, Lord, shall I my refuge see ?
On whom repose my hope but Thee ?
O purge my guilt, nor let my foe
Exulting mock my heighten'd woe.

10 Convine'd that thy paternal hand
Inflicts but what my sins demand,
I speechless sate ; nor plaintive word,
Nor murmur from my lips was heard.

11 But O, in thy appointed hour
Withdraw thy rod ; lest nature's pow'r,
While griefs on griefs my heart assail,
Unequal to the conflict, fail.

12 O, how thy chastisements impair
The human form, however fair !
How frail the strongest frame we see,
If thou the sinner's fate decree !

13 As when the fretting moths consume
 The labour of the curious loom,
 The texture fails, the dyes decay,
 And all its lustre fades away.

14 Such, man, thy state ! then humbled, own
 That vanity and thou are one ;
 Thyself, when in the balance weigh'd,
 A nothing, and thy life a shade.

*An earnest Prayer to the Almighty for a longer Time
 to prepare the Soul for Eternity.*

15 To Thee, great God, my knces I bend ;
 To Thee my ceaseless pray'rs ascend ;
 O let my sorrows reach thine ears,
 And mark my sighs, my groans, my tears.

16 God of my fathers ! here, as they,
 I walk the pilgrim of a day ;
 A transient guest, thy works admire,
 And instant to my home retire.

17 O spare me, Lord, awhile ! O spare,
 And nature's ruin'd strength repair,
 Ere, life's short circuit wander'd o'er,
 I perish, and am seen no more.

*The happy Success of contented Resignation to the
 Will of Heaven.*

1 WITH patient hope my God I sought ;
 He to his suppliant's want his thought
 In happiest hour applied ;
 He from the dark and miry pit
 High on the rock has rais'd my feet ;
 Nor fear my steps to slide.

2 His praise inspires my grateful tongue,
And dictates to my lips a song
 In strains unheard before:
Admiring crowds his work shall see,
Their strength on Him repose with me,
 With me his name adore.

3 Blest, who in thee, great God, confide,
Nor madly trust the arm of pride,
 And helps that but betray:
Thy mercies, Lord, all praise surmount,
Nor numbers can their sum recount,
 Nor words their worth display.

Obedience the most acceptable Sacrifice.

4 Nor sacrifice thy love can win,
Nor off'rings from the stain of sin
 Obnoxious man shall clear:
Thy hand my mortal frame prepares,
(Thy hand, whose signature it bears,)
 And opes my willing ear.

5 And since the blood of victims slain,
And hallow'd gifts, attempt in vain
 T' avert th' offender's doom,
Myself th' atonement will provide;
 Lo! (touch'd with pity thus I cried)
 I come, my God, I come.

6 Thy book, by sacred bards unroll'd,
My full obedience has foretold
 To thy mysterious will;
His just assent thy servant gives,
 Thy words my breast with joy receives,
 My hands with zeal fulfil.

The Zeal of our Blessed Saviour. His numberless Sorrows.

7 The faithful witness to thy fame,
 Aloud thy justice I proclaim
 To Abraham's chosen race :
 My lips, thou know'st, have ne'er declin'd
 To preach the theme by Thee enjoin'd,
 The wonders of thy grace.

8 With strong desire my bosom glows
 Thy truth and mercy to disclose,
 In man's relief display'd :
 O let that truth dispel my woe,
 That mercy, Lord, around me throw
 Its all-protecting shade.

9 While griefs on griefs my cup have mix'd,
 On earth my downward looks are fix'd ;
 The sins, whose weight I bear,
 (Those sins, that, number'd by the eye,
 The hairs that shade my head outvie,)
 My heart with anguish tear.

A Petition for Help and Deliverance.

10 Haste to my aid, my Saviour, haste ;
 My soul by hostile numbers chas'd,
 To Thee directs its pray'r :
 In wild confusion backward borne,
 Their wish defeated let them mourn,
 And lost in empty air.

11 Be shame their just reward assign'd,
 While round me with relentless mind
 Derision's shout they raise :

Thy bliss let all, who seek Thee, share,
And, taught thy love, that love declare
In songs of ceaseless praise.

12 While these in thy salvation joy,
Increasing griefs my thought employ,
And speediest aid demand :
My Helper and Redeemer, hear ;
O, instant in my cause appear,
And reach thy saving hand.

PSALM XLI.

The Security of the good and charitable Man.

1 BLEST, who with gen'rous pity glows,
Who learns to feel another's woes,
Bows to the poor man's want his ear,
And wipes the helpless orphan's tear.
2 Who to th' afflicted gives relief,
And kindly soothes each anxious grief ;
In ev'ry want, in ev'ry woe,
Himself thy pity, Lord, shall know.
3 Thy love his life shall guard, thy hand
Give to his lot the chosen land,
Nor leave him, in the dreadful day,
To unrelenting foes a prey.
4 When languid with disease and pain,
Thou, Lord, his spirit wilt sustain,
Prop with thine arm his sinking head,
And turn with tend'rest care his bed.

*The ill Treatment that falls to the Lot of the
Merciful and Righteous.*

5 O let me, Lord, thy mercy share,
(Thus to my God I form'd the prayer)

Health to my fainting soul dispense,
That humbled owns its dire offence.

6 "When shall he perish?" thus my foes
With ruthless tongue their wish disclose ;
"Why lingers death's appointed hour
"Oblivion on his name to pour?"

7 The hostile visitants appear
Beside my couch, and drop the tear ;
Though, feigning, o'er my griefs they mourn,
Their hearts with secret malice burn.

8 See them, searee parted from my gate,
Aloud proclaim their settled hate ;
Now pleas'd they form some dark design,
Now whisp'ring thus in curses join :

9 "Still may the guilt unpurg'd remain,
"That binds him on the bed of pain ;
"Nor let him from that bed arise,
"But close in endless sleep his eyes."

10 Yea thou, the friend to whom my heart
Its inmost counsels wont t' impart,
Ev'n thou, in subtlety disguis'd,
The man whom chief of friends I priz'd ;--

11 For whom the social board I spread,
And broke with lib'ral hand my bread,
With lifted heel (severe return !)
The partner of thy breast couldst spurn.

*A Prayer for the Divine Favour, and an Exhortation
to Praise.*

12 Maker of all ! be Thou my guard ;
Give me, (my strength by Thee repair'd)
Give me to teach the faithless band
To own the justice of thy hand :--

13 So, while my pray'rs indulg'd approve
 My soul the object of thy love,
 My foes, with inward anguish torn,
 Shall each his blasted triumphs mourn :—

14 And I, for Thou thy aid shalt yield,
 In innocence of heart upheld,
 Thy courts shall ever tread, and there
 The fulness of thy presence sharc.

15 O thankful bless th' Almighty Lord,
 The God by Jacob's sons ador'd ;
 With joyful hearts his love proclaim,
 And praise, O praise, his holy name.

16 His fame, ere time its course began,
 O'er heav'n's wide region echoing ran ;
 To Him through endless ages raise
 One song of oft-repeated praise.

PSALM XLII.

The Psalmist laments his forced Absence from God's Temple, and the Insults of his Persecutors.

1 As pants the hart for cooling springs,
 So longs my soul, O King of Kings,
 Thy face in near approach to see,
 So thirsts, great Source of Life, for Thee.

2 With ardent zeal, with strong desires,
 To Thee, to Thee my soul aspires ;
 When shall I reach thy blest abode ?
 When meet the presence of my God ?

3 Tears, Lord, thou know'st, have been my bread,
 By day, by night, profusely shed,
 While thus they urge me to despair ;
 “ Where's now thy God, thou outcast, where ? ”

A Reflection on the past Enjoyment of the Divine Ordinances. Hope a firm Support in Affliction.

- 4 While troubles, Lord, beset my soul,
My busied thoughts tumultuous roll,
To Thee my heart ascends in pray'r,
And in thy bosom pours its care ;—
- 5 And oft in luxury of woe
Back to those happier hours I go,
When up fair Sion's high ascent
The tribes in long procession went ;—
- 6 There, while thy praise in grateful songs
Resounded from a thousand tongues,
I, rank'd amid the festive train,
Exulting trod thy hallow'd fane.
- 7 Why thus, my soul, with care oppress'd ?
And whence the woes that fill my breast ?
In all thy cares, in all thy woes,
On God thy stedfast hope repose.
- 8 To Him my thanks shall still be paid,
My sure defence, my constant aid ;
His name my zeal shall ever raise,
And dictate to my lips his praise.

Constancy under the severest Trials.

- 9 When various griefs beset my soul,
My thoughts with vain impatience roll,
Thy mercies, Lord, before my eyes
Shall yet in sweet remembrance rise ;
- 10 Though now with mournful step and slow
O'er Jordan's lonely banks I go,
And, exil'd from thy much-lov'd dome,
On distant Hermon pensive roam.

11 Deeps to confed'rate deeps aloud
 Have call'd, and from the bursting cloud
 Their licens'd rage the storms have shed,
 And heap'd the billows o'er my head.

12 Yet, 'midst the storm, and 'midst the wave,
 Thy love the beams of comfort gave ;
 Thy name by day employs my tongue,
 By night inspires my pray'r and song.

The Righteous preserves his Confidence in God.

13 God of my strength, attend my cry,
 Say why, my great Preserver, why
 Excluded from thy sight I go,
 And bend beneath a weight of woe ?

14 Why, sharper than the biting steel,
 Th' insulting foe's reproach I feel,
 While thus they urge me to despair ;
 "Where's now thy God, thou outcast, where?"

15 Why thus, my soul, with care opprest ?
 And whence the woes that fill my breast ?
 In all thy cares, in all thy woes,
 On God thy stedfast hope repose.

16 To Him my thanks shall still be paid,
 My surc defence, my constant aid ;
 His name my zeal shall ever raise,
 And dictate to my lips his praise.

A Prayer against Oppressors, and for the joyful Restoration of the Privileges of the Faithful in God's Sanctuary.

1 O weigh me, Lord, in equal scale,
 And let my injur'd cause prevail ;

O save me from an impious throng,
The sons of violence and wrong.

2 God of my strength, to Thee I cry ;
Say why, by Thee rejected, why
I bend beneath a weight of woe,
And bear the insults of the foe.

3 O let thy light attend my way,
Thy truth afford its steady ray,
To Sion's hill direct my feet,
And bring me to thy hallow'd seat.

4 Admitted to thy altars there,
My hands to Thee the gift shall bear,
Whose mercies, to my heart reveal'd,
A theme of endless transport yield.

5 Thy praise, O God, my God, the lyre
Shall wake, thy love its song inspire ;
And thankful teach the rapt'rous lay
Thy bounteous goodness to display.

6 Why thus, my soul, with care opprest ?
And whence the woes that fill my breast ?
In all thy cares, in all thy woes,
On God thy stedfast hope repose.

7 To Him my thanks shall still be paid,
My sure defencē, my constant aid ;
His name my zeal shall ever raise,
And dictate to my lips his praise.

—
PSALM XLIV.*God's Miracles in Favour of Israel.*

1 TAUGHT by our sires, great God, our ear
Thy wondrous acts has wak'd to hear,
The mercies to their tribes reveal'd,
When ages long o'erpast beheld,

By Thee dislodg'd, an impious race
 Yield to their chosen seed a place;—

2 When Israel's sons, thy foes o'erthrown,
 Obtain'd possessious not their own;
 Where, planted by the hand divine,
 With large increase their prosp'ring line
 Are bless'd; and, nourish'd by thy care,
 The fulness of thy bounty share.

3 For not the arm of human might,
 Nor sword of steel, upheld their right;
 Thy pow'r exerted in their aid,
 Thy presence o'er their heads display'd,
 Proclaim'd them favour'd from on high,
 And bade each force before them fly.

—————

*An Acknowledgment of the Divine Power, which
 will be the constant Subject of Praise to the
 Righteous.*

4 Thee, Lord, my King, and Thee alone,
 Attentive to thy laws I own;
 Indulgent still, almighty Friend,
 Thy arm in Israel's cause extend,
 And let us, on thy aid reclin'd,
 Thee still our great salvation find.

5 Through Thee our hosts unmov'd shall stand,
 Strike with the horn each adverse band,
 Thy name invok'd, their fury meet,
 And tread them breathless at their feet;
 Not from our sword, or from our bow,
 Our souls such confidence shalt know.

6 Thou, Lord, each adverse pow'r shall quell,
 Thy strength their gath'ring troops dispel;
 That strength our boast, thy hallow'd name
 Our hymns of loudest praise shall claim,

While time shall roll its rapid tide,
And day and night thy works divide.

The afflicting Trials of God's People.

7 Thy wonted aid, great God, withheld,
Repuls'd, asham'd, we quit the field ;
No more we see, the battle led,
Th' almighty conqu'ror at our head,
But quick retreat in wild dismay,
Abandon'd to our foes a prey.

8 Beneath thy anger now we groan,
The flock whom Thou hads't seal'd thine own,
As beasts for food decreed we die,
Or, spar'd, as worthless in thine eye ;
See ! sold for nought our lords we change,
And lost through distant climates range.

9 Each neighb'ring realm with scornful gaze
Thy people's ruin'd state surveys ;
Our name, amid the nations round,
A proverb in each mouth is found ;
Assembled crowds insulting stand,
And fierce derisiv claps the hand.

10 How feels my heart the dire disgrace !
How glows with ceaseless shame my face,
While thus, divested of thy fear,
With keen reproach they wound my ear,
And with revengeful hand fulfil
The dictates of their lawless will !

*Whatever Troubles fall to the Lot of the Faithful,
they continue stedfast in their Profession.*

11 Though torn with grief, with dread opprest,
Thou, Lord, canst witness that our breast

Its trust from Thee has ne'er remov'd,
 Nor faithless to thy compact prov'd ;
 For lo ! the dictates of thy law
 Our thoughts to full obedience awe.

12 No lord but Thee thy servants greet,
 Nor wander from thy paths our feet,
 Though, fir'd with ceaseless rage, a crowd
 Advance, and round us roar aloud,
 Though 'midst the dragon's haunts we tread,
 And death's dark shades are o'er us spread.

13 If ever, of the name divine
 Forgetful, we our faith resign ;
 Or if, averse to thy command,
 To stranger gods we lift the hand ;
 Say, shall our crime thy search elude,
 Whose eyes our inmost thoughts have view'd ?

14 Thy cause we still avow ; thy cause
 The hostile sword against us draws,
 And numbers to the death our train,
 As sheep, whose blood the hallow'd fane,
 Before the altar's kindled flames,
 By regular allotment claims.

15 Arise, eternal God, arise ;
 Why sits this slumber on thine eyes ?
 Awake, nor from thy care expel
 Thy oncee regarded Israel ;
 Say why from our afflicted race,
 Why veils th' impervious cloud thy face ?

16 O tell us why thine ear denies
 To hear thy captive people's cries,
 As sunk with sorrow's weight we bend,
 And prostrate in the dust descend ;
 Arise, thy saving pow'r disclose,
 And heal with pitying hand our woes.

PSALM XLV.

The Glory and Majesty of the Messiah.

- 1 My heart its noblest theme has found :
O Thou, with regal splendour crown'd,
Thy pow'r, thy greatness taught to know,
How shall my lips with praise o'erflow !
- 2 To Thee the grateful strains belong ;
Thy worth shall bid my willing tongue,
Quick as the pen of readiest art,
The dictates of my soul impart.
- 3 Hail, fairer than the sons of men !
Grace on thy lips and beauty reign,
That speak Thee honour'd from above,
And blest with God's eternal love.
- 4 Hail, Thou, whom nations own their Lord !
Gird on thy thigh the glitt'ring sword,
By mercy, truth, and justice led,
Ride glorious on, thy conquests spread.
- 5 Thy stubborn foes, a guilty race,
Thy hand with faithful search shall trace,
Mark, as their crimes for vengeance call,
And teach thy terrors where to fall :—
- 6 While, edg'd with wrath, thy ev'ry dart
Shall pierce some proud opposer's heart,
Assert the cause of Judah's King,
And dip in impious blood its wing.

*The Offspring of the greatest Potentates on Earth are
to become Members of the Christian Church.*

- 7 O God, through ages lasts thy throne,
Thy sceptre justice calls her own,
Thy heart th' all-perfect law pursues,
And guilt with fix'd abhorrence views.

8 For this thy God, who rules the skies,
 Has o'er thine equals bid thee rise,
 And, pleas'd, the oil of gladness shed
 In large profusion on thy head.

9 Myrrh, aloes, cassia, to the sense
 Their all-reviving sweets dispense,
 While, recent from the iv'ry cell,
 Their mingled odours round thee dwell.

10 Their daughters mightiest kings behold
 Amid thy virgin train inroll'd ;
 And, seated on thy right, the queen
 Array'd in robes of gold is seen.

11 Hear, daughter, and attentive weigh
 The precepts of the heav'n-taught lay ;
 Within thy thought retain no more
 Thy father's house and native shore :—

12 So shall the king delighted see
 Thy spotless form ; and O, be He,
 That Lord whom heav'n's high hosts revere,
 Thy only love, thy only fear.

The Glorious Increase of the Elect.

13 Imperial Tyre, that, thron'd on high,
 O'er subject seas extends her eye,
 Her gifts, O prince, shall bring to thee,
 And suppliant nobles stoop the knee.

14 The virgin, offspring of a king,
 Whom now thy happy choice we sing,
 Herself with each perfection blest,
 Ere thee she greets, assumes the vest ;—

15 That vest, where 'mid th' inwoven gold
 A thousand colours we behold,
 That, kindled by the beams of day,
 The needle's utmost art display.

16 By eminence of beauty known
 Amidst her fair associates, on
 She moves, and joys with them to tread
 The paths that to thy presence lead.

17 No more the patriarchs of thy line
 In time's long records chief shall shine ;
 Thy greater sons, to empire born,
 Its future annals shall adorn.

18 Thy pow'r to them deriv'd display,
 And stretch through earth their boundless sway ;
 O'er subject realms their wide command
 Through distant times confirm'd shall stand ; —

19 Those realms, while thus to Thee I raise
 A lasting monument of praise,
 With thankful voice shall join the strain,
 And own the blessings of thy reign.

PSALM XLVI.

*Whatever Storms may arise, the Servants of God
 have a sure Protection.*

1 ON Thee, great Ruler of the skies,
 On Thee our stedfast hope relies ;
 When hostile pow'rs against us join,
 What aid so present, Lord, as thine ?

2 By Thee secur'd, no fears we own,
 Though earth, convuls'd, beneath us groan,
 Though tempests o'er her surface sweep,
 And whirl her hills into the deep ; —

3 Though, arm'd with rage, before our eyes
 That deep in all its horrors rise,
 While, as the tumult spreads around,
 The mountains tremble at the sound.

God's Care of the Church.

- 4 Behold fair Sion's blest retreat,
Where God has fix'd his awful seat ;
Whose walls to heav'n's almighty Lord
His chosen residence afford.
- 5 No tempests there licentious stray,
But soft along their level way
The sacred streams their course maintain,
And crown with health her happy plain.
- 6 God, ever watchful, ever nigh,
Bids storms around her harmless fly ;
His early care each foe withstands,
And backward turns the yielding bands.
- 7 See, rous'd by discord's fierce alarms,
The headlong nations rush to arms ;
But God aloud asserts his sway,
And earth's whole fabric melts away.
- 8 On heav'n's high Lord our trust we build ;
The God of Jacob is our shield ;
His arm, exerted in our right,
Shall turn each adverse pow'r to flight.

*The Dreadful Effects of the Divine Wrath. God preserves his People from their Enemies.*

- 9 O come, behold a scene of dread,
Behold a world with slaughter spread ;
And know, 'tis God, who bids each land
Thus feel the terrors of his hand.
- 10 'Tis his, again the earth to cheer,
To break the bow, to snap the spear,
To wrap in flames the glitt'ring car,
And hush the tumult of the war.

PSALM XLVII.

11 Be still, ye sons of pride, and own
 That I am God, and I alone ;
 Exalted o'er each heathen land,
 Exalted o'er the earth I stand.

12 On heav'n's high Lord our trust we build ;
 The God of Jacob is our shield ;
 His arm, exerted in our right,
 Shall turn each adverse pow'r to flight.

PSALM XLVII.

*The People are exhorted to show their Joy on Account
 of God's extraordinary Kindness.*

1 ARISE, ye people, clap the hand,
 Exulting strike the chord ;
 Let ev'ry isle, and ev'ry land,
 Confess th' Almighty Lord.

2 How awful his mysterious name !
 How high advanc'd his seat !
 Who bids the nations own our claim,
 And casts them at our feet.

3 He to our lot a land assign'd,
 His favour'd Jacob's boast,
 And blest with gifts of various kind
 Her health-incircled coast.

4 Hear, while the shouts wide-echoing round
 Th' ascending God proclaim,
 The answ'ring trump through heav'n resound,
 And shake its vaulted frame.

*God is King of the whole Earth. Praises are due
 from all Men, because he carefully regards them.*

5 Sing to our God, in loudest strain
 Perpetual praises sing ;

PSALM XLVIII.

99

O'er earth's wide bounds extends his reign ;
 O praise our God and King.

6 Prepare, prepare, with tuneful art,
 In one assembled throng,
 Your shares of harmony to part,
 And raise the heav'n-taught song.

7 His sway the sons of human kind
 With humblest homage own ;
 And sanctity, with pow'r combin'd,
 Supports his lasting throne.

8 Kings from afar conven'd behold,
 Whose breasts with zeal have glow'd,
 Among the tribes to stand inroll'd,
 That bow to Abraham's God.

9 For He, whose hands amid the skies
 Th' eternal sceptre wield,
 To earth's whole race his care applies,
 And o'er them spreads the shield.

PSALM XLVIII.

The Church of God is under the surest Protection.

1 GREAT is our God ; with warmest zeal
 O let his name be blest,
 Within the precincts of his hill,
 And city of his rest.

2 Fair is that hill : how wond'rous fair !
 Imperial Sion's seat :
 There centres, earth, thy joy, and there
 Its measure owns complete.

3 Her walls, while there his lov'd recess
 The northern heav'n surveys,
 With safety God vouchsafes to bless,
 And pleas'd her sceptre sways.

4 Earth's haughty monarchs thither came ;
 They came, they saw, they fled ;
 Amazement shook their inmost frame,
 And undissembled dread.

5 Such fears they share as matrons find,
 That feel th' increasing thro'c,
 Struck by that God, whose shatt'ring wind
 Thy ships, O Tharsis, know.

*The Faithful rejoice in the Safety of the Church, and
 admire the divine Goodness and Justice.*

6 Lord ! what our ears long since have known,
 Our eyes delighted trace,
 Thy love in long succession shown
 To Salem's chosen race.

7 Thrice blest abode ! whose ev'ry tow'r
 By Thee supported stands,
 That God, whose wide extended pow'r
 Th' ethereal host commands.

8 When, prostrate at thy hallow'd shrine,
 Thy mercies each surveys,
 Transported with the view, we join
 In wonder, love, and praise.

9 Thy name, through earth's wide confines spread,
 Eternal honours crown ;
 Each sentence by thy hand deereed
 Fair justice stamps her own.

*The Wonders God has wrought in Behalf of his
 Church, are to be gratefully and constantly
 remembered.*

10 Let Sion's heav'n-devoted mount
 With shouts of triumph ring,

And Judah's daughters, pleas'd, recount
The judgments of her king.

11 Go, walk her sacred streets along,
And let her tow'rs be told ;
With curious eye her bulwarks strong
And beautcous domes behold.

12 So shall the fair description last,
Preserv'd in full record,
And tell what glories once have grac'd
The seat of Jacob's Lord.

13 To him our thankful hearts shall bow,
Nor own a God beside ;
To life's last period Him avow
The ever faithful guide.

PSALM XLIX.

*Mankind are exhorted to pay the strictest Regard to
the divine Instruction.*

1 YE nations, hear ; ye sons of earth,
Of highest or obscurest birth,
Ye who from wealthi's full board are fed,
And ye who eat with toil your bread.

2 My words with just attention weigh,
And listen to the hallow'd lay ;
While, touch'd with holy fire, my tongue
Forms to the harp the mystic song.

3 My lips shall wisdom's lessons yield,
My heart, with noblest science fill'd,
Shall prompt me with obedient ear
The heav'n-descending truths to hear.

The Value of the Soul is inestimable.

4 Why should my soul with anxious dread
Behold the foes around me spread,

Who build on wealth their trust, and store
In boasted heaps the glitt'ring ore?

5 Cease, mortals, cease your pride; nor dream
That riches shall from death redeem,
Or from the all-disposing hand
A brother's forfeit life demand.

6 In vain would friendship's zeal essay
The full equivalent to pay,
In vain the flitting breath to save,
And plead exemption from the grave;—

7 In vain, though Ophir's wealthiest mine
Its treasures to the purchase join;
Then, taught the soul's best price to know,
At once the frantic thought forego.



*People of all Ranks and Conditions must submit to the
Stroke of Death.*

8 Thou seest the man in wisdom's school
Long tutor'd, like the untaught fool
To death submit, and leave his heir
His heaps of gather'd wealth to share.

9 What though they build the dome sublime,
Proof to the rage of eating time,
While lands subjected to their claim
Take from their haughty lord a name;—

10 Yet man, with erring pride elate,
And high in pow'r, in honour great,
Shares with the brute an equal doom,
And sleeps forgotten in the tomb.

11 Their hope, thus fond, thus faithless found,
Their sons assume; in endless round
Another and another race
Their fathers' wayward steps shall trace.

12 Together now behold them laid,
 As sheep, when night extends her shade,
 While death within the vaulted rock,
 Stern shepherd, guards the slumb'ring flock.

13 Corruption there its work shall ply,
 And, wrapt in darkness as they lie,
 Each feature fair, each boasted grace,
 With unrelenting hand efface.

The Righteous shall have their Enemies in Subjection.
The Vanity of worldly Wealth and Grandeur.

14 Ye just, exulting lift your eyes,
 Behold the promis'd morn arise,
 That bids you, o'er each haughty foe
 Exalted, endless triumphs know.

15 My soul amidst your happy train
 The wish'd redemption shall obtain,
 By God adopted, death shall brave,
 And mock the disappointed grave.

16 Let not the sight thy heart disnay,
 If man's proud offspring thou survey
 With growing wealth incircled round,
 Or mark his house with honours crown'd.

17 Think not his treasures, at his end,
 Shall with him to the grave descend,
 Or the vain pomp, that strikes thy view,
 Through death's dark shade its lord pursue.

18 His life with each delight was fraught,
 How bless'd his pamper'd soul its lot !
 Thee too, while pleasure crowns thy days,
 Admiring crowds perchance may praise.

19 Yet thou, like him, the way shalt tread,
 Whieh, one by one, thy sires have led,

And 'midst th' impenetrable gloom
 Shalt find with them thy lasting home.

20 For man, with erring pride elate,
 And high in pow'r, in honour great,
 Shares with the brute an equal doom,
 And sleeps forgotten in the tomb.

PSALM L.

The Solemnity and Righteousness of God's Judgment.

1 THE Lord, th' almighty Monarch, spake,
 And bade the earth the summons take,
 Far as his eyes the realms survey
 Of rising and declining day.

2 Reveal'd from Sion's sacred bound,
 The seat with matchless beauty crown'd,
 Our God his course shall downward bend,
 Nor silent to his work descend.

3 At his approach the fire shall blaze,
 And kindled pour its streaming rays ;
 Devouring flames shall march before,
 And mightiest tempests round him roar.

4 Heav'n from above shall hear his call,
 And thou, the vast terrestrial ball !
 While man's whole race their judge shall meet,
 In countless throngs before his seat.

5 " My saints collect from distant poles,
 " Collect the just and faithful souls,
 " With whom my compact firm has stood,
 " Seal'd with the spotless victim's blood."

6 Th' applauding heav'ns the changeless doom,
 While God the balance shall assume,
 In full memorial shall record,
 And own the justice of their Lord.

God instructs his People how to serve him acceptably.

- 7 With humblest awe, my people, hear ;
For God, thy God, his voice shall rear ;
Myself, O Israel, will attest
The guilt that stains thy erring breast.
- 8 Though at the altar's kindled fire
No bleeding victim should expire,
Not ritual sacrifice withheld
My theme of just complaint shall yield.
- 9 Still let thy stall the steer detain,
Still let thy goat untouched remain
Amidst his herd-mates ; from thy hands
Nor goat nor steer thy lord demands.
- 10 Mine are the beasts that range the wood,
Mine all the tame or savage brood,
Whose train the earth's wide pasture fills,
And wanders o'er her thousand hills.
- 11 Each fowl, that from its airy flight
Descends upon the mountain's height,
Each brute, that o'er the champaign strays,
My all-observing eye surveys.
- 12 Admit, I hunger ; shall thy God
Descend from thee to ask his food ?
Lord of the world, and all its store,
Thy aid, thou child of earth, implore ?
- 13 Shall bulls to ease my want be slain,
Or blood of goats my thirst restrain ?
Go, suppliant at my altar bow,
And pay thy thanks, and pay thy vow.
- 14 Be this thy off'ring : in thy woes
On me with stedfast hope repose ;
So shall my ear receive thy pray'r,
And, grateful, thou my mercy share.

An awful Warning to the Sinner.

15 Thou wretch, by discipline unaw'd,
(Thus to the impious speaks my God,) Thy secret crimes to me are known ; I see my laws behind thee thrown.

16 And thou, dost thou with lips profane The precepts of my will explain, And, rank'd thyself amid my foes, My terms of offer'd grace propose ?

17 Say, has the thief to thee applied, And thou thy wanted aid denied ? Or fail'd th' adulterer e'er to see A partner of his guilt in thee ?

18 Train'd in each well-dissembled art To veil the purpose of thine heart, Thy tongue to fraud has loos'd the reins, And lie with lie connected feigns.

19 Hast thou not sat, with cruel aim Reflecting on a brother's fame, And with invented scandal stain'd Whom erst one womb with thee contain'd ?

20 While yet my anger I suppress'd Within the secrets of my breast, And silent deign'd thy crimes to see, Thy folly pictur'd me like thee.

21 But soon my op'ning lips shall yield The just rebuke so long withheld, And bid, before thy conscious eyes, Thy guilt in all its horror rise.

The sincere Worshipper only can hope for Salvation.

22 Ye souls forgetful of my fear, With full regard my dictates hear ;

Lest, at my word, your life the grave
Demand, and none be nigh to save.

28 Who yields the sacrifice of praise,
His best accepted homage pays ;
Who forms his steps aright, shall know
What joys from my salvation flow.

PSALM LI.

The Psalmist prays for Mercy, confesses the Enormity of his Sin, and acknowledges the Divine Justice.

1 O LORD, whose mercies vast amount,
Nor words nor numbers can recount,
Let now thy clemency divine
Conspicuous in my pardon shine.

2 O let the fulness of thy grace
Each error of my life efface,
Its influence to my soul convey,
And wash my ev'ry stain away.

3 My conscious heart its guilt shall own ;
My deed to Thee, and Thee alone,
Obnoxious, nor the day nor night
Conceals from my abhorring sight.

4 Right is thy sentence, holiest Lord ;
God of my hope, thy ev'ry word
In truth's unvarying balance weigh'd,
Thy ev'ry act by justice sway'd.

God, who discovers the Extent of the Sinner's Guilt, is entreated to cleanse his Faults, that he may rejoice in his Salvation.

5 Thou from the birth my soul couldst view,
As shap'd in sin my breath I drew,

And seest me guilt's transmissive stain
 Through life's revolving eourse retain.

6 But thy decrees, almighty Sire,
 Integrity of heart require ;
 Thy haud, corrective of my will,
 Shall wisdom in my breast instill.

7 With hallow'd hyssop sprinkled o'er,
 My soul its spots shall mourn no more,
 But, eleans'd by Thee, the whiteness know,
 That clothes the new-descended snow.

8 How shall my ear thy pard'ning voice
 Transported weleome ! how rejoice
 My bones, with vital moisture fill'd,
 That, crush'd by Thee, by Thee are heald !

*An earnest Application for spiritual Support and the
 Pardon of presumptuous Sin.*

9 O turn, great Ruler of the skies,
 Turn from my sin thy searching eyes,
 Nor let th' offenees of my hand
 Within thy book recorded stand.

10 Give me a will to thine subdu'd,
 A conscience pure, a soul renew'd,
 Nor let me, wrapt in endless gloom,
 An outcast from thy presenee roam.

11 O let thy spirit to my heart
 Once more his quick'ning aid impart,
 My mind from ev'ry fear release,
 And soothe my troubled thoughts to peace.

12 So shall the souls, whom error's sway
 Has urg'd from Thee, blest Lord, to stray,
 From me thy heav'nly precepts learn,
 And humbl'd to their God return.

13 O would thy healing grace bestow'd
 Absolve me from my debt of blood,
 How should my breast with transport glow,
 What gratitude my heart o'erflow !

14 How should my tongue thy justice sing,
 Invisible, immortal King ;
 And, long as breath extends my days,
 The God of my salvation praise !

*True Penitence the most acceptable Sacrifice.
 A Prayer for the Church.*

15 Not victims, Lord, in solemn rite
 Presented, thy desire excite :
 Else should my hand with zealous care
 Th' exacted holocaust prepare.

16 Prompt is thy pow'r, when ills invade,
 The meek and contrite soul to aid ;
 A spirit griev'd is sacrifice
 Delightful to th' all-seeing eyes.

17 The heart, that, taught its guilt to know,
 Repentant heaves with inward woe,
 Shall find its pray'r, its groans, its sighs
 To Thee in full acceptance rise.

18 Thy grace to Sion, Lord, extend,
 And bid fair Salem's walls ascend ;
 So shall the sons of Jacob's line
 With purest off'rings load thy shrine ;—

19 And, while in many a lengthen'd wreath
 Their incense shall its odours breathe,
 Before thy altar doom'd to bleed
 The slaughter'd steer the flames shall feed.

PSALM LII.

*Though the Tyrant may boast of his Power to do
Mischief, yet the Judgment of God awaits him.*

- 1 **W**HY, tyrant, boasts thy heart the pow'r
To work a brother's woe,
While God his mercy bids each hour
In streams unmeasur'd flow?
- 2 With joy thy tongue, to falsehood prone,
Its venom deals around ;
Nor razor sharpen'd on the stone
Inflicts so deep a wound.
- 3 Thy lips far readier ill than good,
And lies than truth, have sought ;
Nor e'er has word that aim'd at blood
Unwelcom'd met thy thought.
- 4 But God, whose wrath thy crimes inflame,
Shall pluck thee from thy home,
Root from the land of life thy name,
And seal thy changeless doom.

*The Righteous shall triumph over their Enemies,
and praise God.*

- 5 The just, with thankful awe possess'd,
Shall view the tyrant's pride,
And, from their fiercest foe releas'd,
His blasted boasts deride.
- 6 “Lo there the wretch in trespass bold,
“ Who God's support disdain'd,
“ And on his heaps of treasur'd gold
“ His frantic hope sustain'd.”
- 7 Fresh as the verdant olive, I
Within thy courts shall stand,

And, fix'd, indulgent Lord, rely
On thy protecting hand.

8 Thy acts my praise shall ever claim,
Thy name amidst my woes,
(How grateful to thy saints that name !)
My ev'ry fear compose.

PSALM LIII.

The Rashness of the Atheist, and Corruption of the World.

1 BEHOLD the fool, whose heart denies
The God who form'd the earth and skies ;
While, fearless, sin's worst paths he treads,
Mark how the dire example spreads.

2 Of man's whole race not one we find
To virtue's heav'n-taught rules inclin'd,
Who 'midst infectious times has stood
Unstain'd, and obstinately good.

3 Th' eternal Monarch from on high
Cast on the sons of earth his eye,
If haply some he yet might see
True to their God, from error free.

4 He look'd ; but ah ! not one could find
To virtue's heav'n-taught rules inclin'd :
Each, led from wisdom's path astray,
Pursues the tenour of his way.

The Madness of the Wicked in seeking to destroy God's People, who shall rejoice in his Salvation.

5 O say, what ignorance could blind
The souls, who with remorseless mind
Presume my people to devour,
As bread, nor own their Maker's pow'r.

6 Yet see their thoughts tumultuous roll,
 See causeless terrors shake their soul ;
 By just alarms of conscience driv'n
 To tremble at the wrath of Heav'n !

7 Wide o'er the field the bones are spread
 Of chiefs, who by thy sword have bled,
 And speak the doom that all must share,
 Whom God abandons from his care.

8 Who, mightiest Lord, to Israel's eyes
 Shall bid the wish'd salvation rise,
 From Sion's hill its healing ray
 Extend, and round us pour the day ?

9 When Thou thy captives shalt restore,
 Thy praise shall sound through Judah's shore,
 And ceaseless shouts, through heav'n's wide frame
 Loud echoing, Jacob's joy proclaim.

PSALM LIV.

*A Prayer for Deliverance, and a Thanksgiving for
 God's Mercies.*

1 THY name my stedfast heart avows ;
 Do Thou my injur'd cause espouse,
 And be thy strength my aid ;
 My plaints, eternal Monarch, hear,
 And let them by thy pitying ear
 With full regard be weigh'd.

2 For nations from thy fear estrang'd,
 With tyrant's fierce, against me rang'd,
 My guiltless soul pursue :
 But 'midst my helpers heav'n's high Lord
 Shall stand, and, faithful to his word,
 Each adverse pow'r subdue.

3 O let my heart, their rage repell'd,
 Itself a willing off'ring yield ;
 To Thee its praise shall flow,
 While to my thought thy mercies rise,
 That gave me with exulting eyes
 To see my prostrate foe.

PSALM LV.

The Psalmist represents his Sufferings, and prays that he may escape the Persecution of his Enemies.

1 O HEAR my voice, all-potent Sire,
 Nor distant from the pray'r retire,
 Whose accents to thine ear impart
 The anguish of my heaving heart.

2 A crowd, whose thoughts from Thee have stray'd,
 With falsehood arm'd, my peace invade,
 And, leagu'd in sin, reproaching foes
 With settled hate my steps inclose.

3 Oppression's shouts around me roar,
 Death's blackest horrors whelm me o'er,
 And griefs and fears, that shun control,
 Shake to its inmost depth my soul.

4 O who shall give me (thus my breast
 Its vain inquietude express'd,)
 The dove's light wing, that through the air
 My soul to peaceful rest may bear ?

5 How would I mount the wafting wind,
 How leave the wrathful storms behind,
 And in the desert's lone retreat
 Contented fix my lasting seat !

The Wounds of a false Friend affect the Mind more sensibly than those of an avowed Enemy.

6 Smite, Lord, my foes ; divide their tongue ;
 For tumult, violence, and wrong,

Where'er I turn, before my eyes
In giant forms amid them rise.

7 Within their walls' unhallow'd bound
By day, by night, they take their round ;
Nor cease their guilty streets to hear
The voice of falsehood, grief, and fear.

8 If foes profest had aim'd the wound,
My soul some safe recess had found,
Or, disciplin'd by previous care,
Had learn'd th' expected ill to bear.

9 But thou, 'twas thou, the friend disgris'd,
The man, whom chief of friends I priz'd,
To whom, its counsellor and guide,
My soul in ev'ry doubt applied.

10 In bands of sweetest union join'd,
Each wish, each seeret of the mind,
We shar'd, and 'midst th' assembled train
Familiar trod the hallow'd fane.

11 Let earth its op'ning jaws extend,
While living to the grave deseend
The lawless throng, whose land profane
Hell's worst invented mischiefs stain.

*God will preserve the Righteous, and subdue his
Enemies.*

12 God, as with fervent lips I pray,
At dawn, at noon, at close of day,
Shall stoop to my complaint his ear,
And instant in my cause appear.

13 He, when the battle round me bled,
From hostile myriads screen'd my head,
Gave to my pray'r the wish'd-for peace,
And bade the dreadful tumult cease.

14 That Pow'r who reign'd through ages past,
 Whose counsels shall for ever last,
 That Pow'r my contest shall decide,
 And humble to the dust their pride.

15 See, unprovok'd, the restless foc
 Aim at thy saints the dreadful blow,
 (Thy fear, great God, behind him thrown)
 And compacts oft confirm'd disown.

16 While war's fierce flames within him burn,
 As milk new foaming from the churn
 Smooth are his lips; as oil his words;
 Yet wound they deep as keenest swords.

17 O cast thee fearless on thy God;
 He, prompt to save, the grateful load
 Within his fost'ring arms shall bear,
 And feed thee with a parent's care.

18 Author of good! beneath thy hand
 Secure from lapse the just shall stand,
 While (such thy mandate!) on his foes
 Destruction's pit its mouth shall close.

19 Who thirst for blood, who falsehoods raise,
 To death shall yield, ere half their days
 Be number'd, while, exulting, I
 On Thee with stedfast hope rely.

PSALM LVI.

The Psalmist, professing his Confidence in God, implores Help against his barbarous and treacherous Enemies.

1 O REACH me, Lord, thy aiding pow'r,
 While hostile troops my strength devour;
 My strength devour, and day by day
 With fiercest threats my heart dismay;

Yet trust in Thee my spirit cheers,
And checks my sighs, and wipes my tears.

2 Thy promise, Lord, to notes of praise
In each distress my song shall raise ;
Thy word my breast with joy shall swell,
And all my anxious cares dispel :
God in my cause his arm will rear ;
And man, shall man excite my fear ?

3 My words they torture, and, their thought
Each hour with deepest malice fraught,
In impious council nightly meet,
To watch, with murd'rous aim, my feet,
And guileful, onward as I tread,
Beside my path their nets outspread.

4 On wrong, and superstition vain,
Their hope the frantic tribe sustain ;
But teach them, Lord, thy wrath to know,
And quell the insults of my foe ;
O let thine arm their crimes repay,
Who seek my footsteps to betray.

*God notices the Sorrows of his Servant, who relies on
the Divine Promises, and praises God.*

5 My grief to thine observing eye,
As chas'd from realm to realm I fly,
In full display, great God, appears ;
O treasure in thy vase my tears :
But see ! already by thy hand
Recorded in thy book they stand.

6 Whene'er to Thee, my God, I cry,
Secure of help the fight I try,
For Thou thine aid, when ask'd, wilt give,
And teach my fainting hope to live ;

While hosts beneath my falehion bleed,
And back with headlong flight reeude.

7 Thy promise, Lord, to notes of praise
In each distress my song shall raise ;
Thy word my breast with joy shall swell,
Thy promise, Lord, my woes dispel:
God in my cause his arm will rear ;
And man, shall man excite my fear ?

8 Their thanks, their vows, (thy just demand)
My lips shall yield : thy fav'ring hand
My feet from error, from the grave
My fainting soul, has deign'd to save ;
And bids me still, to Thee allied,
Within the land of life reside.

PSALM LVII.

The Psalmist in the Midst of Distress retains a full Assurance of God's Favor towards him.

1 THY merey, Lord, amidst my woes,
To my desiring eyes disclose ;
Propitious to thy servant's heart
Thy wonted clemency impart.

2 Let me, my hope on Thee reelin'd,
Beneath thy wings a refuge find,
Till thy prevailing beams dispel
The elouds of grief that o'er me dwell.

3 To Thee, the God who reigns on high,
To Thee with suppliant voiee I ery,
Assur'd that Thou, indulgent still,
My plaint shalt hear, my pray'r fulfil.

4 Thy timeliest aid from heav'n extend,
My fame from obloquy defend,
And bid thy truth and merey shed
Their kindest influence on my head.

The Enemies of the Just are the Authors of their own Calamities.

5 The lions round me roar aloud ;
 And, fir'd with causeless rage, a crowd
 Advance, (thy foes, eternal Lord,)
 Whose teeth are spears, whose tongue a sword.

6 Inthron'd thyself above the skies,
 O bid thy fullest glory rise,
 And to the earth with cloudless ray
 The wonders of thy pow'r display.

7 Oft, as amid the snares I tread,
 Each hour by hostile fraud outspread,
 What clouds of grief around me roll,
 What dreadful storms invade my soul !

8 What fears, what woes my bosom prove !
 Yet, sav'd by thy preventing love,
 Th' artificers of death I see
 Fall'n in the pit prepar'd for me.

God's infinite Truth and Goodness are the constant Subjects of the devout Man's Praise.

9 My heart is fix'd, almighty Sire,
 My heart is fix'd ; to Thee aspire
 My thoughts, and dictate to my lays
 An argument of endless praise.

10 Awake, thou glory of my frame,
 Awake, my tongue, to loud acclaim ;
 Psalt'ry awake, and joyful pay
 To God the tribute of the day.

11 Awake my lute, and new-strung lyre ;
 Instinct, myself, with holy fire
 I wake ; and lo, the dawning sun
 Already hears the strain begun.

12 From me assembling crowds shall burn
 The triumphs of thy love to learn,
 And, rapt with zeal, the nations round
 Catch from my lips the sacred sound.

13 Lo ! to the clouds thy truth extends,
 And heav'n's stupendous height transcends !
 Far as to earth's extremest bound
 In all thy works is mercy found.

14 Inthron'd thyself above the skies,
 O bid thy fullest glory rise,
 And to the earth with cloudless ray
 The wonders of thy pow'r display.

PSALM LVIII.

*The Psalmist rebukes unrighteous Judges, and shows
 the early Origin and Progress of Sin.*

1 YE whose lips the cause decide,
 Say, does truth your sentence guide ?
 Are your thoughts by justice sway'd,
 And in reason's balance weigh'd ?
 Let your conscious tongues attest
 What ye harbour in your breast.

2 Hearts ye bear, that deep within
 Cherish each suggested sin,
 While, on fierce contention bent,
 Arts of mischief ye invent,
 And the dictates of your will
 With remorsless hands fulfil.

3 From the womb, in error's way
 See the infant sinner stray ;
 Nurture'd in deceit and wrong
 See him with advent'rous tongue
 (Prompt his earliest skill to try,)
 Lisp the meditated lie.

4 See their veins with venom swell ;
Arm'd with such, the adder fell
Stops her ear, in many a fold
'Mid the shelt'ring brake uproll'd,
While each note the charmer tries,
And his utmost art defies.

God is entreated to pour forth his Judgment on the Wicked, and convince the World that his Servants shall not go unrewarded.

5 Smite, great God, the lions' cheek,
And their fangs indignant break :
While they arm them for the war,
And their quiver'd stores prepare,
Let th' oppressors feel thy pow'r,
Let thy sword their strength devour.

6 Let them waste in swift decay,
As the torrents pass away,
As the earth-bred snails consume,
As th' abortions of the womb,
Life's short circuit scarce begun,
Perish ere they see the sun.

7 Ere the caldron learn to glow
From the kindling thorns below,
Let thy hotter wrath be shed
Quick on each rebellious head ;
Let thy whirlwinds through the sky,
Ministers of vengeance, fly.

8 Let them, Lord, at thy behest,
Sweep from earth the living pest ;
While the souls that trust in Thee
Pleas'd their cause aveng'd shall see,
And, the dreadful conflict o'er,
Wash their steps in hostile gore.

9 " Doubtless," each convinc'd shall cry,
 " Doubtless, there's a God on high,
 " Who, in awful pomp array'd,
 " Comes to judge the world he made ;
 " All, who his commands regard,
 " Reap at length their full reward."

PSALM LIX.

A Prayer for Protection from blood-thirsty Enemies.

1 Th' impending storm, my God, assuage ;
 High o'er the foes, that round me rage,
 Exalt me, (foes, whose stubborn mind,
 To wrong and violence resign'd,
 Thy sacred laws has long withstood,)
 And save me from the man of blood.

2 Assembling crowds the deadly snare,
 Without my crime, great God, prepare ;
 Without my crime, in sin allied,
 To diff'rent paths their course divide :
 O, obvious to my pray'r, arise,
 Nor let their guilt escape thine eyes.

3 Leader of hosts, and Israel's God !
 Strētch o'er the heathen tribes thy rod,
 Nor let them vauntingly each hour
 With mad presumption brave thy pow'r,
 But instant from thy seat arise
 The proud transgressors to chastise.

4 When eve's dark shades o'er heav'n are hung,
 See ! as the dog with fury stung,
 While hideous yells their wrath betray,
 From street to street they urge their way ;
 Swords in their lips, without a fear
 Their threats they vent ; for who shall hear ?

5 By Thee, by Thee those threats are heard ;
 Superior Thou each frantic word,
 Eternal Monarch, shalt deride,
 And check with just reproach their pride,
 Whose tongues with ranc'rous boast impart
 The daring purpose of their heart.

*God is implored to let the Wicked continue visible
 Examples of his Vengeance.*

6 Rock of my strength ! to Thee on high
 My soul shall lift the stedfast eye,
 For Thou, preventive of my want,
 The blessings of thy love wilt grant ;
 Thy aid, ere yet invok'd, each foe
 Beneath my conqu'ring feet shall throw.

7 Let not thy wrath, O God our shield,
 Their name to full excision yield,
 Lest, vanish'd from th' observing eye,
 Th' example of thy vengeance die ;
 But arm'd with pow'r, through foreign lands
 Distribute wide their vanquish'd bands.

8 Such vengeance from thine arm, great Sire,
 Their tongue's repeated crimes require,
 Their thoughts, inflam'd with impious pride,
 Their oaths to guile's worst ends applied,
 And urge Thee with impartial doom
 Each bold transgressor to consume.

*The Psalmist requests God to exert his Power, and
 gratefully acknowledges his Salvation.*

9 Strike, Lord, O strike the needful blow,
 And teach an erring world to know,
 How vain its efforts to withstand
 The force of thy resistless hand ;

While Jacob's sons thy pow'r obey,
And earth's wide confines own thy sway.

10 When eve's dark shades o'er heav'n are hung,
Still, as the dog with fury stung,
Still let my foes, who howl for prey,
From street to street pursue their way,
Insatiate ; while their destin'd spoil
Elusive mocks their fruitless toil.

11 I, Lord, secure in Thee, thy might
Will praise, and with the rising light
Thy love, that in the dreadful day
Redeem'd me, on my harp display ;
Thee own my refuge, heav'nly King !
And mercy's unexhausted spring.

PSALM LX.

The Psalmist represents the Sufferings of God's People, and prays Relief for them and himself.

1 REPULS'D, dispers'd, chas'tis'd by Thee,
O grant us, Lord, thy face to see,
And let the people, once thy eare,
Again thy fav'ring presencee share.

2 How trembles this divided land
Beneath the terrors of thy hand !
O Thou, the God whom we adore,
Its breaches heal, its peace restore.

3 Thy just decrees to Israel's eyes
Have bid a seene of sorrow rise,
And to his pallid lips the wine
Of dire astonishment consign.

4 Yet see, thy hands a standard rear ;
Beneath it each, who owns thy fear,

Engag'd in truth's neglected cause,
His sword, secure of conquest, draws.

5 Such, objects of thy tend'rest love,
Defend propitious from above ;
Let me with them thy mercy share,
And hear, O hear my ceaseless pray'r.

The Certainty of God's Promises. The Enemies of the Righteous are brought into Subjection.

6 God's truth shall ne'er forget to guard
The promise by his lips declar'd ;
And what th' almighty Monarch wills
My ready hand with joy fulfils.

7 Behold me Sichem's plain divide ;
My line, to Succoth's vale applied,
Its bound describes ; thee mine I see,
O Gilead, and, Manasses, thee.

8 Thou, Ephraim, art my strong defence,
Thou, Judah, shalt my law dispense ;
A diff'rent lot shall Moab find,
A vase to vilest use assign'd.

9 A doom like his shall Edom meet,
And wipe the dust from off my feet ;
Philistia shall her tribute bring,
And own in me her future king.

10 Who, as our troops in close array
To Edom's forts direct their way,
Arm'd with resistless strength shall bid
Her gates unfold, her bolts recede ?

The Weakness of Man's Succour. God giveth his People both Courage and Victory.

11 Behold us, Lord, oppress'd with woe,
As exil'd from thy care we go :

Shall Israel's hosts, thy aid withheld,
Still unsuccessful take the field?

12 Our hope, on man repos'd in vain,
O let thy strength, great God, sustain,
And let us, on thy aid reclin'd,
In Thee our firm protector find.

13 Thus arm'd, each adverse pow'r we dare,
And dauntless meet the rushing war,
While from thy sword our foes retire,
Or trampled in the dust expire.

PSALM LXI.

The Psalmist in his Affliction expresses his Confidence in God.

1 OPPRESS'D with grief, in exile lost,
To Thee, from Judah's utmost coast,
My voice, eternal God, I send ;
O hear my plaint, my pray'r attend.

2 High on the rock my footsteps rear ;
There let me stand unmov'd, and hear
The storms, that now around me beat,
At distance roll beneath my feet.

3 Thee, Lord, I seek, whene'er my foes
With dire intent my path enclose,
And own Thee, in the dang'rous hour,
My firmest hope, my strongest tow'r.

4 Thou, Lord, within thy hallow'd shrine
My constant refuge shalt assign ;
There will I dwell, remote from fear,
And, sav'd by Thee, thy name revere.

5 Thy wings shall wrap me in their shade ;
Thou, Thou hast heard me when I pray'd,
And yielded to my wish the joys
Of those, whose care thy will employs.

¶ *The King praises God for the Safety of himself and his Descendants.*

6 Long life shall Israel's King behold,
And ages count on ages roll'd ;
With lasting joy thy servant's eyes
Shall see his children's children rise.

7 Safe in thy presence let him stand,
And share the blessings of thy hand ;
His dwelling let thy truth defend,
Thy mercy on his steps attend.

8 So shall thy love awake my song,
Thy name the willing note prolong,
While, warm'd with zeal, my vows I pay,
And bless Thee to my latest day.

PSALM LXII.

The Psalmist declares his full Trust in God, and shows that the Schemes of his Enemies will not succeed.

1 My soul in God its rest has found ;
When various griefs beset me round,
His love shall sure deliv'rance yield ;
By Him through life I walk upheld,
And safe from lapse my course maintain,
Or, falling, instant rise again.

2 How long, artificers of ill,
Shall schemes of death employ your skill ?
Behold the mischiefs ye intend,
Retorted on your heads descend :
Your semblance see yon loosen'd wall,
Yon bulwark, nodding to its fall.

3 Vain are the wiles for him prepar'd,
Whom heav'n's high Lord vouchsafes to guard ;

See, vers'd in fraud, the impious throng
 With blessings charge their guileful tongue,
 While deep within the heart's disguise
 The secret curse envelop'd lies.

4 But thou, my soul, on God reclin'd,
 In Him thy wish'd-for rest shalt find ;
 His love shall sure deliv'rance yield :
 By Him through life I walk upheld ;
 Secure from lapse my course maintain,
 And dauntless brave the hostile train.

The Vanity of Man, and of earthly Riches. The Power and Goodness of God.

5 Thee, Lord, my glory, Thee alone
 My rock, my health, my strength, I own :
 Ye tribes, in God your help behold,
 To Him, with me, your hearts unfold,
 Each want confess, each grief reveal ;
 For who, O who like Him can heal ?

6 O vanity, thy name is MAN :
 Intent the human mind to scan,
 Come, try, if aught of weight there seem ;
 Suspend the balance, fix the beam :
 In vain :—with equal ease were weigh'd
 The flitting air, or empty shade.

7 Trust not in wrong and fraud ; no more
 On hope's light wing presumptuous soar ;
 Let gather'd wealth before thee lie
 Beheld with unretorted eye,
 Nor let the glitt'ring heap impart
 One wish to thy deluded heart.

8 Once from his throne th' Almighty spake,
 And forth again the accents brake :

“ See pow'r in me with merey dwells,
 “ And where my fear the mind impels,
 “ Each act I mark with kind regard,
 “ And pleas'd confer the just reward.”

PSALM LXIII.

*The Psalmist expresses an earnest Longing to serve
 God in the Sanctuary. The Love of God the Source
 of the most substantial Pleasures.*

- 1 THOU art my God ; to Thee my eyes
 I lift, ere yet the dawn arise ;
 With sacred thirst, O Lord, I burn,
 My heart, my flesh, thy absentee mourn,
 As o'er th' unhospitable way
 Amidst a barren waste I stray ;—
- 2 Yet here, by heav'nly wisdom led,
 Expectant wait, till o'er my head
 Thy beams in mild effulgencee play,
 And turn my darkness into day ;
 Those beams, which oft my eyes beheld
 From Salem's hallow'd shrine reveal'd.
- 3 Thy love my lips shall ever tell,
 (Can life itself that love exceel ?)
 Nor eease, while breath prolongs my days,
 In thankful notes the hymn to raise :
 To Thee thy servant, Lord, as now,
 His hands shall rear, his knees shall bow.
- 4 For naught like this my soul can cheer ;
 Nor marrow from the fatted steer
 Could e'er to the luxurious sense
 Such full delight, my God, dispense,
 As what my satiate soul enjoys,
 Whene'er thy praise my tongue employs.

PSALM LXIV.

129

The King's Confidence in God, who preserves him from his Enemies.

- 5 Thou moon, be witness if my bed
Forgetful of my God I spread ;
And Thou, revolving sun, if e'er
I wake unconscious of his care :
Each night and each returning day
To him my grateful vows I pay.
- 6 Safe in the shadow of thy wings,
In Thee I joy, O King of Kings ;
When dangers threaten to devour,
Superior to each adverse pow'r
Thy arm extends the help divine,
And long experience calls it mine.
- 7 Behold my foes in dread retire,
Or prostrate at my feet expire,
While to my conqu'ring sword they yield ;
The beasts that nightly range the field,
Amid the slaughter'd heaps shall stray,
And rav'ous seize their licens'd prey.
- 8 By Thee exalted to the throne,
Shall Judah's king thy mercies own ;
And blest be each, my God, whose tongue
With him shall raise the grateful song,
Who suppliant at thy shrine shall knel,
While shaine the liar's lips shall seal.

PSALM LXIV.

An Address to the Almighty for Protection against the cruel Designs of secret Conspirators.

- 1 THINE ear, thou Majesty divine,
Propitious to my pray'r ineline,
O hear my voice, in pity hear,
And save my life from hostile fear.

2 Behold the men of impious mind,
 Their pow'rs in secret league combin'd,
 With factious rage my soul pursue,
 And hide, O hide me from their view.

3 Behold the slaughter-breathing throng
 Whet as a sword their baleful tongue,
 And words, as arrows keen, prepare,
 That edg'd with death shall walk the air.

4 Conceal'd they ev'ry fear disclaim,
 And level at the just their aim,
 Nor rest, till in the blameless heart
 Their hand has lodg'd the sudden dart.

5 Their dire designs, in guilt allied,
 They form ; secure, their snares provide ;
 “ And who our aim shall thwart ? What eye
 “ (They ask) the hidden death deserv ? ”

6 With future mischiefs teem their breasts,
 As each to each new wiles suggests,
 And seek in art's obseurest veil
 Their guilty purpose to conceal.

*God's Judgments upon notorious Sinners the Occasion
 of Joy to the Faithful.*

7 Ah ! whither shall the murd'lers fly ?
 Behold the arrow from on high
 Descend, that bears upon its wing
 The wrath of hear'n's offended King.

8 Their tongue, that seeks another's hurt,
 Itself their footsteps shall subvert,
 And passers by with inward dread
 Behold them on the earth outspread.

9 Each heart shall own, with rev'rent thought,
 That thou the work, great God, hast wrought,

And, pleas'd, thy chastisements shall trace,
 Inflicted on their guilty race;—

10 While, rescu'd from their rage, the pure
 In peaceful rest shall live secure,
 And with triumphant joy the just
 Exulting fix on Thee their trust.

PSALM LXV.

*Public Thanks to God in the Church for his Mercy
 and Forgiveness.*

1 THEE Sion's praise, O Lord, attends,
 To Thee the frequent vow ascends
 From each, whom Salem's walls behold
 Among her faithful sons inroll'd:
 To Thee, whose ready ear the pray'r
 Prevents, shall man's whole race repair.

2 Behold, their Maker taught to own,
 Behold them bow before thy throne,
 Amidst them at thy footstool I,
 Press'd with a weight of guilt, apply,
 Assur'd from thy free grace to win
 The wish'd atonement of my sin.

3 Blest, who by sweet experience knows,
 What joys thy presence, Lord, bestows,
 The man, who, privileg'd by Thee,
 Thy face in near approach shall see,
 Behold thy beams effulgent play,
 And in thy dwelling fix his stay.

*God, by his wonderful Power, will rescue his People
 from Destruction.*

4 Let Israel's tribes, their foes o'erthrown,
 The terrors of thy justice own.

O Thou, the hope of human race,
 Of all whom earth's wide arms embrace,
 Of all who, tost by tempests, sweep
 The surface of the pathless deep.

5 In Thee they trust, who, girt with pow'r,
 Hast bid the mountains heav'nward tow'r,
 And fix'd their base ; who know'st to rein
 The insults of the foaming main,
 Check the brute waves that roar aloud,
 And still the madness of the crowd.

6 Remotest realms with dire dismay
 Thy wonders, mightiest Lord, survey ;
 Struck with surprise thy pow'r they own,
 And humbled bow before thy throne ;
 While, as they walk th' ethereal round,
 The morn and eve thy praise resound.

The visible Proofs of God's Providence.

7 Thou teachest, Lord, the grateful soil
 To recompense the tiller's toil ;
 By unexhausted springs supplied
 Thy river pours its copious tide,
 And bids the strength-infusing grain
 Earth's countless family sustain.

8 The clouds, in frequent show'rs distill'd,
 Drop fatness on the pregnant field,
 Break the toagh glebe, the furrows cheer,
 And crown with good the gliding year ;
 Th' exulting hills, th' extended waste,
 Thy gifts in rich profusion taste.

9 Nurs'd by thy care, the fleecy train
 Invests with white the rural plain,

While, as beneath the fav'ring skies
 In crowded ranks the harvests rise,
 The laughing vale assumes a tongue,
 And bursts triumphant into song.

PSALM LXVI.

The Psalmist exhorts all Men to adore their Maker.

- 1 YE sons of men, in God rejoice ;
 Lift in one choir your thankful voice,
 And spread through earth's extended frame
 The honour of your Maker's name.
- 2 Ye nations round assembled meet ;
 Thus let your song his praise repeat ;
 Eternal Ruler of the skies,
 How awful are thy works, how wise !
- 3 Thy late obdurate foes behold,
 By thy superior strength controll'd,
 With flatt'ring lip their homage pay,
 And earth's whole empire own thy sway.
- 4 Each tribe of human race to Thee
 Shall suppliant bend the humble knee ;
 Each tongue in hymns of praise shall join,
 And joyful bless the name divine.

An Exhortation to reflect on the miraculous Deliverances of God's People.

- 5 O come, and view with rev'rent thought
 The acts by heav'n's high Monarch wrought,
 His wonders shown since time began,
 And friendlike intercourse with man.
- 6 His word the deep's vast channel dried,
 And backward roll'd th' obedient tide ;

Aw'd by his voice, the briny flood
 In liquid heaps suspended stood.

7 Now safe athwart its sandy bed
 By him our rescu'd troops are led,
 Now lost in grateful transport stand,
 And shouts of triumph shake the strand.

8 Time's latest period long o'erpast,
 His pow'r shall self-supported last ;
 His eyes the earth survey ;—in vain
 Its rebel sons oppose his reign.

*An Incitement to bless God, who conducted his People
 through their Trials and Difficulties.*

9 Ye nations all of various tongue,
 To Jacob's God exalt the song ;
 Sing, sing aloud, that nature's ear
 His praise through all her bounds may hear.

10 His wakeful care within our breast,
 Though countless foes our peace infest,
 Still gives the vital pulse to beat,
 And guards from dread of lapse our feet.

11 Oft has thy hand, all-potent Lord,
 By various proof our faith explor'd,
 And bid the flame each heart refine,
 As silver recent from the mine.

12 Now round us waves the net, and now
 Beneath oppression's weight we bow,
 While o'er our heads the sons of pride,
 With hostile scorn exulting ride.

13 Through fires, through torrents, led by Thee,
 At length th' expected land we see,
 Where streams irriguous cleave the soil,
 And crown with wealth the tiller's toil.

The Suppliant offers his promised Sacrifices, and shows what Qualifications are required to render our Prayers acceptable to God.

14 Lo, to thy doom, my God and King,
 The sacred holocaust I bring,
 That late, oppress'd by sorrow's cloud,
 To Thee with fervent lip I vow'd.

15 Before thy altar's kindled fire
 The promis'd victims shall expire,
 Here bleed the full-fed goat, and here
 The fleecy ram, and stubborn steer.

16 O come, ye souls that fear your God,
 And learn his grace on me bestow'd,
 As, supplicating loud, my tongue
 Wak'd to his praise the hallow'd song.

17 Had conscious guilt my bosom stain'd,
 How had his ear my pray'r disdain'd,
 That upward now, through tracts of day,
 In sure acceptance wings its way !

18 Blest be my God, who, thron'd on high,
 Rejects not from his care my cry,
 Nor, while afflictions round me rise,
 His mercy to my soul denies.

PSALM LXVII.

A Prayer for general Salvation. An Exhortation to praise God, who will enrich the Earth and its Inhabitants with his Blessing.

1 MAY God his fav'ring ear incline,
 And bid his face on Israel shine,
 That all thy counsels, Lord, may know,
 Where earth extends, or oceans flow,

And, thankful, to their wond'ring eyes
Behold thy wish'd salvation rise.

To Thee, of life th' eternal spring,
Invisible, all-potent King,
One chorus let the nations raise,
One shout of universal praise.

2 Ye distant realms, your voice employ
In songs of gratitude and joy ;
Exult each tribe, exult each land ;
Heav'n's mighty Lord with equal hand
The balance holds, and earth's domain
Shall own to latest age his reign.

To Thee, of life th' eternal spring,
Invisible, all-potent King,
One chorus let the nations raise,
One shout of universal praise.

3 So, warm'd by genial suns, the field
With full increase its fruit shall yield,
And God, thy God, O Israel, shed
His choicest blessings on thy head :
God shall on us his blessings shew'r,
And man's whole race revere his pow'r.

To Thee, of life th' eternal spring,
Invisible, all-potent King,
One chorus let the nations raise,
One shout of universal praise.

*The Psalmist beseeches God to subdue his Enemies,
that the Faithful may triumph.*

1 LET God arise, and let his foes,
His arm unable to oppose,

Back from the field, with wild affright
O'erwhelm'd, precipitate their flight.

2 Behold, great God, the impious host,
Like smoke, in quick dispersion lost ;
Behold them at thy look expire,
Dissolv'd, as wax before the fire.

3 While all who own thy just command,
Exulting in thy presence stand,
And bid the shout of triumph rise
Loud echoing to the distant skies.

God's Name and Mercies the Subject of Praise.

4 Your songs for Israel's God prepare,
Who, seated on his regal car,
Triumphant o'er the desert wide
In solemn state is seen to ride ;

5 His name JEHOVAN ; theme of praise
Exhaustless !—in his presence raise
The grateful strain, and joyous sing
The mercies of your heav'nly King.

6 Their parent Him the orphans hail ;
He bids the widow's cause prevail,
And, shrin'd above th' empyreal sky,
Extends to all his equal eye :

7 A mansion to the outcast gives,
The captive from his chain relieves ;
But bids the sinner wear away
In barren wilds his shorten'd day.

*God shows himself the Leader and Protector of his
People in their dangerous Journeys.*

8 O Lord, when o'er th' extended waste
Thy presence before Israel past,

And, beaming o'er thy people's head,
Their bands to certain conquests led,—

9 Earth, groaning to its centre, reel'd ;
The heav'ns, in clouds dissolv'd, beheld
The footsteps of th' approaching God ;
Even Sinai bow'd with lowly nod.

10 While yet the burning sands they tread,
Thy kindliest rains around them shied,
Bespeak them fav'rites of thy care,
And nature's wearied pow'rs repair.

11 Thus joy the tribes whom Thou hast lov'd,
Thus boast their lot, by Thee improv'd,
Whose aid the humble and the poor
Shall ne'er with fruitless vows implore.

*The Daughters of Sion celebrate the Deliverances of
Israel from the Armies which mighty Kings had
led against them.*

12 Heav'n's mighty monarch gave the word ;
His mandate Sion's daughters heard,
And thus in one assembled throng
With sweet accordance form the song :

13 “ Kings with their hosts have fled ; and we
“ Who sate from toils of battle free,
“ Content the household's care to guide,
“ The victor's richest spoils divide.”

14 Again their form obscur'd awhile
By tasks of servitude and toil,
Again the sons of Abraham's line
Array'd in spotless lustre shine,—

15 As doves, while obvious to the sun
From plume to plume the splendours run,

Their wings in silver dipt unfold,
And necks that glow with living gold.

16 While back thy foes, O Israel, turn,
Thy God amid thy gloom a morn
Presents, unsullied as the snow
Diffus'd o'er Salmon's ample brow.

*The Hill of Sion excels all others. God's Ascent
thither, and Distribution of his Gifts from thence.*

17 No more, O Basan, vaunt thy height,
That strikes with awe the distant sight ;
No more, ye swelling mountains, rise
In haughty triumph to the skies.

18 On humbler Sion's favour'd head
His tent th' eternal King has spread,
Her sacred hill his choice contest,
And lasting mansion of his rest.

19 Ten thousand cars, and yet again
Ten thousand cars, in lengthen'd train
Along her hallow'd way proceed,
While God the pomp vouchsafes to lead.

20 Thus Israel views within her shrine,
(Blest seat of majesty divine,)
The scene that erst his tribes beheld
On Sinai's mystic top reveal'd.

21 Admiring crowds with upcast eye
Have seen thee, Lord, ascend on high ;
Behind Thee move a captive train,
Fast fetter'd with the servile chain.

22 While gifts through Thee on all below
From heav'n's high throne transmitted flow :
A race, who shunn'd thy laws to own,
Thy presence and thy aid have known.

Endless Thanks are due to God for the Wonders he has wrought, and promised to perform for Israel.

23 To God, our ever-constant aid,
Be thanks and ceaseless honour paid ;
To whom belongs the pow'r to save
His servants from th' expecting grave.

24 On Him thy wish'd salvation rests ;
Him, Israel, praise ; whose high behests
Death's dreaded march through earth's domain
To paths by Him prescrib'd restrain.

25 To each, whose heart rejects his sway,
His terrors shall their guilt repay ;
Destruction, with unwearyed pace,
Through sin's dark maze their path shall trace.

26 Intent on plans of future ill,
His stroke the hairy scalp shall feel,
And share the vengeance, thus aloud
Denounc'd on the rebellious crowd.

27 " Once more from Basan's fertile plain,
" Once more from the divided main,
" Thee, Jacob, my resistless hand,
" Shall lead, and guard thy chosen band.

28 " When foes thy sword presumptuous brave,
" Thy feet the sanguine stream shall lave,
" Thy dogs devour the slaughter'd throng,
" And tinge with impious gore their tongue."

A Description of God's Approach to the Sanctuary.

29 My God, my King, with joyful view
Thy steps our wond'ring eyes pursue,
As on thou movest to thy shrine,
Attended by thy chosen line.

30 Before the singer's walk ; behind
 The minstrels tread, in concert join'd,
 While, in the midst, the virgin train
 Awake the timbrel's loudest strain.

31 " Your praises" (thus begins the lay,)
 " To heav'n's eternal Sov'reign pay,
 " Ye tribes, that boast your hallow'd race
 " From Israel's fruitful source to trace."

32 Least of that race, thou, Benjamin,
 With mightier Judah there art seen,
 While Naplithali's glad chiefs conspire
 With Zebulon to form the choir.

God's People encouraged. Foreign Princes shall leave their Idols, and acknowledge the God of Israel.

33 Strong in thy God, O Israel, rise ;
 And Thou, great Ruler of the skies,
 Thy work perpetuate ; and increase
 Thy people's strength by lasting peace.

34 O let thy grace and boundless love,
 Fair Salem's shrine encircling, move
 Assembled kings her courts to greet,
 And cast their gifts before thy feet.

35 The beast, that from his reedy bed
 On Nile's proud bank uplifts the head,
 Rebuke, and check the impious band,
 Who lift to idol gods the hand.

36 From whom the heifer, and the steer,
 The offer'd vow unconceious hear,
 While to the silver's tinkling sound
 Their feet in solemn dance rebound.

37 Their thirst of war, great God, restrain,
 And backward drive their scatter'd train ;

So, summon'd from her farthest end,
Shall Egypt's lords to Salem bend.

38 So shall Arabia's fertile land
Extend to Thee the suppliant hand ;
The various realms, that earth divide,
Shall sing to Israel's God and guide.

The Nations are called upon to bless God.

39 God o'er the skies, in awful state,
From earliest age, exalted sate ;
His voice, in frequent thunders giv'n,
Tremendous shakes the vault of heav'n.
40 To Him the pow'r ascribe, whose rays
To Jacob's view conspicuous blaze,
Who downward from th' ethereal height
O'er subject worlds extends his sight.
41 What terrors from thy presence flow !
O Thou, of Israel's foes the foe,
Whose strength his arm for toil prepares,
And crowns with sure success his wars.
42 Blest be the name of Israel's Lord,
The God by Jacob's sons ador'd ;
To Him, till time shall reach its end,
Let songs of highest praise ascend.

PSALM LXIX.

The Psalmist in great Distress prays to God for Deliverance.

1 To Thee I call ; O haste Thee near,
My voice, great God, indulgent hear ;
Extend thy pow'rful arm, and save
My soul from the voracious wave.
2 In depths of mire behold me bound ;
In vain my sinking feet the ground

Explore ; while high above my head
The whelming floods their billows spread.

3 Faint are my limbs, my palate dry,
While ceaseless to my God I cry ;
With wasting orbs my eyes attend
To see his promis'd grace descend.

*The Plea of the Innocent against the Injustice of his
Persecutors.*

4 Behold my foes around me spread,
The hairs that shade my hapless head
Outnumb'ring ; foes, that, arm'd with pow'r,
My soul have labour'd to devour.

5 Yet pure of each offence I stand,
Plight to their terms my willing hand,
Nor shun (extortion's easy prey)
The wrong-imputed debt to pay.

6 To Thee, my God, to Thee alone
The errors of my heart are known ;
Thine eyes my inmost guilt have view'd,
Nor can my thought thy search elude.

*The Zeal of the Godly raises the Indignation even of
his own Kindred and Family against him.*

7 O let not, heav'nly Lord, thine aid,
Thus long to my request delay'd,
Their hope to hostile scorn consign,
Whose hearts on Israel's God recline.

8 Thy cause, by me avow'd, my fame
To insult gives, my cheek to shame :
The impious mockers on me gaze,
Each eye, each lip contempt betrays.

9 Domestic wrath and kindred hate,
In thy defence, my soul await ;

The brothers of my blood in me
An alien and an outcast see.

10 The zeal that to thy house I bear
My soul consumes ; each taunt severe,
That loud-tongu'd rage for Thee intends,
On me with fullest weight descends.

11 Dissolv'd in tears, with fasting worn,
What obloquy my soul has borne !
My loins, with sorrow's garb o'erspread,
With jests their cruel fancy fed.

12 I pass the crowded gate, pursu'd
By laughter and reproaches rude,
The proverb of the drunkard's tongue,
And theme familiar of his song.



An earnest Address for speedy Relief and Succour.

13 O let me in th' accepted hour
In pray'r to Thee my spirit pour ;
Thine ear, O Lord, propitious bend,
And pleas'd thy promis'd help extend.

14 Snatch from the miry depths my feet ;
Back let my furious foes retreat ;
Safe from their hate thy servant keep,
Nor leave him sinking in the deep.

15 O then the swelling storm assuage,
Ere yet the flood's remorseless rage
In dreadful whirlpools wrap me round,
And plunge me in the dark profound.

16 Hear, Lord, and to my soul display
Thy mercy's all-enliv'ning ray ;
Look down, eternal God, look down ;
Behold me, but without a frown.

17 Ne'er to thy servant's longing eye
 Thy face, amidst my foes, deny ;
 Haste to my aid, O haste Thee near,
 Release my soul from hostile fear.

An Appeal to God, and a Request that the divine Judgment may be inflicted on merciless Persecutors.

18 Thine ears have heard each insult keen,
 Thine eyes, just Lord, my shame have seen,
 And stedfast mark'd the adverse band,
 That leagu'd in guilt around me stand.

19 My soul, by evil tongues assail'd,
 Unequal to the conflict, fail'd ;
 I wish'd, in vain, some friend to find,
 Whose voicee might soothe my troubled mind.

20 These, 'mid the crowd that wait me nigh,
 Gall to my loathing lips apply ;
 While these my thirst's afflictive rage
 With juice of sharpest taste assuage.

21 While pleas'd the soeial board they share,
 Let death around it plant a snare,
 And what should bliss and health bestow
 With aim inverted work their woe.

22 Let blindness check their fell designs,
 Bow with affliction's weight their loins,
 And let thy wrath, with loosen'd rein,
 Descending crush the rebel train.

23 Let horror and destruction drear
 Amid their tents the standard rear,
 Nor human habitant be found
 Within their dome's spacious round ;—

24 Since, unprovok'd, with murd'rous view,
 Whom thou hast smitten they pursue,

And seek, instinct with cruel joy,
The man of sorrows to destroy.

*A Prayer for the Rejection of hardened Sinners, and
an Entreaty for Compassion and Comfort to the
Afflicted.*

25 Let all, whose hearts no warnings bend,
From depth to depth in sin descend,
Ne'er, touch'd by healing mercy, see
The path that leads to bliss and Thee.

26 Let vengeance, kindled to a flame,
Blot from the earth their hateful name,
Nor let them, 'mid thy chosen band,
In life's fair page recorded stand.

27 And O ! while press'd with ills I lie,
Cast on my state a pitying eye,
And let thy mercy to my grief
In full sufficiency yield relief.

28 For this to Thee my voice I rear ;
Nor shall the hoof'd and horned steer,
New draughted from the fat'ning field,
A sacrifice so grateful yield.

An Exhortation to praise God.

29 Ye meek, who seek God's saving aid,
His love, in my release display'd,
His love your dying hearts shall cheer,
Who stoops the captive poor to bear.

30 O praise him, heav'n, and seas, and earth,
And all whom nature wakes to birth ;
Him praise, whom Sion deigns to shield,
Whose hand shall Judah's cities build.

3] He bids her sons the land divide,
Where unmolested shall reside,
Through rolling time's extended year,
A race devoted to his fear.

PSALM LXX.

The Psalmist implores God's speediest Help against his Enemies.

1 HASTE to my aid, my Saviour, haste ;
My soul, by hostile numbers chas'd,
To Thee directs its pray'r :
In wild confusion backward borne,
Their wish defeated let them mourn,
And lost in empty air.

2 Be shame their just reward assign'd,
While round me, with relentless mind,
Derision's shout they raise :
Thy bliss, let all, who seek Thee, share,
And, taught thy love, that love declare
In songs of eeaseless praise.

3 While these in thy salvation joy,
Inereasing griefs my thought employ,
And speediest aid demand :
My Helper and Redeemer, hear ;
O, instant in my cause appear,
And reach thy saving hand.

PSALM LXXI.

The Psalmist places his Confidence in God, who had preserved him from his Birth.

1 ON Thee, O God, with steady frame,
(O blast not Thou my hope with shame,)
On Thee my soul its trust has staid,
And asks thy justice to its aid.

2 Thy servant, God of Gods supreme,
O hear, and hasten to redeem ;
Be Thou my rock, and safe resort ;—
My rock Thou art, my strongest fort.

3 Thy lips my rescue have decreed,
And bid each threaten'd ill recede ;
O let thy promis'd help o'erthrow
Each impious and revengeful foe.

4 On Thee my hopes supported stand ;
My life from earliest youth thy hand
(That life which first from Thee began,)
Preserv'd, and led me up to man.

5 When lodg'd within the womb I lay,
Thy care produc'd me to the day,
And, while that care my years prolongs,
Thy name shall animate my songs.

6 Though crowds, with silent gaze, in me
A spectacle of wonder see,
Amidst my grief, amidst my pain,
Thy love shall still my faith sustain.

7 Thy arm in my relief employ,
That soon, my hope absorb'd in joy,
From op'ning dawn to closing eve
Thy praises on my tongue may live,

The Psalmist begs that God would not leave him in the Time of Age to the Malice of his Enemies, and promises to be thankful.

8 O let me not, almighty Friend,
While with a weight of age I bend,
And wearied nature's succours fail,
The absence of thine aid bewail.

9 "Behold" (such words the ranc'rous heart
Suggests, while, pleas'd, with secret art

My foes the deathful snare provide,)
 " A wretch whom God has cast aside.

10 " Come" (thus, by lawless counsel led,
 Aloud they cry,) " destruction spread;
 " Pursue, and mark him for the grave;
 " Pursue ; for none is nigh to save."

11 My God, my God, depart not far,
 But haste, and make my life thy care ;
 O obvious to my pray'r arise,
 Nor let their guilt escape thine eyes.

12 Let shame, let death their deeds repay,
 Who wish my guiltless soul their prey,
 And black disgrace their name o'erspread,
 Who aim their mischiefs at my head.

13 My heart shall still on Thee depend,
 My thankful voice to Thce ascend,
 And, through the day, my God and King,
 Thy justice, thy salvation, sing.

God's Mercies are infinite. The Psalmist repeats his Prayer to be preserved in his old Age, that he may declare the wonderful Works of God.

14 Thy mercies, Lord, all praise surmount,
 No numbers can their sum recount,
 For ne'er can words in equal strain
 The measure of thy love explain.

15 Lo ! in thy strength I take my way ;
 Thou art my God, and Thou my stay ;
 Thy righteousness alone and love
 My heart shall warm, my song improve.

16 Thy lessons on my youthful breast
 Fair wisdom's sacred lines impress'd,
 And taught me, each advancing hour,
 To speak the wonders of thy pow'r.

17 Recede not now, while, gray with years,
 His hands to Thee thy servant rears,
 Nor e'er thy wonted help withhold,
 Till, pleas'd, my tongue thy acts has told :
 18 Such acts as shall the ear invite
 Of all, who now th' ethereal light
 Enjoy ; and, oft rehears'd, engage
 The wonder of each future age.

God is the greatest of all Beings. He comforts his Servant, who makes the divine Goodness the Subject of Praise.

19 How great thy pow'r, thy works how great !
 Say, what in earth, or heav'n's high seat,
 What shall the searching eye to Thee
 Or equal, Lord, or second see ?
 20 How hast Thou bid my soul to know
 A long vicissitude of woe,
 Yet, back return'd, with quick'ning ray
 Hast chas'd each cloud of grief away !
 21 Thy hand, when earth had clos'd me round,
 Has snatch'd me from the dark profound,
 My head with endless honours bless'd,
 And sooth'd my anxious thoughts to rest.
 22 O Thou, whom, wrapt in holy fear,
 The sons of Israel's line revere ;
 Thy pow'r, thy mercy shall my lay
 In sweet harmonious sounds display.
 23 Thy truth my psalt'ry shall inspire,
 And tune to loudest notes my lyre,
 My willing lips with praise o'erflow,
 My rescu'd soul with transport glow.
 24 From morn to night, indulgent Lord,
 My tongue thy justice shall record,

That gave the period to my woes,
And whelm'd in shame my vaunting foes.

PSALM LXXII.

The King's Prayer for his Son and Successor, that, by a due Administration of Justice, the Land may be blessed.

- 1 INSTRUCT, great God, the kingly heart,
Nor cease thy guidance to impart,
Till, pleas'd, the heir of Judah's throne
Thy precepts' full extent has known.
- 2 So shall his hand dispense thy laws,
Prompt to defend the poor man's cause,
In his protecting arm the meek
With sure success their aid shall seek.
- 3 Peace from the fort-erad mountain's brow
Shall bless the happy plains below,
And justice from each rocky cell
Shall violence and fraud expel.
- 4 In him the souls to scorn consign'd
The advocate and friend shall find ;
His arm their injur'd race shall right,
And crush the proud oppressor's might.

The Prince who is a Representative of Christ shall prosper, and his Empire shall reach to the most distant Parts.

- 5 Thy fear succeeding times shall own,
Long as the sun and waxing moon,
With varied light, in swift career,
Alternate guide the circling year.

6 The Son from heav'n his grace shall pour,
 Delightful as the copious show'r,
 Whose drops refresh the new-shorn plain,
 And swell with life the foodful grain.

7 His care the just aloft shall raise,
 Nor fair prosperity his days
 Desist to crown, till round the pole
 The measur'd months shall cease to roll.

8 From sea to sea his wide command
 Shall reach, and from Euphrates' strand
 Through realms of various tongue extend
 Far as to earth's remotest end.

9 To him the desert's tribes shall kneel ;
 His foes, that on their conqu'ring steel
 Repos'd erewhile their frantic trust,
 Shall prostrate fall, and lick the dust,

Kings and Nations shall obey the Sovereign whom God has chosen. The Poor shall be safe under his Government.

10 Before Messiah's presence meet
 The chiefs, at whose imperial feet
 Arahia's far-divided shores
 Prolific spread their richest stores.

11 See kings from Tharsis and each isle
 Their presents bring with willing toil ;
 Each prince to him shall homage pay,
 Each nation own his equal sway.

12 He, when the helpless poor shall cry,
 Shall hear propitious from on high,
 Health to their fainting souls convey,
 And challenge from the grave its prey.

13 Nor fraud, nor rapine's iron hand
 Shall dare to touch the pious band ;
 For sacred is their blood, and high
 Its price in his paternal eye.

14 Long shall he live, and Sheba's gold
 In tributary heaps behold
 Display'd, while crowds shall suppliant bow,
 And thankful pay their daily vow.



*The abundant Blessings of the Reign of God's anointed.
 His Greatness and Goodness the constant Subject of
 Praise.*

15 Lift to the mountain's height your eyes,
 And see the yellow harvests rise,
 Wide-waving, as the verdure spread
 On Lebanon's exalted head.

16 Behold his cities o'er the plain
 Pour from their gates a num'rous train,
 And healthful as the vernal birth,
 That shades with green the joyous earth.

17 From age to age the orb of day
 His brighter glories shall survey,
 While man's whole race his love confess,
 And, blest in him, his name shall bless.

18 Exalt, exalt your heav'nly Lord,
 In all his wondrous acts ador'd :
 To him in loftiest praises join,
 And bless the Majesty divine ;—

19 That Majesty, whose cloudless rays
 O'er earth's spacious round shall blaze,
 To him again in praises join ;
 O bless the Majesty divine.

PSALM LXXXIII.

The Psalmist is persuaded of God's Love to his People.

The Happiness of the Ungodly almost tempts him to doubt Providence.

- 1 YES : mightiest Lord ! my soul has known
Thy love to Israel's offspring shown,
And owns the bliss by Thee ordain'd
To each who bears a heart unstain'd.
- 2 Yet, griev'd, awhile thy paths, my God,
With hesitating step I trod,
And, but for Thee, the faithful guide,
My erring feet had swerv'd aside.
- 3 As fix'd in happiest state I see
The foes to virtue, truth, and Thee,
Their blessings, on my thoughts imprest,
With envy near had fill'd my breast.
- 4 Health strings their nerves; and death (their hour
Approaching,) with remitted pow'r
And slow advance his easy doom
Inflicting, bows them to the tomb.

The Wicked in Prosperity oppress the Faithful, and even dare to insult the Majesty of Heaven.

- 5 Forbid the gen'ral lot to share
Of pain, affliction, want, and care,
The lawless tribe with cruel skill
Augment the woes that others feel.
- 6 Pride on their neck its chain has bound,
And violence invests them round ;
Their swelling eyes and pamper'd frame
Their boundless appetite proclaim.
- 7 Their wishes by success outrun,
Their headlong wills controlment shun ;

And words, with fury wing'd, impart
The genuine dictates of their heart.

8 Lo, train'd to insolence and wrong,
Against the heav'ns their impious tongue
Defiance and reproach has hurl'd,
And unresisted walks the world.



*The Just, unable to search into the Ways of Providence,
are astonished at the Blasphemy of the Unrighteous,
and seem inelined to suspect the Equity of the divine
Judgments.*

9 Untaught to scan thy wise decree,
With wonder, Lord, thy people see
Life's choicest gifts their want supply,
Whose breasts thy ev'ry threat defy;—

10 Who ask, “Shall He our acts survey,
“Whose hands th' ethereal sceptre sway?
“Shall He, enthron'd above the stars,
“To earth's low scene extend his care?”

11 While daring mortals thus each hour
Thee, Lord, insult, and brave thy pow'r,
Yet, sunk in ease, and blest with health,
Amass in heaps their growing wealth;—

12 In vain (thy servant eried) in vain,
I purge my breast from ev'ry stain,
My acts conform to thy commands,
And wash in innocence my hands.

13 Each day, opprest with fiercest pains,
Thy scourge my chasten'd soul sustains;
Each morn, that rising streaks the sky,
Awakes me but to misery.

The Psalmist conceals his Sentiments lest he should discourage the Saints. At length by frequenting the Temple, his Doubts respecting Providence are removed.

- 14 My heart, awhile by grief assail'd,
In silence long its thought has veil'd, .
Lest doubts like mine thy saints betray
From thy decrees, great God, to stray.
- 15 Thy conduct weigh'd, awhile my mind
Its hidden cause essay'd to find ;
That cause, as deeper it inquires,
Still farther from its search retires.
- 16 Thy fane at length I seek ; and there,
(My anxious soul effus'd in pray'r,)
Instructed by thy spirit, read
The period to their guilt decreed.
- 17 I see Thee on the slipp'ry seat
Of high ambition plant their feet,
Then mark them as they downward bend,
And headlong to the earth descend.
- 18 Thy hand, in unexpected hour,
Destroys the phantom of their pow'r.
How swift, how sudden is their fate !
What horrors, Lord, their death await !
- 19 Wrapt in oblivion's shade they lie,
Their image vanish'd from the eye,
As the light fabric of a dream,
Dissolv'd by day's intruding beam.

The Psalmist, having recovered from a Kind of brutish Ignorance, perceives that God is his best Friend, who will destroy the Wicked. He extols God's Wonders.

- 20 Such woes, in error's fetters chain'd,
Such heart-felt anguish I sustain'd,
Insensate, as the brutes that rove
Th' extended wild, or shady grove.
- 21 Yet still thy care confess'd me thine ;
My hand within the hand divine
Was lock'd ; Thou, Thou, almighty Friend,
Propitious shalt my cause defend.
- 22 By thy directive counsel led,
Life's maze I yet, secure, shall tread,
And wait till thy appointed hour
The promis'd glory round me pour.
- 23 O say, in heav'n's capacious round
What friend like thee my soul has found ;
Or who, great God, on earth resides,
Whose love with thine my breast divides.
- 24 My heart, my flesh have fail'd ; but Thee
My lasting heritage I see ;
Thy strength my fainting spirit cheers,
And checks my grief, and calms my fears.
- 25 Who, taught to spurn his equal sway,
From Israel's God adult'rous stray,
His justice, with reverseless doom,
In life's full vigour shall consume.
- 26 While, warm with holy transport, I
To him with sure success apply,
Him trust, and, guarded by his care,
To man's whole race his acts declare.

PSALM LXXIV.

The miserable Situation of God's People exposed to the Fury of merciless Enemies, who lay waste the Sanctuary.

- 1 O THOU, whose hand has Israel led,
His fold enlarg'd, his pasture spread,
Why hast thou doom'd us thus to bear
A long exclusion from thy care?
- 2 Why thus beneath thy anger groan
The flock, whom thou hast seal'd thine own?
Call to thy thought the sacred band,
Once own'd the purchase of thy hand;—
- 3 The heritage by Thee redeem'd,
Fair Sion's mount, where copious stream'd
Th' eternal light, and spoke her shrine
The seat of Majesty divine.
- 4 Lift to that seat thy steps again;
See desolation spread her reign
Around it, and its wide extent
Each mark of hostile rage present.
- 5 With clamours fierce a lawless train
The silence of thy courts profane,
And bid their standard to the skies
Aloft in haughty triumph rise.
- 6 As when the woodman's stroke invades
The lofty grove's thick-woven shades,
So through thy temple's awful bounds,
Now here, now there, the axe resounds;—
- 7 Down, down in shapeless ruins fall
The sculptures fair that grac'd its wall,
Rich with the forest's noblest spoil,
And wrought by heav'n-directed toil.

An Address to the Almighty, imploring him to consider the Desolations of the Holy Temple, and put a Stop to the Calamities of his People.

- 8 Along thy violated dome
Intruding flaines licentious roam,
Swift, Lord, the fiery deluge strays,
And wraps the fabric in its blaze.
- 9 Thy spacious courts, and tow'rs sublime,
Whose roofs through long-revolving time
With holy wonder struck each eye,
Now heap'd in dire confusion lie.
- 10 "Come," thus th' insulting foe has cried,
"Come, deal the vengeance far and wide ;
"And let the flames with equal doom
"Each house of Israel's God consume."
- 11 They speak ; and, instant, all around
The blazing ruins strew the ground ;
No more thy wonders to our eyes,
Blest signals of thy presence, rise.
- 12 No more the prophet's lips thy will
In mystic oracles reveal,
Or to thy people's view disclose
The destin'd period of their woes.
- 13 But say, O say, great God, how long
Thus unchastis'd the hostile tongue
Shall mock thy pow'r, thy fear disclaim,
And load with loud reproach thy name.
- 14 While crimes like these redress demand,
Why in thy bosom sleeps thy hand ?
O pluck it forth, and let the foe
Repentant feel th' inflicted blow.

God's extraordinary Miracles in Behalf of Israel.

- 15 Thee from of old my king I see,
Nor knows my heart a friend but Thee :
Thine arm alone, in Jacob's right,
Has turn'd each adverse pow'r to flight.
- 16 At thy command the wat'ry deeps
Suspended stood in liquid heaps ;
And safe, as o'er the sandy waste,
Th' admiring troops betwixt them pass'd.
- 17 The proud Leviathan, his head
Low to thy stroke submitted, bled,
And, 'midst returning waves, his train
Around their mighty king are slain.
- 18 While rapine waits upon the strand,
And calls from far her hungry band,
That scatter'd range the desert wide,
The promis'd banquet to divide.
- 19 Thy stroke the roek's dark entrails clave ;
Forth from its depth the foaming wave
Sprang instant, and with lengthen'd train
Irrigulous lav'd the thirsty plain.
- 20 Thy mandate Jordan's channel dried,
And backward roll'd his wond'ring tide ;
While Israel's sons, by Thee, O God,
Conducted, safe the channel trod.
- 21 By Thee prepar'd, the night and day
Alternate walk th' ethereal way ;
Thy art the light's thin texture spun,
And with it cloth'd the jocund sun.
- 22 Thy hand the earth's vast fabric rounds,
Its balance fixes, marks its bounds,
With summer's show'rs its glebe unbinds,
Or warps it with the wintry winds.

*God is entreated to assert his own Cause, and punish
the Blasphemers of his Name, and Oppressors of
his chosen People.*

23 Parent of nature! God supreme!
While folly's sons thy acts blaspheme,
O vindicate thy name from wrong,
And sileuce the reproachful tongue.

24 Let not the fangs of cruel pow'r
Thy trembling turtle's life devour,
Nor dark oblivion's shade our pain
For ever from thy thought detain.

25 O give the flock that bears thy name,
Thy fed'ral mercy yet to claim;
Behold within each cavern'd cell
Fraud, violence, and rapine dwell.

26 Behold ; and let th' afflicted poor,
From terror and from shame seeure,
With grateful heart, and joyous tongue,
Wake to thy praise the hallow'd song.

27 Rise, mightiest Lord, thy cause defend;
Wide o'er a guilty race extend
Thy rod, and let the needful blow
Repress the licensee of the foe.

28 O let thy hand correct their sin,
Whose hearts thy mercy fails to win,
Whose mad presumption ev'ry hour
With heighten'd rage insults thy pow'r.

PSALM LXXV.

*The King praises God, and resolves, when firmly
established on his Throne, to judge righteously.
He reproves the Proud and Obstinate.*

1 Thy name, immortal God, thy name
Our love and highest praise shall claim,

Whose acts attest Thee ever near,
And plant within each heart thy fear.

2 To me, to me the hour is known,
When, seated on th' appointed throne,
My justice shall assert its laws,
And arbitrate each dubious cause.

3 Though all the land before mine eye
Dissolv'd in wide confusion lie,
Secure from lapse its pillars stand,
And rest on my supporting hand.

4 Lift not the horn, ye sons of pride,
(Aloud with fierce rebuke I cried,)
Lift not the horn ; nor thus in vain
With stubborn neck oppose my reign.

God alone sets up Kings, and chastises Rebels.

5 Shall pow'r, to east or west inclin'd,
Float casual on the wafting wind,
Or issue from the climes, that blaze
Beneath the sun's meridian rays ?

6 That God, who erst the heav'n's outspread,
The regal crown from head to head
Transfers ; wealth, honour, pow'r, his doom
At will shall grant, at will resume.

7 His hand the full-charg'd cup presents,
While red with wrath its wine ferments,
Whose mixture earth's rebellious train
Low to its utmost dregs shall drain.

8 But I, with sacred transport fill'd,
To Jacob's God my praise will yield ;
Through life's continu'd round, my tongue
Shall wake to him the joyous song.

9 Behold me, conqu'ring in his right,
Now crush the horn of impious might,

Now bid the just, that prostrate lies,
With lifted head triumphant rise.

PSALM LXXVI.

*God's Glory and Power manifested in the Deliverance
of his People.*

- 1 Tiry confines, Judah, God have known,
His greatness Israel's offspring own,
His glories Salem's temple fill,
And rest on Sion's sacred hill.
- 2 There broke his hand the sword and shield,
And cast them useless on the field :
There snapp'd the arrows wing'd with fire,
And bade the raging war expire.
- 3 O cloth'd with majesty divine,
O say, what strength shall equal thine ?
Not such the mountains boast, whose seat
To robbers yield a safe retreat.
- 4 Each hostile, each insulting pow'r,
Thy saints impatient to devour,
Who wont with spoils the earth to heap,
Now, spoil'd themselves, have slept their sleep.
- 5 Amaz'd the chiefs were seen to stand ;
Nor knew the once resistless hand
Its task, but, summon'd to their aid,
Shrunk trembling back, and disobey'd.
- 6 The steed, the car, that o'er the plain
Rush'd headlong on, nor heard the rein,
With horror struck, confess Thee nigh,
And wrapt in iron slumber lie.
- 7 Thou, Thou alone our fear shalt claim :
O who, when, kindled to a flame,
Thy vengeance shall its debt demand,
Shall dare within thy sight to stand ?

The Effects of the divine Judgments upon the Earth, and its sinful Inhabitants. An Exhortation to worship God.

8 Earth heard, when God the judgment gave,
And rose his injur'd saints to save,
In silent dread beheld his look,
Aud instant to her centre shook.

9 While impious crowds oppose thy reign,
Thou, Lord, their fury shalt restrain,
Thy stroke correct their stubborn will,
And teach them at thy shrine to kneel.

10 Low to our God, ye nations, bow,
Yield to his name the faithful vow,
Him serve with fear, and duteous bring
Your presents to the heav'nly King ;—

11 That King, whose sword, in wrath applied,
Lops in mid growth the tyrant's pride,
And threatful bids each earthly throne
His mightier sway submissive own.

PSALM LXXVII.

The Righteous in deepest Affliction seeks Aid and Comfort from Heaven.

1 To God my suppliant voice I rear,
With holy violence his ear
Solicit, and expectant kneel,
Till he my inward anguish heal.

2 To Him with fervent zeal I cried,
In whom alone my hopes reside ;
With stretch'd-out hand, and restless thought,
Beset with woes, his aid I sought.

3 When night's dark shades the earth invest,
And weary nature sinks to rest,

Still, deaf to comfort, I complain,
And give my struggling griefs the rein.

4 Now fix'd on God, to Hin in pray'r
My fainting spirit pour'd its carc,
And words, in artless form compos'd,
The tumult of my soul disclos'd:
5 Now, dumb with sorrow whilc I weep,
My cyes their ceaselcss vigils keep:
Anon my mind its search began;
And back to distant years I ran,—
6 The years, whose wonders to my tongue
Yield fruitful themes of joyous song,
And deep inquiry to my breast
At midnight's thoughtful hour suggest.

—————

*The Suppliant, recollecting former Mercies, supports
his Spirits with Confidence in God.*

7 Will God a heart, oppress'd as mine,
For ever to its griefs resign?
Has mercy from his bosom fled?
My hope his promise vainly fed?
8 Forgets th' Almighty to be kind?
And shall his love, in wrath coufin'd,
No more its wonted aid bestow,
Or fix a measure to my woe?
9 Now reason's pow'rs collected rise,
And thus each anxious doubt chastise;
Though prest with various ills I stand,
And mourn the changes of his hand,—
10 His works, achiev'd in ages past,
Shall fix'd in my remembrance last;
His wonders on my thought shall dwell,
My tongue his acts unwearied tell.

11 For sanctity thy counsel guides,
 And o'er thy paths, blest Sire, presides ;
 Where finds, O where, the searching eye
 A God, with Israel's God to vie ?

*God's Wonder displayed in the Redemption of Israel
 from their Calamities.*

12 Maker of all ! at thy command
 Revers'd the laws of nature stand ;
 Stupendous scenes thy acts afford,
 And bid the nations know their Lord.

13 Let Jacob and let Joseph say,
 How strong thy arm to chase away
 Each woe that waits thy people near,
 Each danger that excites their fear.

14 The deeps beheld Thce, heav'nly King !
 The deeps beheld Thee ; and each spring,
 That rose from out their sandy bed,
 Tumultuous own'd its sudden dread.

15 Incessant from the bursting cloud
 Down stream'd the bidden rain ; aloud
 Peal'd the big thunder ; through the sky
 Thy flaming shafts were seen to fly ;—

16 And, as thy voice around the pole
 In awful threats was heard to roll,
 Earth trembling groan'd, while o'er her head
 Its livid sheet the lightning spread.

17 Wide yawn'd the flood from shore to shore,
 And op'd a path unknown before,
 While Israel's Guardian, and his God,
 With trackless step its channel trod.

18 As sheep to distant pastures led,
 Secure thy people march'd, convey'd

By Moses' and by Aaron's hand,
To promis'd Canaan's happy land.

PSALM LXXVIII.

An Exhortation to learn the Law of God.

- 1 YE nations, to my law give ear,
The dictates of my lips revere,
While heav'n-taught parables they yield,
And truths in mystic song conceal'd ;—
- 2 Truths, which, from earliest ages heard,
To us in sacred trust transferr'd,
From sire to son successive flow,
That latest times our God may know ;—
- 3 That latest times in thankful verse
His boundless mercies may rehearse,
And own the wonders of his hand,
Whose pow'r presides o'er Judah's land.
- 4 He, bounteous Parent of mankind,
His law to Jacob's race consign'd,
(Fit theme!—and worthy to engage
Th' attention of each future age!)
- 5 That children, yet unborn, might learn
That law, and yield the just return ;
Trust in his aid, his works record,
And mark the precepts of his word :—
- 6 Unlike the fathers of their line,
Who, rebels to the will divine,
Turn'd from that word their stubborn ear,
Nor sought his love, nor own'd his fear.

The Children of Israel are disobedient and ungrateful.

- 7 Lo, Ephraim's sons ; a heartless train,
That, arm'd for war, but arm'd in vain,

With bows unbended from the fight
In wild disorder urg'd their flight.

8 His sacred league, and just decrees,
By them forgot, th' Almighty sees,
His wonders by their sires beheld,
On Nile's wide banks, and Zoan's field.

9 What hand but His, from side to side
Could bid the foaming deep divide,
In liquid heaps suspended stand,
And safe transmit the chosen band ?

10 That hand the cloud around them threw,
Day's kindled fervours to subdue;
And, lit by him, with friendly ray
The fire nocturnal led their way.

11 To quench their thirst, the copious wave,
Call'd from the rock, its waters gave,
And onward pour'd with headlong haste,
Luxuriant lav'd the burning waste.

12 Strange to relate ! yet, stranger still,
Their bands, rebellious to his will,
In rash and heighten'd sin conspire,
And dare to wrath the heav'ly Sire.

*God's People complain, and are punished for
Murmuring.*

13 As Israel's sons, by lust impell'd,
Their course along the desert held,
Each from th' Almighty's lib'ral hands
Meat for his fancied wants demands.

14 " Will God, to give his people bread,
" A table in the desert spread ?
" Our eyes have own'd the flinty rock
" Obsequious to his mighty stroke,—

15 "Have seen the streams, with lengthen'd train,
 "Run copious o'er the thirsty plain ;
 "But can his stores, exhaustless still,
 "With flesh our hung'ring myriads fill ?"

16 He hears, and now, in kindling flames,
 His vengeance dire at Israel aims,
 Whose impious speech a heart betray'd
 Distrustful of his promis'd aid.

*A miraculous Supply bestowed upon the discontented
 Israelites. Their chief Men are slain.*

17 God opes for men the doors of heav'n,
 Back to their wish the clouds are driv'n,
 And, downward pour'd, th' ethereal grain
 In wide profusion fills the plain.

18 Their wants attentive to supply,
 He gives them manna from on high ;
 His fullest bounties they have known,
 And angels food and theirs are one.

19 The winds, that o'er the desert fly,
 New paths, by Him directed, try,
 And onward, through th' aerial way,
 In flocks the vagrant fowls convey ;—

20 Till o'er their tents the cloud impends,
 And down the living show'r descends,
 Thick as the dust, or as the sand
 That lies upon the sea-beat strand.

21 Fed to the full, th' insensate throng
 At will the joyous feast prolong,
 No more their frenzy they restrain,
 But give their wild desires the rein ;—

22 While o'er their heads the vengeful sword
 Hangs viewless, and but waits the word

To snatch their prinees to the tomb,
And Israel's choicest strength consume.

*God mercifully overlooks the Frailities and Infirmities
of a wicked Generation.*

23 See suff'ring still to suff'ring join'd
Correct not Israel's faithless mind,
Though shorten'd in duration flow
Their years, and measur'd out by woe.

24 When, struck by his resistless hand,
Their tribes lie scatter'd o'er the land,
Thus scourg'd, his pow'r they humbly own,
And early bow before his throne.

25 With seeming gratitude possess'd,
His arm each tongue their shield confess'd ;
And, "who so strong to save," they cry,
"As Thou, great ruler of the sky?"

26 Dissembling praise their lips prepare,
And solemn mockery of pray'r,
While, deep within, a mind they nurse
To truth and to his laws averse.

27 Yet he their trespass can forgive,
And bid th' obdurate sinners live ;
Oft arts of mild persuasion tries,
Nor lets his whole displeasure rise.

28 Indulgent he their frame survey'd,
Of flesh and frailty knew them made ;—
A wind, that, life's short passage o'er,
Flits transient, and returns no more.

*The impious Race distrust the Goodness and Power of
God, though they had seen manifest Proofs of both.*

29 The conscious wilderness shall tell
How Israel's thankless race rebel ;

How oft, by mercies unsubdu'd,
They grieve their Maker, just and good.

30 Yea, frantic, to their will they bind
The counsels of th' eternal Mind,
And boldly challenge to the test
His pow'r, so late their aid confest,—

31 When Cham's proud offspring felt his hand
Diffusing vengeance through their land,
And scenes each hour, to nature new,
In dreadful series met their view.

32 Their Nile corrupted now they mourn,
And though with fiercest thirst they burn.
Start back, affrighted, from the flood :
For ah ! its channel foams with blood.

Description of the Plagues inflicted upon Egypt.

33 Athirst for human gore, the fly
In countless legions fills the sky,
And frogs where'er th' Egyptians tread,
With dire intrusion round them spread.

34 The beetle, clust'ring on their trees,
Now hastens the ripen'd fruit to seize,
While locusts fell the tiller's toil
Consume, and riot in the spoil.

35 By furious blasts destroy'd ; and torn,
Their fallen shades the forests mourn ;
Their frost-burnt fig-trees fade and die,
Their vines by hailstones ruin'd lie.

36 The sturdy tenants of the stall
Beneath the rattling tempests fall ;
The flocks, by fire ethereal slain,
In heaps promiscuous strew the plain.

37 Wrath, horror, trouble, at his word,
Quiek on the guilty race were ponr'd,
And angel-forms with dreadful haste
From door to door vindictive pass'd.

38 With course direct his vengeanee flew,
Its path, by him iustructed knew,
And pestilence with noxious breath
Sow'd through the air the seeds of death.

39 Now to the grave, with anguish torn,
Each mother yields her eldest-born,
And Egypt, through her wasted shores,
The first-fruits of her strength deplores.

Though God guided his People like Sheep, yet they basely forsake their Deliverer, and become idolatrous.

40 Now, Israel, shines the day to thee,
That bids thy captive sons go free,
Safe as beneath the shepherd's care
The flocks from waste to waste repair.

41 Each hostile fear, by Him dispell'd,
Their destin'd course his people held,
While deep beneath the whelming wave
Their proud pursuers found a grave.

42 Behold them, borne to seats of rest,
Seats by his hallow'd presence blcst,
With joyful step the mount ascend,
By his victorious arm obtain'd.

43 Lo! there, resistless, Jacob's line
The tribes whom Canaan's tents confine
By Heav'n's high doom appointed quell,
And from their forfeit lands expel.

44 Yet, like their sires, perverse they prove.
Reject the offers of his love,

And, led from wisdom's path astray,
Pursue the tenour of their way.

45 As starts aslant the bow of steel,
And faithless mocks the archer's skill,
They, rebels to his just command,
Elude the guidance of his hand.

46 On interdicted hills uprais'd,
With impious flame their altars blaz'd,
While figures by the artist made,
Thy honours, mightiest Lord, invade.

*God removes the Ark, and delivers the Idolaters into
the Hands of their Enemies.*

47 See, urg'd to wrath, th' eternal Sire
From Silo's hallow'd tent retire,
And quit the seat so lov'd before,
Resolv'd with man to dwell no more.

48 His ark, inviolated shrine
Of strength and majesty divine,
Now wanders captive o'er the plains,
Where guilt in all its horror reigns.

49 Prevailing foes, conven'd from far,
On Israel pour the tide of war,
While God his household from on high
Beholds with alienated eye.

50 No virgins to the nuptial band
Assenting give the plighted hand,
While, snatch'd by the devouring fire,
Their sons in early youth expire.

51 The sword destruction round them spread,
Nor spar'd the priest's anointed head ;
Nor lives the widow to bemoan
Her husband's fate, but meets her own.

Notwithstanding their Rebel'ions, God is reconciled to his People, chooses the Place of the Temple, and appoints David for their King.

52 His people's cry th' Eternal hears ;
 As, wak'd from sleep, his strength he rears,
 Shouts like a giant cheer'd with wine,
 And wrathful lifts the arm divine.

53 Th' averted foe that arm confess'd,
 With shame and dire disease oppress'd,
 Struck with surprise and wild affright,
 Inglorious backward urg'd their flight.

54 But where, O Israel, shall thy God
 Returning choose his blest abode ?
 Not Ephraim's dwellings to his eyes,
 Nor thine, Manasseh, grateful rise.

55 On Judah's tribe he plac'd his care ;
 Thy temple, Sion, founded there,
 From age to age his love demands,
 Fix'd as the ground whereon it stands.

56 That tribe his David's birth has known,
 Rais'd from a sheep-fold to a throne,
 O'er Jacob's realms to stretch the rod,
 And feed the heritage of God.

57 As o'er the waste the teeming ewes
 His eye with wakeful care pursues,
 A voice arrests the youthful swain,
 And calls him from the humble plain.

58 He hears, and, while each kingly art
 Thy succours to his breast impart,
 (All-potent Lord !) with faithful mind
 Absolves the charge by Thee assign'd.

PSALM LXXIX.

*God is intreated to remove the Distresses of his People,
and pour down his Judgments on their Oppressors.*

- 1 O ISRAEL's Father, King, and God !
The heathen pow'rs thy lov'd abode
Rapacious seize ; the heathen pow'rs
Thy shrine profane ; and Salem's tow'rs,
That struck with sacred awe the eye,
Now whelm'd in wide confusion lie.
- 2 Beasts, and each bird that wings the air,
Thy slaughter'd saints insatiate tear,
Whose blood beneath the victor's sword
In streams round Salem's walls was pour'd ;
None wept their fall, or pitying gave
The cheap indulgence of a grave.
- 3 See on our heads each neighbour foe
Reproach and fierce derision throw ;
See, Lord, and say how long thine ire
Shall blaze with unextinguish'd fire,
How long thy flock are doom'd to prove
The sad suspension of thy love.
- 4 On nations, who thy laws disown,
Nor yet, with humbled heart, have known
Thy pow'r to fear, thy name invoke,
On these, great God, inflict thy stroke ;
On these,—who Jacob's strength devour,
And ruin on his dwelling pour.
- 5 O let not our transgressions past
Within thy breast remember'd last,
But haste, while helpless thus we grieve,
Thy long-lost people to relieve,
And Israel's trespass purg'd away,
Thy boundless clemency display.

*A Petition for signal Deliverance, for which the
Faithful will always praise God.*

6 Blest Saviour ! let thy pow'r divine
Conspicuous in our rescue shine ;
Say, why should the reproaching foe
His triumphs build on Judah's woe,
And ask, while thus thy scourge we bear,
" Where's now your God, ye outcasts, where ? "

7 Behold, behold thy servants slain ;
Nor let their lond-tongued blood in vain
The vengeance of thine arm demand,
But give us o'er each hostile land
To see thy wrath terrific rise,
And folly's impious brood chastise.

8 O hear the wretched captive's groan ;
The souls, whom death has mark'd his own,
Propitious save ; the ceaseless wrongs,
By hands profane, and daring tongues,
Repeated, in thy balance weigh,
And sev'nfold to thy foes repay.

9 So shall the flock acknowledg'd thine
To Thee in grateful homage join,
To Thee their loudest accents raise,
With thankful voices sing thy praise ;
And, long as Israel boasts a name,
From sire to son transmit thy fame.

PSALM LXXX.

A Prayer to God in Behalf of his distressed Flock.

1 SHEPHERD of Israel, bow thine ear ;
O Thou our pray'r indulgent hear,
Who Joseph's pasture hast prepar'd,
His guide by day, by night his guard.

2 Betwixt the cherubs seated high,
Glad with thy beams our longing eye ;
Thine aid, great God, intreated give,
And teach our fainting hope to live.

3 With all, who from Manasses claim
Their birth, and all of Ephraim's name,
Each hostile pow'r by Thee o'erthrown,
Let Benjamin thy presence own.

4 Leader of hosts, almighty Lord !
Extend thy succours, oft implor'd ;
Turn us again, thy face display,
And grief and fear shall fly away.

*The unhappy State of Sion, and an Address for
the divine Favour.*

5 How long, my God, shall Israel see
Thy wrath, while thus with bended knee
Their supplicating hands they spread,
Smoke unextinguish'd o'er their head ?

6 Her food the bread of tears, her draught
With sorrow's largest mixture fraught,
Sad Sion sees deriding foes
Her sons, their destin'd prey, inclose.

7 Leader of hosts, almighty Lord !
Extend thy succours, oft implor'd ;
Turn us again, thy face display,
And grief and fear shall fly away.

*God's chosen Servants compared to a Vine, their
melancholy Situation described.*

8 Each pow'r, O Lord, in league combin'd,
To just excision first consign'd,

Behold a vine from Egypt's land,
Transplanted by thy fost'ring hand.

9 Behold in Canaan's shores her bed
By Thee prepar'd, her root outspread
Far as the utmost coast extends,
While o'er the hills her shade ascends,

10 Her branches, tow'ring to the skies,
With healthful stem conspicuous rise,
And round the cedar's loftiest boughs
Her cov'ring veil intwin'd she throws.

11 Long cherish'd by thy care she stood ;
Here, verging tow'r'd th' Assyrian flood,
In circuit wide the earth she crown'd,
And there, the ocean mark'd her bound.

12 But now, in sad reverse, (ah why?)
By Thee o'erthrown the fences lie,
The fruit expos'd beside the way,
To each rapacious hand a prey.

13 The savage boar with restless toil
Uproots it from the loosen'd soil,
And ev'ry monster of the wood
Crops from the branch his obvious food.

14 Leader of hosts, and Israel's Lord !
Return ; thy succours, oft implor'd,
Extend : from heav'n's high seat incline
Thine eyes, and visit this thy vine.

*God is intreated to protect the Avenger of his People.
A Promise of Gratitude for the divine Goodness and
Mercy.*

15 See, Lord, the offspring of thy hand,
The plant, which thou hadst bid to stand,

And strengthen'd by thy pow'r defy
Each storm that rends the wintry sky.

16 The gath'ring flames its trunk surround,
Its ruin'd honours strew the ground :
Beneath the terrors of thine eye
We tremble, Lord, we faint, we die.

17 O let the man, whom, arm'd with might,
Thy hand ordains our cause to right,
By Thee, great God, supported stand ;
And save, O save, a sinking land.

18 So ne'er shall sin our souls enslave ;
O snatch us from th' expecting grave,
And ev'ry knee to Thee shall bend,
Thy praise from ev'ry tongue ascend.

19 Leader of hosts, almighty Lord !
Extend thy succours, oft implor'd ;
Turn us again, thy face display,
And grief and fear shall fly away.

 PSALM LXXXI.

An Exhortation to praise God upon a solemn Festival.

1 To God our strength exalt the song,
To Jacob's Lord the note prolong ;
Prepare, prepare with tuneful art
Your shares of harmony to part.

2 Come, take the hymn, the timbrel ring,
Praise on the harp your heav'nly King ;
Strike into life the trembling wire,
With loudest blasts the trump inspire.

3 For see the moon with recent horn
Lead joyous on the festal morn,
Whose hallow'd mirth to Israel's tribes
Thy mandate, mightiest Lord, prescribes.

4 Its just observance Joseph learn'd,
 When, pleas'd, with parting step he spurn'd
 The ruthless soil, along whose shore
 A voice he heard unknown before.

God calls on Israel to acknowledge none but him for their true God, and powerful Deliverer.

5 Thus spake th' Almighty, Israel's God,
 I from his shoulders took the load ;
 I from the clay his toiling hands
 Releas'd, and burst his stubborn bands.

6 O thou, the voice of whose distress
 From out the thunder's dark recess,
 Propitious to thy pray'r, I heard ;
 In whose defence my arm I rear'd ;—

7 Whose faith my light inflictions tried
 Near Meribah's contentious tide,
 O Israel! with attentive ear
 Thy Maker's just injunction hear.

8 Let none thy homage claim but me,
 Nor bow to foreign gods the knee ;
 Jehovah only be thy dread ;
 Thy footsteps he from Egypt led.

9 He gracious bids thee wide extend
 Thy lap, while down his gifts descend,
 And streaming copious from on high
 Yield to thy wish the full supply.

God suffers Israel to follow their own Courses, and feel the sad Effects of their obstinate Disobedience.

10 Lo, I th' Almighty spake in vain :
 For Israel's race, with fierce disdain,

PSALM LXXXII.

181

Resolv'd their error to pursue,
 Back from my yoke their neck withdrew.

11 No more their frenzy I restrain,
 But give their wild desires the rein,
 And leave them guideless, to fulfil
 The dictates of a headlong will.

12 O had my people in their breast,
 By heav'ly discipline impress'd,
 The lessons of my love retain'd,
 And trod the path by me ordain'd;—

13 When forth to war thy troops were led,
 Myself, O Israel, at their head
 Had met the battle on its way,
 Thy guide to time's remotest day;—

14 Each humbled foe had own'd thy pow'r,
 To ease thy want its purest flour
 Th' augmented harvest had bestow'd,
 And honey from the rock had flow'd.

PSALM LXXXII.

Important Instruction to Magistrates. Complaint of their Injustice. And a Prayer that God would act as Judge of all the Earth.

1 WHILE cloth'd with pow'r divine, their bar
 Earth's lords have fix'd, a mightier far
 Amidst the consistory stands,
 And justice from their lips demands.

2 How long shall your unequal scale
 Thus bid the impious cause prevail?
 Why are your thoughts by falsehood sway'd,
 And not in reason's balance weigh'd?

3 Let law the orphan's claim secure;
 Lend to the helpless and the poor

Your willing ear ; assert their right,
And save them from oppressive night.

- 4 In vain I call : their stubborn mind
To blackest darkness is resign'd,
While earth the dire confusion feels,
And, groaning, to her centre reels.
- 5 Gods ye were nam'd ; earth's tribes in you
The sons of heav'n's high Monarch view ;
But death your frailty shall betray,
And mix with vulgar mould your clay.
- 6 Rise, mightiest King, to judgment rise,
Th' oppress'd redeem, the proud chastise,
Till man's whole offspring Thee alone
Their Lord and just possessor own.

PSALM LXXXIII.

A Prayer to God that he would aid his People against their Enemies, who were plotting their utter Destruction.

- 1 My God, no longer silent stand,
No longer let thy pow'rful hand
Withhold its oft-requested aid,
While thus thy foes our peace invade —
- 2 While flush'd with hope the impious band
In ming'led tumult round us stand,
Exulting in our sorrows rise,
And brave with lifted head the skies.
- 3 Behold them, Lord, their arts employ,
The heav'n-rais'd people to destroy,
The souls, whom with thy favour crown'd
Thy secret presence wraps around.
- 4 " Come," thus, by lawless fury led,
Aloud they cry, " destruction spread

“ Along their desolated shore,
“ Till Israel’s name be heard no more.”

5 Their leagues, their plans, with frantic aim,
Against Omnipotence they frame :
And, fir’d to rage, with fierce alarms
The headlong nations rush to arms.

*Account of the Nations combined against Israel, and
a Petition that their Attempts may totally fail.*

6 The tents of Edom o'er the plain
Here vomit forth their impious train,
While, Lord, the sons of Ishmael’s line
The harness’d Agaræans join.

7 Here Gebal, Moab, Ammon stand,
With vengeance arm’d th’ unconquer’d band
Of Amalek in close array
The triumphs of their heart betray.

8 See fearless, with imperial Tyre
Philistia’s habitants conspire ;
See Assur draw the hostile blade,
And lend to Lot’s vile race his aid.

9 But give them, Lord, thine arm to feel,
That arm that made fierce Midian reel,
And to th’ expecting mother’s pride
Her Sisera’s return denied ;—

10 That Jabin’s warlike troops subdu’d
Near ancient Kison’s purpled flood,
While Endor Israel’s foes behold
Enrich with slaughter’d heaps her field.

*A Prayer that the Enemies of Israel may feel the
Wrath of God, and be forced into a Confession of
the divine Power and Majesty.*

11 As Oreb and as Zeeb o’erthrown,
Let Israel’s foes their crimes bemoan,

And feel what wrath th' Almighty's sword
On Zebah and Zalmunna pour'd.

12 Such let their princes, Lord, endure,
Who vaunting to their arms insure
The land, by holy patriarchs trod,
The heritage of Jacob's God.

13 Such let their princes ever find ;
As thistle-down before the wind,
As chaff, as stubble, let them fly,
That driv'n in air obscure the sky.

14 Swift as the fiery deluge strays,
And wraps the forest in its blaze,
Or, furious, onward as it pours,
The mountains shaggy waste devours,—

15 Pursue them, mightiest Lord, pursue,
And let thy vengeance, to their view
Presented, whelm their souls in dread,
And burst in tempests o'er their head.

16 With wild confusion clothe their cheek,
And teach them, Lord, thy name to seek,
While ruin, death, and shame, they see
To each ordain'd, that errs from Thee.

17 " Jehovah," shall the rebels cry,
" Jehovah only reigns on high,
" And o'er the earth from day to day
" Asserts his everlasting sway."

PSALM LXXXIV.

*A Prayer for Access to the Sanctuary. The Blessed-
ness of those who assemble and worship God in
Sion.*

1 How sweet thy dwellings, Lord, how fair ;
What peace, what bliss, inhabit there ;

With ardent hope, with strong desire,
My heart, my flesh, to Thee aspire ;
I burn to tread thy courts, and Thee,
My God, the living God, to see.

- 2 Eternal King, within thy dome
The sparrow finds her peaceful home ;
With her the dove, a licens'd guest,
Assiduous tends her infant nest,
And to thy altar's sure defence
Commits th' unfeather'd innocence.
- 3 Blest, who, like these, from day to day
To praise Thee in thy temple stay :
Blest, who, their strength on Thee reelin'd,
Thy seat explore with constant mind,
And, Salem's distant tow'rs in view,
With active zeal their way pursue.
- 4 Secure the thirsty vale they tread,
While, call'd from out their sandy bed,
As grateful show'rs from heav'n distill'd,
Which freshest, kindliest moisture yield,
The copious springs their steps beguile,
And bid the cheerless desert smile.
- 5 From stage to stage advancing still,
Behold them reach fair Sion's hill,
And prostrate at her hallow'd shrine,
Adore the Majesty divine,
Where thy resplendent glory spreads
Its purest splendors o'er their heads.

*The Privilege of frequenting God's House exceeds
every other Gratification.*

- 6 O Thou, whom heav'n's high hosts revere,
God of our fathers, bow thine ear ;

Look down, our only hope ! look down,
Behold us, but without a frown ;
And let thy beams, in mercy shed,
Stream copious on th' anointed head.

7 One day if in thy courts I dwell,
That day a thousand shall excel ;
Far happier lot on thee to wait,
And guard th' approaches of thy gate,
Than with the impious sons of pride
In rich pavilions to abide.

8 Thou, Lord, art Israel's sun and shield ;
Thy love shall grace and glory yield,
Nor e'er permit the pious train
Thy gifts to ask, and ask in vain :
Blest, who in confidence of pray'r
To Thee, great God, resign their care.

PSALM LXXXV.

*An Acknowledgment of God's former Grace and Mercy,
and a Prayer for present Support.*

1 Our eyes, great God, have seen thy grace
Its beams effuse on Jacob's race,
Loose from their chains the captive band,
And call them to their native land.

2 Thy mercy, Lord, their woes has heal'd,
Their trespass hid, their pardon seal'd,
Check'd in mid course thy dreadful ire,
And bid its kindled flames expire.

3 O grant us still thy love to share ;
God of our health ! accept the pray'r,
That seeks thy clemency to win,
And cleanse, O cleanse us from our sin.

4 How long shall Jacob's offspring prove
The sad suspension of thy love?
Say, shall thy wrath perpetual burn?
And wilt Thou ne'er, appeas'd, return?

5 Wilt thou thy quick'ning force impart,
And wake to mirth each grateful heart,
While Israel's rescued tribes in Thee
Their bliss and full salvation see?

6 No longer, heav'nly Sire, delay
Thy wonted mercy to display,
But let thy all-disposing will
Thy people's stedfast hope fulfil.

The Righteous, relying on the divine Favour, look forward with the joyful Expectation of future Prosperity.

7 Rev'rent I wait God's high decree ;
What shall he speak, but peace, to thee,
O Israel ; and to each who learns
His law, nor back to sin returns?

8 Behold, ye souls, that own his fear,
Behold your wish'd redemption near ;
See glory make our land her seat,
There verity and mercy meet.

9 With mutual step advancing, there
Shall peace and justice, heav'nly pair,
To lasting compact onward move,
Seal'd by the kiss of sacred love.

10 Truth from thy furrows, earth, shall spring,
And righteousness on healing wing
From heav'n descend, while God our toil
Shall crown, and bless our happy soil,

11 She, as on earth thy feet shall tread,
 Shall march direct, with lifted head
 Preceding, and with duteous care
 Thy path, eternal King, prepare.

PSALM LXXXVI.

The Suppliant seeks the divine Aid in his Troubles and Distresses.

1 LORD, to my wants thy ear incline,
 Behold me as with grief I pine,
 My hope confirm, and guard from ill
 A soul subjected to thy will.

2 From rising to declining day
 To Thee with fervent lip I pray ;
 Propitious to thy servant's heart
 Thy cheering influence impart.

3 To Thee, to Thee I vent my care ;
 I know Thee, Lord, nor slow to spare,
 Nor weak to vindicate from harm
 The souls with pure devotion warm.

4 My days with sorrow clouded o'er,
 Thy wonted succours I implore ;
 Regard me, gracious ; nor forbear
 The voice of my request to hear.

God's Power. A Prayer for Direction in the Ways of Truth. The Suppliant's Gratitude.

5 What pow'r, great God, shall boast a name
 Like thine ; like Thee our homage claim ?
 Or who, among the seats divine,
 Display such wondrous works as thine ?

6 Behold, their Maker taught to own,
 Earth's future sons before thy throne

In Sion, suppliant kneel, and raise
To Israel's God their joyful lays.

7 Eternal excellency! thy hand
At will shall nature's pow'r command ;
Thy wonders, through her confines wide,
She speaks, nor owns a God beside.

8 O give me, Lord, thy paths to tread,
And, while thy truth my steps shall lead,
That faithful guide by Thee assign'd,
Train to thy fear my willing mind.

9 My heart, by sacred zeal impell'd,
To Thee the grateful song shall yield ;
My tongue, the witness of thy fame,
Thy boundless glory shall proclaim.

10 Long as I breathe the vital air,
Thy love my loudest praise shall share,
Whose aid my soul with health has crown'd,
And snatch'd me from the pit profound.

The Righteous entreats that his Enemies may be taught to know that God is his Protector.

11 Thou seest, my God, the sons of pride,
In leagues of violence allied,
(Thy fear behind them thrown) my way
Surround, and mark me for their prey.

12 But well my great Preserver knows
To weigh, and to relieve my woes ;
Sustain'd by his Almighty aid,
What danger can my soul invade ?

13 Long is thy patience, slow thine ire ;
Eternal mercy, mightiest Sire,
Thy word (on that my trust I build,)
And unrepeating truth have seal'd.

14 My griefs with tend'rest pity view,
 With strength thy servant's heart renew,
 And instant from th' expecting grave,
 The offspring of thy handmaid save.

11 O grant me, Lord, some fav'ring sign,
 Some pledge, that may bespeak me thine,
 That, stung with shame, my foes may see
 What aid, what bliss, I boast in Thee.

PSALM LXXXVII.

*The Stability of the Church, and the Increase of God's
 Worshippers.*

1 Fix'd on the holy mountains stands
 Thy solid base ; by chosen hands
 Uprear'd the tow'rs conspicuous rise
 In awful splendor to the skies.

2 Throughout its wide extended coasts
 No city Jacob's region boasts,
 Whose gates, O Sion, share like thine
 The favour of the hand divine.

3 Thee God the mansion of his rest,
 And seat of empire, has confess'd,
 While thus aloud to latest days
 His heav'nly edict speaks thy praise.

4 Amidst the souls that own my sway,
 And learn my precepts to obey,
 Thy sons, O Nile, shall find a place,
 And Babylon's accepted race.

5 Nor thine, O Tyre, nor Midian, thine,
 Nor whom Philistia's bounds confine,
 Excluded from my thought shall stand,
 But mixt with Sion's sacred band.

6 Each tenant of the peopled earth
 Shall claim from her his happy birth ;
 Aliens no more, within her seat
 Behold th' united myriads meet.

7 Joyous they tread her blest abode,
 The Israel and the heirs of God ;
 That God, whose pow'r upholds her state,
 And seals to endless time her date.

The happy Union and agreement of the Godly. The Church is the Fountain of all Purity and Joy.

8 When on the page, whose wide extent
 Shall Adam's num'rous line present,
 Each kindred, family, and tribe,
 Th' eternal censor shall inscribe ;—

9 His hand th' adopted names shall there
 Thy natives, Solyma, declare,
 And bid them with thy sons reside
 In concord's strictest bands allied.

10 Hark, how the trump, and tuneful tongue
 The sacred jubilee prolong,
 To notes of loudest triumph rise,
 And echo to the distant skies !

11 While I, (thy Maker, God, and King,)
 I, Salem, bid the living spring
 Amid thee yield its copious store,
 And crown with health thy happy shore.

The Prayer of the Righteous in the Time of Sickness and Adversity.

1 God of my health ! to Thee by day,
 To Thee by night, aloud I pray :

O bend thine ear, and let my cries
Accepted to thy throne arise.

2 Satiate of griefs, with downward feet
I seek the hollow grave's retreat,
And, strengthless, mingle with the train
That fill its melancholy reign.

3 A guest familiar of the dead,
Lo, in the dust I make my bed,
As one, on whom thy stroke its aim
Directs, and blots from earth his name.

4 As, lost to ev'ry human eye,
Deep in the lowest pit I lie,
Thy wrath incumbent whelms me o'er,
And all thy billows round me roar.

5 No friendly feet approach me nigh,
But backward all abhorrent fly ;
With horror struck, the sight forego,
And shun th' infection of my woe.

*Death is a State wherein no Man can exert himself
in displaying the divine Praises.*

6 Within my prison fast immur'd,
My eye with sorrow's mist obscure'd,
With ceaseless moan my suppliant hand
To Thee, great Monarch, I expand.

7 Shall, whom the bands of death infold,
The wonders of thy pow'r behold,
And, starting from the tomb, thy name
In hymns of joyful praise proclaim ?

8 Shall echo on thy mercies dwell
Amid the dark sepulchral cell ?
Or, through destruction's vaults profound,
Thy truth, eternal God, resound ?

9 Shall regions, that exclude the day,
 Thy miracles to view display,
 And pale oblivion's confines drear
 The records of thy justice hear?

The Psalmist complains that the severest Trials have been his Lot, almost from his Childhood.

10 To Thee I call; to Thee in pray'r
 At earliest dawn disclose my care:
 Lord! why hast thou my soul repell'd?
 Why thus thy quick'ning beams withheld?

11 Ere yet to manly years I grew,
 My fainting heart thy terrors knew,
 And through succeeding life sustains
 A long vicissitude of pains.

12 Beneath thy heavy hand I groan;
 Woes heap'd on woes come rolling on,
 And o'er me hang, ordain'd by Thee,
 Tremendous as a swelling sea.

13 Each friend, that wont my board to share,
 Each kind consoler of my care,
 As round I look, my sight evades,
 And seeks concealment's thickest shades

God's Mercy and Truth the Subject of perpetual Praise.

1 My grateful tongue, immortal King,
 Thy mercy shall for ever sing;
 My verse to time's remotest day
 Thy truth in sacred notes display.

2 That mercy (thus thy voice mine ear
 Bespeaks,) on firmest base I rear;

That truth in heav'n my lips command
From age to age confirm'd to stand.

3 My love to Jesse's son reveal'd
'Th' irrevocable oath has seal'd ;
Th' irrevocable oath is sworn,
Nought shall my steady purpose turn.

4 Blest object of my choice ! thy line,
Protected by the hand divine,
In long descent thy throne shall heir,
Nor rolling years their pow'r impair.

God's Works in the Firmament, and his People in the Church, show forth his Glory and Majesty.

5 Thy acts, great God, heav'n's lofty seat
With awful wonder shall repeat ;
Assembled saints their voice shall raise,
And ev'ry tongue proclaim thy praise.

6 O say, what strength shall vie with thine ?
What name among the seats divine,
Of equal excellence possess'd,
Thy sov'reignty, great God, contest ?

7 Ye tribes, that form his chosen choir,
Let Israel's God your fear inspire,
Ye natives of each neighb'ring shore,
With prostrate hearts his pow'r adore.

*A Description of the miraculous Works of God.—
All his Proceedings are distinguished by Righteousness, Equity, Truth, and Mercy.*

8 Thee, Lord, heav'n's hosts their leader own ;
Thee, might unbounded, Thee alone,
With endless majesty has crown'd,
And faith unsullied vests Thee round.

9 'Tis thine the ocean's rage to guide,
 And calm at will its swelling tide ;
 From Thee the deep inflicted wound,
 Her guilt's just portion, Egypt found.

10 When, rang'd in fight, the lawless band
 Thy pow'r, presumptuous, durst withstand,
 Each foe thine arm beheld with dread,
 And back in wild confusion fled.

11 The heav'n above, and earth below,
 Thee, Lord, their great possessor know ;
 By Thee this orb to being rose,
 And all that nature's bounds inclose.

12 While Tabor's brow, with ev'ning red,
 And eastern Hermon's unshorn head,
 Wide through their echoing groves thy name
 In songs of grateful joy proclaim ;—

13 From Thee amid th' ethereal space
 The north and south assume their place ;
 Strong is thine arm ; thy stedfast will
 Thy hands with sure effect fulfil.

14 Lo ! justice, 'mid th' ethereal plain,
 And equity thy throne sustain,
 And white-rob'd truth and mercy fair
 Thy steps precede, thy path prepare.

The Happiness and Security of God's People.

15 O, blest the tribes, whose willing ear
 Awakes the festal shout to hear ;
 Who thankful see, where'er they tread,
 Thy fav'ring beams around them spread.

16 How shall they joy from day to day
 Thy boundless mercy to display,

Thy righteousness, indulgent Lord,
With holy confidence record !

17 By full experience taught to know
What blessings from thy bounty flow,
Thy strength their surest help they deem,
Thy grace their dignity supreme.

18 Behold, ye saints, behold a shield
In Israel's aid by God upheld ;
Behold exalted to the throne
A king, whom he has seal'd his own.

A Prophecy concerning the distinguished Prince and Ruler, whom God promises to guard, and crown with Prosperity.

19 Thy visions, Lord, from heav'n reveal'd,
The raptur'd prophet has beheld,
And thus thy voice in awful strains
The purpose of thy love explains.

20 To one selected from thy line,
Thy safety, Jacob, I consign,
And, cloth'd with strength, before thine eyes
High o'er his equals bid him rise.

21 See David, prompt my will t' obey :
On him th' important charge I lay,
And copious on his favour'd head
The consecrating unction shed.

22 My hand shall hold him fast ; my care
From each assault, from ev'ry snare,
Shall guard him ; nigh me shall he stand
Safe from each proud oppressor's hand.

23 When hostile crowds his wrath provoke,
With certain and resistless stroke

My arm shall crush the impious train,
And load with slaughter'd heaps the plain.

24 On mercy and on truth divine
Behold him, nor in vain, recline
His trust, and, by my strength upborne,
Aloft, exulting, lift the horn ;—
25 While (such my will) o'er subject lands
In wide extent are stretch'd his hands ;
Beneath his left the ocean rolls,
His right th' Assyrian flood controls.

David acknowledges God's Protection. Kings are made to serve him. God's Promise to him and his Posterity is unchangeable.

26 Thou art my father, (thus my name,
David, instinct with grateful flame,
Aloud shall hail;) my God in Thee,
And rock of sure defence, I see.
27 Him, pleas'd, my first-born I avow,
Bid mightiest kings before him bow,
And blessings to his reach expand,
Insur'd by compact's sacred band.
28 Transferr'd by me from sire to son,
To heav'n's extremest date his throne
Shall last ; if to my laws his line,
With grateful zeal, their steps incline.
29 But should their hearts reject my sway,
Fond in forbidden paths to stray,
My rod their trespass shall pursue,
My scourge their stubborn will subdue.
30 Yet never, never, shall my love
From him its steady beams remove ;

Ne'er shall my truth forget to guard
 The promise by my lips declar'd.

31 To David, once, (nor need I more,)
 Once by my sanctity I swore,
 That, cherish'd by my care, his race
 Thy throne, O Judah, long shall grace ;—

32 Long as the sun, with welcome ray,
 Shall warinth and life to earth convey,
 Or thou, O moon, in circuit wide
 The witness of my compact glide.

—

God seems to have withdrawn his Aid from the King.

33 Repuls'd, alas ! contemn'd by Thee,
 Th' anointed of thy hand we see
 No more thy plighted mercy share,
 But doom'd thy wrath, just God, to bear.

34 With countless woes he strives ; his crown
 Low in the dust by Thee is thrown ;
 No more his forts ascend on high,
 But, fall'n, in heapy ruins lie.

35 No more his walls the war exclude ;
 But, passers-by with insult rude
 His rights invade, and nations round
 His ear with keen reproaches wound.

36 Behold, while rang'd in close array
 Insulting hosts around him stay,
 Their hand by thine uprais'd, each foe
 Aims at his head the dreadful blow.

37 With fiercest joy their bosom burns,
 While back with edge rebated turns
 His sword, and, thy support withheld,
 His vanquish'd legions quit the field.

38 His pow'r extinct, his lustre gone,
 On earth, subverted, lies his throne ;
 Age on his youth has stol'n ; and shame
 With thickest cloud obscures his fame.

The Shortness of Life, and Certainty of Death.

39 How long shall I, with anguish torn,
 Thy face, my God, averted mourn ?
 How long behold, in dire amaze,
 Thy wrath with flames incessant blaze ?
 40 O weigh within thy thought my state !
 How frail my life ! how short its date !
 Why is thine art employ'd in vain,
 Or man created but to pain ?
 41 O leave not, Lord, my doubtful mind
 To sad inquietude resign'd,
 While thus through varied scenes of woe
 With hast'ning step to death we go.
 42 For who shall boast, of human frame,
 Exemption from his doom to claim,
 Or, arm'd with native might, withstand
 The sepulchre's rapacious hand ?

*The King entreats the Almighty to extend that Mercy
 which he had promised by an Oath, and blesses God.*

43 Say, Lord, where's now the love, O where,
 Which erst thy lips to David sware ?
 That love by truth eternal seal'd,
 Again to view, great Father, yield.
 44 O think what wrongs thy servants bear,
 Wrongs pour'd on me in largest share,
 As deep within my silent breast
 Each offer'd insult I digest.

4.5 Elate with pow'r, the nations round
 My ear with keen reproaches wound,
 And impious crowds his steps revile,
 Whom Thou hast touch'd with sacred oil.

4.6 O wise in all thy works! thy name
 Let man's whole race aloud proclaim,
 And, grateful, through the length of days,
 In ceaseless songs repeat thy praise.

PSALM XC.

*The Eternity of the Supreme Being. The Frailty
 of Mankind.*

1 THEE, Lord, their dwelling, Thee alone
 From earliest age thy people own;
 Thee, Lord, with fullest confidence
 They boast their refuge and defence.

2 Ere yet the mountains rose to birth,
 Ere yet their form the heav'ns and earth
 Assum'd, Thou cloth'd in light divine
 Hast shone, and shalt for ever shine.

3 Thou to the sons of human kind
 In short extension hast assign'd
 Their term, and bid them, at its end,
 Low to their native dust descend.

4 To Thee as yesterday appears
 The prospect of a thousand years;
 And ages, roll'd successive on,
 Quick as the circling watch are gone.

5 As plants that drink the nightly show'r,
 Refresh'd by sleep's irriguous pow'r
 At morn they flourish: ev'ning nigh,
 Cropt like the plant, they fade and die.

6 Thy hand with unremitting force
 In mid progression stops our course,
 While storms of vengeance round us roll,
 And whelm in dread our conscious soul.

Men cannot conceal their Sins from God. Our Life is short and full of Misery. God's Anger is dreadful. A Prayer that God would teach us to live prudently and piously.

7 Thine eyes our inmost guilt can read ;
 Thy presence, Lord, on each misdeed,
 That studious shuns the sight of day,
 Resistless darts its searching ray.

8 See, fast as words dissolv'd in air,
 While crimes on crimes thy justice dare,
 Our days in rapid flight consume,
 And bear us onward to the tomb.

9 Its date to sev'nty years confin'd,
 If aught of life remain behind,
 If nature yet a ten years' day
 Indulge us, ere her debt we pay,—

10 Our strength but weakness then we know,
 And added age but lengthen'd woe ;
 Stripp'd of our pride, we close our span,
 And vanish from the eye of man.

11 O, who thy terrors justly weighs ?
 Who to thy pow'r submissive pays
 The homage due ? Thy vengeance drear
 They feel proportion'd to their fear.

12 Teach us, kind Lord, O teach us Thou
 To count life's moments as they flow,
 And, while its end our thoughts survey,
 By wisdom's line to guide our way.

A Prayer that God would comfort his People after their Sorrows, and afford them an Opportunity to meditate on the Blessings they had received.

13 Return, all-potent Lord, return :
 How long shall we thy absence mourn ?
 Return, and let thy wonted love
 With speediest aid our griefs remove.

14 Thy mercy, to our souls reveal'd,
 Satiety of bliss shall yield,
 And, while thy breath our life prolongs,
 With grateful mirth inspire our tongues.

15 That mercy, mightiest Lord, display ;
 And bid at length some happier day
 Compensate with its joys the years
 Consign'd to sorrow, groans, and tears.

16 Author of good, thy work mature ;
 Let Israel's tribes, in Thee secure,
 From age to age the blessings trace
 Entail'd on their distinguish'd race.

17 O let thy Majesty divine
 On us in perfect beauty shine,
 And streaming copious o'er our head
 Its mildest beams around us spread.

18 And while, new scenes of hope to view
 Disclos'd, our labour we pursue,
 O may thy hand with full success
 That hope confirm, that labour bless.

PSALM XCI.

Nothing shall approach to hurt the faithful Man, who is safe under God's Protection.

1 WHO makes Omnipotence his aid,
 Who rests beneath Jehovali's shade,

And joyful cries, "My God, in Thee
 "My fortress and my hope I see;"—

2 How blest that man!—Thy Maker's care
 Shall snatch thee from the hunter's snare;
 When sick'ning nature's pow'rs shall fail,
 No fatal stroke shall thee assail.

3 His wings around thee shall be spread,
 His pinions guard thy favour'd head;
 His truth, thy all-protecting shield,
 From hostile rage a shelter yield.

4 Hail, favour'd man! nor terror pale
 By night shall o'er thy soul prevail,
 Nor shaft, that aims its flight by day,
 Thy guiltless bosom shall dismay;—

5 Nor plague, that with gigantic stride
 In darkness walks its circuit wide,
 Nor sultry blast, whose dreaded breath
 Taints the meridian air with death.

6 Though thousands by thy side are slain,
 And myriads round thee press the plain,
 No dart shall thy destruction dare,
 Or wound whom God has bid to spare.

Sinners feel the Weight of God's Wrath. Angels guard the Righteous, whom the Almighty rewards with long Life and Salvation.

7 See God on each transgressor's head
 The fulness of his vengeance shed;
 Thy foes, just man, by him o'erthrown,
 Still shalt thou pass in triumph on;—

8 And, since thy heart, to God resign'd,
 In Him its refuge boasts to find,
 No dangers shall thy path await,
 Or touch thine interdicted gate.

- 9 While round Thee plac'd, th' angelic train
Thy steps with tend'rest care sustain,
Safe shalt thou walk through ways unknown,
Nor strike thy foot against the stone.
- 10 Go, fearless on the dragon tread,
And press the prostrate lion's head ;
Behold the tyrant of the wood
In vain with youthful strength indu'd ;—
- 11 Behold the serpent (in his veins
Though half the poison of the plains
Be lodg'd,) before thee vanquish'd lie,
And close in death his languid eye.
- 12 Thy dutous zeal, thy filial love,
I mark, and all thy acts approve ;
For this, thy head aloft I rear,
And bow to thy requests my ear.
- 13 Thy fears, thy sorrows I attend,
Thy God, thy guardian, and thy friend ;
Thy years prolong, and to thy heart
My health-dispensing grace impart.

PSALM XCII.

*The Delight and Joy of singing and proclaiming God's
Mercy, Truth, and wondrous Works.*

- 1 How blest the task, with fervent heart
To summon from the tuneful art
Its succours, and thy name record,
O Thou, whoni nature owns her Lord !
- 2 Thy houndless mercies, heav'nly King,
At morning's earliest hour to sing,
And, rapt in praise, thy truth to tell,
When night's dark shades around us dwell.
- 3 While with the ten-string'd instrument
The psalt'ry's measur'd strains consent,

And o'er the harp each liquid note
 With solemn sound is taught to float.
 4 How have thy acts my wakeful breast
 With rapt'rous gratitude impress'd !
 How joys my tongue, with holy flame
 Inspir'd, thy wonders to proclaim !

The Pleasure of contemplating God's Grace and Providence, which thoughtless Men disregard. The Wicked perish, but God reigns for ever.

5 With what delight, great God, I trace
 Each act of thy stupendous grace !
 Great are the works thy hand has wrought,
 And deep beyond all search thy thought.
 6 Thy acts the minds of brutish mould
 With unregarding eye behold,
 And, strangers to thy wise design,
 In erring censure madly join ;—
 7 Nor know, that, when the impious band,
 Fresh as the flow'r, conspicuous stand,
 Mature for death their heads they rear,
 And swift destruction waits them near.
 8 But Thou above the starry plain
 In endless majesty shalt reign :
 And downward from th' ethereal height
 O'er subject worlds extend thy might.

God's Enemies will be destroyed, while the Righteous shall prosper, and declare his Goodness.

9 Thy foes, eternal God, thy foes
 In death's long sleep their eyes shall close,
 And all, whose hearts thy pow'r defy,
 In wide dispersion backward fly.

10 While I, by heav'nly might upborne,
 Strong as the oryx lift the horn ;
 And o'er my head in copious show'rs
 Thy oil its richest fragrance pours.

11 When factious crowds against me rise,
 With scenes of triumph Thou inine eyes
 Shall satiate, and their full defeat
 My ears with happiest news shall greet.

12 Fair, as amidst their native bed
 The stately palms their branches spread,
 Or cedars, tow'ring to the skies,
 On Lebanon's broad summit rise ;—

13 Within thy courts the just shall stand,
 And, nourish'd by thy fost'ring hand,
 Blest objects of thy constant care,
 The bounties of thy love shall share.

14 Their fruits, each blast by Thee repell'd,
 To latest age they still shall yield
 In large increase, through life's whole round,
 With health and youthful verdure crown'd.

15 Thy goodness shall their lips record,
 (God of my strength) thy ev'ry word
 In truth's unvarying balance weigh'd,
 Thy ev'ry act by justice sway'd.

PSALM XCIII.

*The Majesty, Eternity, Power, Truth, and Holiness
 of God.*

1 THE Lord th' eternal sceptre rears,
 And nature's pow'r observant hears
 Whate'er his will enjoins :
 His head with purest splendors crown'd,
 With majesty he vests him round,
 And girds with strength his loins.

2 Encircled by th' ethereal space,
And fix'd by him on firmest base,
 The earth's vast orb appears ;
From earliest age, great God, thy throne
Aloft in heav'n prepar'd has shone ;
 Nor numbers time thy years.

3 A scene of horror strikes my eyes ;
The floods, my God, the floods arise,
 And lift their voice on high ;
What pow'r shall curb the headlong tide ?
What bid the swelling waves subside,
 And clear the stormy sky ?

4 Thee o'er all height exalted, Thee
The deeps revere ; at thy decree
 The waves their rage resign :
Fix'd are the laws by Thee ordain'd ;
And truth and sanctity unstain'd
 Adorn thy awful shrine.

PSALM XCIV.

1 Prayer for God's Vengeance against Tyrants and Oppressors.

1 THOU God, with vengeance arm'd, appear ;
Thou God, with vengeance arm'd, whose fear
The earth (for Thee her judge she knows)
Submissive owns, thy pow'r disclose.

2 O instant from thy seat arise,
Each bold transgressor to chastise ;
Let justice to the sons of pride
Thy stroke with aim unerring guide.

3 How long shall impious crowds, how long,
With haughtiest insult arm their tongue ?
How long in bitt'rest gall each word
Infuse, and boast their conqu'ring sword ?

4 Thy flock, great God, their fury own ;
 Beneath their stroke thy people groan ;
 And long thy heritage have borne
 Their keen reproach and hostile scorn.

5 Their hands remorseless to the tomb
 The widow and the stranger doom ;
 Nor innocence nor tend'rest age
 Can shield the orphan from their rage.

*The Folly of supposing that human Actions can escape
 the all-seeing Eye of Providence.*

6 " Ne'er shall our deeds in heav'n be known,"
 The sinners cry, " or reach the throne
 " Of Israel's Lord."—Ye fools and blind !
 Return, and seek a better mind.

7 Say, when shall wisdom's light serene
 Your souls from error's childhood wean ?
 Who knew to plant the ear, shall He
 Not hear ? who form'd the eye, not see ?

8 Shall aught of guilt his search evade,
 Who bids the nations he has made,
 Inform'd by his paternal care,
 The gifts of various science share,—

9 Who reason in the bosom pours,
 Its growth improves, its fruit matures,
 Each counsel of the human brain
 Weighs in his scale, and stamps in vain ?

*The Happiness and Security of him who delights in
 Righteousness.*

10 O, blest the man, for ever blest,
 Whose faithful heart by Thee impress'd,

Eternal Teacher, from thy laws
The lessons of his conduct draws ;—

11 Who, shelter'd from the evil day,
Its distant dangers shall survey,
And wait till Thou the pit prepare
For each, whose crimes thy vengeance dare.

12 Ne'er from the children of his love
Shall heav'n's high Lord his care remove,
Or to the foes of Israel's line
His purchas'd heritage resign.

13 For judgment shall its seat assume,
Triumphant ; while its equal doom
Each heart to virtue's cause a friend
With conscious transport shall attend.

14 Say, who with me will plight the hand,
With me the sons of guilt withstand ?
Had God his aiding pow'r withheld,
How had my soul in silencee dwell'd !

15 But when my foot with fault'ring tread
Suggested to my thought a dread,
Thy love, its speediest care applied,
Forbade my dubious steps to slide.

*God relieves the devout Man's Sorrows, and preserves
him from his cruel Foes, whom he destroys.*

16 While deepest woe my bosom tries,
And thoughts with thoughts conflicting rise,
Thy comforts, Lord, my soul sustain,
And calm my fears, and soothe my pain.

17 Shall proud oppression's lawless chair
In thy alliance find a share,
Whose mandates to the impious tribe
Their tasks of cruelty prescribe ?

18 See willing myriads, at its word
 Assembled, grasp the hostile sword,
 In guiltless blood their thirst allay,
 And mark the righteous for their prey.

19 But God, my refuge and my shield,
 Firm on himself my trust shall build :
 To him, my soul, for help repair,
 Who makes the faithful heart his care.

20 That Lord, whom Israel's sons adore,
 Their sin shall in their lap restore,
 Their steps with certain vengeance trace,
 And root from earth th' offending race.

PSALM XCV.

An Exhortation to praise God, and sing Psalms in his Presence, for he is the Creator and Governor of the World.

1 O come, and to th' eternal King
 New songs of triumph let us sing ;
 With holy transport him alone
 The strength of our salvation own ;—

2 Admitted to his presence pay
 The tribute of the grateful lay,
 And, while his acts our mirth inspire,
 Wake to his praise the vocal lyre.

3 Extended wide beyond all bound,
 Beyond all height, his pow'r is found,
 Nor lord, with him, nor gods beside
 The honours of his throne divide.

4 Earth's stores, throughout its inmost frame,
 He, great proprietor, shall claim ;
 Your range, ye cloud-transcending hills,
 His pow'r commands, his presence fills.

5 Enrich'd by his prolific hand,
 In him the all-productive land,
 In him the sea, that rounds its shore,
 Their Maker and their Lord adore.

6 O come, and let your knees with mine
 To him in lowliest homage join ;
 To him, for he your pray'rs will hear,
 To him your suppliant voices rear.

7 In him your God, your Father see,
 The people of his pasture ye,
 The flock, that, guided by his care,
 The blessings of his bounty share.

God cautions Judah not to follow the Example of his stubborn Ancestors, whom he severely punished.

8 O Judah, if in this thy day
 My will thou purpose to obey,
 Steel not thy breast to truths divine,
 As erst the fathers of thy line ;—

9 Whose bands th' inclosing desert saw,
 Rebellious to the heav'n-taught law,
 With mad presumption from my hand
 The signals of my pow'r demand.

10 Their eyes the wish'd-for sight obtain ;
 Iudulg'd, require it yet again ;
 Such their demand a heart betray'd
 Distrustful of my promis'd aid.

11 Through forty years the cireling sun
 Bcheld their date of merey run,
 As, griev'd, I strove, but strove in vain,
 Their growing frenzy to restrain.

12 Behold a race, at length I cried,
 Whose heart from me has swerv'd aside,

(By error's pow'r subdu'd,) nor known
That wisdom's paths and mine are one.

13 My oath, for by myself I swear,
My kindled anger shall declare,
And bar them from my rest, decreed
To faithful Abraham's chosen seed.

PSALM XCVI.

The whole World exhorted to praise God for his Goodness and Mercy in the Redemption of Mankind.

1 SING to the Lord some new-taught song ;
Earth, to his praise the note prolong ;
With rapt'rous zeal, with holy flame
Inspir'd, his benefits proclaim.

2 Bless, bless his name ; from day to day
Let his salvation prompt the lay,
Till realms remote his acts have known
And man's whole race his wonders own.

3 Great is the Lord, and great his praise :
What god like him our fear can raise ?
Not such as heathen lands afford,
Created first, and then ador'd.

4 Creation him its Lord avow'd,
When erst the arch of heav'n he bow'd ;
And light and majesty divine
With fadeless splendor grace his shrine.

5 Let ev'ry people, ev'ry tribe,
Pow'r, glory, strength, to him ascribe ;
Let farthest realms converted join
In homage to the name divine.

6 Yield to that name the honours due ;
Oft to his courts your way pursue

With solemn step, and joyful bring
The off'ring to your heav'nly King.

7 Before the beauty of his shrine,
Ye saints, in low prostration join ;
Ye natives of each distant shore,
His pow'r revere, his name adore.

Jehovah is the Universal King. He will judge the World in Truth and Righteousness.

8 O tell to all, whom earth sustains,
O tell them that Jehovah reigns,
That, fix'd by his Almighty hand,
Its pond'rous orb unmov'd shall stand.

9 O tell to all, whom earth sustains,
O tell them, that Jehovah reigns,
And all, who issue from its womb,
Reeeive from him th' unerring doom.

10 Exult, ye heav'ns ; exult, O earth ;
And, partner in the saered mirth,
Let ocean in its fulness rise,
And thunder to the distant skies.

11 Rich in his gifts, ye fields, rejoice ;
While in his praise the woods their voiee
Exalt, and hail with lowly nod
The presenee of th' approaching God.

12 He comes, in awful pomp array'd,
He comes, to judge the world he made :
Truth shall with him the cause decide,
And equity his sentenee guide.

The Majesty of God's Kingdom. The Effects of his Power. The Disgrace and Madness of Idolatry.

1 To God belongs th' eternal sway ;
Let earth with joy his will obey ;

Exult, ye isles, that crown the main,
Blest in his mild auspicious reign.

- 2 The station'd clouds around him meet,
And darkness rolls beneath his feet ;
While equity and truth combine
To rear aloft his awful shrine.
- 3 Before him walks the wasting fire ;
Wrapt in the blast his foes expire ;
While earth, convuls'd, in dire dismay,
Beholds the fork'y lightnings play,—
- 4 And down, like wax before the flame,
Down flows the mountain's solid frame,
That late, ambitious, met the sky ;
For God, the world's great Lord, is nigh.
- 5 His righteous acts the heav'ns display,
His fame from pole to pole convey,
And bid the majesty divine
To ev'ry eye conspicuous shine.
- 6 Shame to the wretch, that wood and stones
The objects of his homage owns,
And frantic to the creature pays
The Maker's interverted praise.
- 7 Ye gods, his sov'reign might avow,
And rev'rent at his footstool bow ;
Submissive at the hallow'd shrine
Adore the Majesty divine.

*The Mercies of God are the Subjects of Praise to the
Faithful, who are exhorted to persist in their Piety
and Gratitude.*

- 8 Well pleas'd thy counsels, Lord, to hear,
Imperial Salem bows the ear ;
And Judah's happy daughters sing
The mercies of th' eternal King.

9 Thou, Lord, in majesty serene
 Exalted o'er the earth art seen ;
 What pow'r, great God, shall boast a name
 Like thine ? like Thee our homage claim ?

10 Ye souls, with love divine impress'd,
 Just to its precepts, sin detest ;
 Averse from each injurious art,
 Let evil from your thoughts depart.

11 Each fear deliver'd to the wind,
 In God your certain refuge find,
 Whose pow'r proteets the pious band,
 Though myriads leagu'd against them stand.

12 To you, ye good, to you alone
 The seeds of heav'nly light are sown,
 That wake within the human breast
 Joys ne'er by human tongue express'd.

13 O crown'd with mercies from above,
 To God your grateful zeal approve :
 His sanctity revere ; his name
 In hymns of loudest praise proclaim.

PSALM XCVIII.

*An Exhortation to praise God for the Redemption and
 Salvation of the World.*

1 SING to the God, whom we adore ;
 O sing, in lays unheard before,
 The mercies shown us from above,
 The wonders of redeeming love ;
 His powerful hand salvation sends,
 And conquest on his arm attends.

2 His justice through the world has shin'd ;
 His truth, with endless mercy join'd,
 Now seals the promise of his grace
 To faithful Abraham's chosen race ;

And earth, to just obedience aw'd,
Has own'd her Saviour and her God.

3 Ye distant realms, your voice employ
In shouts of gratitude and joy ;
Let hymns of rapture swell each throat ;
Call from the harp th' according note ;
On the shrill trump your mirth prolong,
And sound the cornet to the song.

4 To Him, who claims th' eternal sway,
To Him the vocal tribute pay ;
Him let the hoarse resounding tide,
With all that in its depths reside,
Praise, thank, and bless, in loudest strains ;
Him, earth, and all whom earth sustains.

5 Ye floods, triumphant clap the hand ;
Ye cloud-topt hills, exulting stand ;
See, thron'd aloft in awful state,
While man's whole race the sentence wait,
The Judge supreme his scale assume,
And equity directs the doom.

PSALM XCIX.

*God reigneth over all. The Equity and Uprightness
of his Judgments worthy of everlasting Praise.*

1 JEHOVAH reigns : ye nations own,
With prostrate hearts, his sway ;
Betwixt the cherubs stands his throne ;
Earth ! tremble and obey.

2 His rule, in Sion long confest,
O'er all extends ; his name
Shall hallow with its fear each breast,
Each tongue with zeal inflame.

3 Thy pow'r with equity allied
Through time's long course has stood,

Thy judgments Jacob, Lord, has tried,
And knows them just and good.

4 Let each, with humble joy elate,
Before thy footstool bow ;
Thee, ceaseless, praise ; for who so great,
So holy, Lord, as Thou ?

The Example of Moses, Aaron, and Samuel is proposed for the Imitation of the Godly.

5 By God with sacred honours crown'd,
See Moses, Aaron see,
And Samuel, ever faithful found,
To him incline the knee.

6 To him the favour'd three aloud
The frequent vow preferr'd,
And instant from the pillar'd cloud
His awful answer heard.

7 With wakeful zeal their bosoms burn'd ;
Observant of his will,
With joy the heav'nly precept learn'd,
And hasten'd to fulfil.

8 To Thee, great God, their ev'ry pray'r
In full acceptance rose ;
Thy hand their weakness knew to spare,
And, pitying, heal'd their woes.

9 Yet could thy wrath, when sin had dar'd
Their erring breast to stain,
Deal to their guilt its just reward,
And vindicate thy reign.

10 Let each, with humble joy elate,
On Sion's mountain bow ;
Thee, ceaseless, praise : for who so great,
So holy, Lord, as Thou ?

PSALM C.

The Duty of all to praise God joyfully for their Creation and Preservation. His Goodness, Truth, and Mercy are unchangeable and everlasting.

- 1 YE tribes of earth, in God rejoice,
His presence hail with thankful voice ;
To him your willing homage pay,
And wake the tributary lay.
- 2 Submissive to his will, in him
Behold the God of gods supreme ;
Nor lords with him, nor gods beside
The honours of his throne divide.
- 3 With conscious wonder oft survey'd,
He, not ourselves, our frame has made ;
The subjects of his pow'r we stand,
The sheep that own his guiding hand.
- 4 O, enter then his gates with praise,
To him your loudest accents raise,
With grateful hearts his love proclaim,
And bless, O bless his awful name.
- 5 For truth in him and mercy live ;
That truth shall time itself survive,
That mercy through the length of days
Unclouded pour its healing rays.

PSALM CI.

The Psalmist prepares himself for the Reception of God's Holy Spirit. He will have no Connexion with the Wicked, the Proud, and the Slanderous.

- 1 MERCY, judgment, now my tongue
Makes the subject of its song ;
Lord ! to whom then shall I sing,
But to Thee, th' eternal King ?

2 Wisdom shall my footsteps guide,
 Nor permit my feet to slide,
 Or from thy all-perfect way,
 Lost in paths of sin, to stray.

3 Come, O come, celestial guest,
 Let my roof with Thee be blest ;
 Let thy beams effulgent play,
 And within my mansion stay.

4 Lo ! my heart with studious care
 For thy presence I prepare,
 And my dwelling's full extent
 Spotless to thy view present.

5 Ne'er shall my presumptuous hand
 Dare to break thy just command ;
 Ne'er within me shalt Thou find
 Aught that speaks a faithless mind.

6 Serv'd by none who serve not Thee,
 Let me not the impious see ;
 Let the wretch of froward heart
 From my gate repuls'd depart.

7 Let the man of lofty eye,
 Scornful mien, and stomach high,
 And the tongue to slander bred,
 Learn my heaviest wrath to dread.

*The King invites the Pious and Upright to join him
 in the Performance of his religious Duties, but banishes the False and Faithless from his Presence.*

8 Come, ye faithful, just, and good,
 Eager for the bright abode ;
 Come, ye pure in heart, O come,
 Sure with me to find a home.

9 Pleas'd I see the pious band,
 Round my throne attendant stand,
 And in sacred homage join
 To their own great Lord and mine.

10 Hence, ye children of deceit,
 From my threshold turn your feet ;
 Let the soul, that dares a lie,
 Instant from my presence fly.

11 Soon, O Judah, shall my hand
 Root th' offenders from thy land ;
 Soon my guilt-avenging rod
 Purge the city of my God.

PSALM CII.

The Psalmist beseeches God to hear his Prayer, and pity his Sorrows.

1 HEAR, Lord, my pray'r, and let my cries
 Accepted to thy throne arise ;
 O turn not Thou thy face away,
 Nor longer my relief delay.

2 Lord, mark my sorrows from on high,
 And pitying to my call reply ;
 Fast as the mounting smoke decays,
 On time's light pinion flit my days.

3 My bones the hearth's fierce heat sustain ;
 My heart the herbage of the plain
 Resembles, o'er whose leaves have pass'd
 The fervors of the southern blast.

4 For ah ! forgetful of my food,
 Incessant o'er my griefs I brood,
 While struggling groans their weight proclaim,
 And waste with toil my languid frame.

5 Not the wide desert's confines drear
 Laments of louder accent hear,

When, 'midst the solitary gloom,
The birds of night their plaints resume ;—

6 When, 'midst its fens, with dismal note
The pelican distends her throat,
Or to the winds in lengthen'd strains
The self-sequest'ring owl complains ;—

7 Nor vents its sister-bird a moan
So deep, when on the roof alone
She sits ; whose woes, like mine, affright
The silence of the tedious night.

*The good Man's Distress. Afflictions ruin his Health
and Strength. God exists to all Eternity.*

8 From morn till eve extends its veil,
Reproaches keen my ears assail ;
And, leagu'd by mutual oaths, my foes
With fierce intent my steps inclose.

9 See ashes, scatter'd o'er my head,
Mix, undistinguish'd, with my bread ;
By languor, care, and grief oppress'd,
With groans perpetual heaves my breast.

10 See mingled tears my cup supply ;
Since first thy wrathful arm on high
Caught me amaz'd, and swiftly round
Reverting hurl'd me on the ground.

11 As fades the shadow of the sun,
With quick decline my moments run,
My life, just verging to its close,
With rapid course unheeded flows.

12 My form is wasted, and my face,
Its vernal bloom and youthful grace
Extinguish'd, withers on the eye,
As plants beneath a hostile sky,

13 But Thou, blest guard of Israel's fold,
 Shalt ages see on ages roll'd,
 And, thron'd above, to endless days
 Extend thy honour, name, and praise.

The sad Condition of God's City and People. Kings shall be struck with Amazement at the Restoration of Jerusalem, for which those yet unborn shall praise God.

14 O rise, (th' appointed hour is come,) Rise, mightiest Lord, thy charge assume ;
 And let sad Sion's seat no more
 The absence of thine aid deplore.

15 How lovely to thy servants' eyes,
 How lovely ev'n in ruin lies
 Her hallow'd wall, her sacred shrine,
 The seat of majesty divine !

16 Thy servants, Lord, a pensive throng,
 Walk her defenceless streets along,
 And, as her scatter'd wastes appear,
 Drop on her dust the pitying tear.

17 How, Lord, shall each, from day to day,
 The terrors of thy wrath display !
 How shall thy name, great Sire, its dread
 Through earth's awaken'd regions spread !

18 How shall her kings with deep dismay
 Thy boundless majesty survey,
 When Salem's structures from their fall,
 Thy hand, propitious, shall recall ;—

19 While down th' eternal glory pours,
 Encircles with its blaze her tow'rs,
 And speaks thy favour (oft implor'd)
 To Israel's exil'd tribes restor'd !

20 Thy acts the faithful pen shall trace,
And myriads of the human race,
Yet strangers to the birth, thy fame
In songs of loudest note proclaim.

*God preserves the Oppressed. His Name is glorified.
The Nations are converted. The Suppliant prays
that his Life may be prolonged.*

21 Lo ! God, beneath whose sacred seat
The starry orbs their course repeat,
Th' eternal Ruler of the sky,
Has cast on earth his equal eye.

22 He deigns the injur'd cause to own,
To hear the helpless captive's groan,
The souls to death consign'd to save,
And snatch them from the greedy grave.

23 For this, through Sion's ample bound
Jehovah's name shall oft resound,
Thy shouts, distinguish'd Salem, raise,
And wake thy tongue to hymns of praise.

24 See to thy courts the nations flow,
His just dominion taught to know,
And, each with thee in compact join'd,
Their hearts to his obedience bind.

25 'Twas He, whose unresisted force
In mid progression stopp'd my course,
My healthful vigour reft away,
And hasten'd to its eve my day.

26 Spare, mightiest Lord ! nor thus, I cried,
My brittle chain of years divide,
O Thou, of life th' exhaustless spring,
Invisible, immortal King !

The Earth and the Heavens shall pass away, but God will continue the same for ever. The Saints are safe under his Care.

27 Thy hand, great God, earth's base has laid,
 Thy hand the heav'n aloft display'd,
 Ere yet along the vast profound
 The restless months began their round.

28 That earth, that heav'n's stupendous frame,
 Corruption, with permitted claim,
 Shall seize ; but Thou, from age secure,
 Shalt self-existent still endure.

29 These, as the labours of the loom,
 Shall time with gradual force consume ;
 Till Thou again thy hand apply,
 And fold them up, and lay them by.

30 Thou, Lord, whose hand their texture spun,
 When time its stated course has run,
 Shalt brighter scenes disclose to view,
 And nature's varied face renew.

31 But varyings Thou hast none ; thy rays
 With undiminish'd lustre blaze ;
 Thy years shall circumscription spurn,
 And back upon themselves return.

32 Thee, Lord, their sure protector, Thice
 Thy saints their strong support shall see ;
 And, rang'd in long succession, share
 The gifts of thy paternal care.

PSALM CIII.

The Psalmist praises God, who pardons the Sinner, and is the Helper of the Poor and Friendless.

1 My soul, throughout thine inmost frame,
 Bless, bless the great Jehovah's name,

Cease not with studious thought to trace
The acts of his stupendous grace.

2 He blots from heav'n's record thy sin,
And, though thy passions war within,
Assuasive calms their furious strife,
And rescues from the pit thy life.

3 He bids his blessings round thee rise,
Thy ev'ry wish with good supplies,
Thy years renews in their decline,
And makes the eagle's vigour thine.

4 'Tis God's, the friendless and the poor
From proud oppression to secure,
Their wants attentive to perceive,
And ever faithful to relieve.

5 His ways to Moses stood reveal'd ;
Thou, Israel, hast his works beheld,
His breast with mercy frangl̄ hast known,
To anger slow, to pity prone.

God is not angry with Men for ever. He deals with them not according to their Sins, but treats them with the Compassion of a Father.

6 God ne'er with erring mortals knew
A ceaseless contest to pursue,
But, when their crimes his vengeance raise,
His wrath in mid effusion stays.

7 If c'er our trespass he chastise,
Not to its weight proportion'd rise
The just corrections of his hand,
But bounded by his mercy stand ;—

8 That mercy to the starry pole
Extends ; and, far as from his goal

The sun in daily circuit roves,
The humbled sinner's guilt removes.

9 What fondness for his infant care
A father's bosom learns to share,
Such from th' eternal Monarch claim
The souls that rev'rent own his name.

*God knows the frailty of Man. The Faithful and
their Posterity shall enjoy his gracious Regard.*

10 God's searching eye our texture knows,
Sees that the dust's light grains compose
Our frame, and marks the days of man
Contracted to a narrow span.

11 How short, how transient is its date !
As flow'rs, that in their vig'rous state
Exalted, now the field adorn,
And now by passing storms are torn.

12 Behold the rip'ning herb decay,
Each flow'r, its vigour left away,
At once its vernal pride resigns,
And with'ring on the earth reclines.

13 Behold it droop and quickly waste ;
Nor knows the soil, whose bed it grac'd,
To witness to th' inquirer's view,
Where late the short liv'd wonder grew.

14 But thy compassions, Lord, the just
From age to age with stedfast trust
Shall own, and, fill'd with holy flame,
Thy care and tenderness proclaim.

15 Thy righteousness their favour'd race,
In long descent, shall joy to trace,
While, pleas'd, thy compact they fulfil,
And frame to thy decrees their will.

*God's Throne is in Heaven. An earnest Exhortation
to praise him.*

- 16 His seat above th' empyreal plain
Our God has fix'd : his equal reign
Creation's utmost bounds confess,
And, blest in him, their Maker bless.
- 17 O magnify your heav'nly King,
His praise, ye tribes angelic, sing ;
Who, cloth'd with might, his word obey,
And wing, as he directs, your way.
- 18 Him praise, ye bright ethereal band,
That, rang'd beneath his banner, stand,
And ye, who round his throne of state
With duteous zeal ministrant wait.
- 19 Ye works of God, where'er his sway
Extends, your Maker's fame display ;
Nor thou, my soul, forget to sing
The mercies of th' eternal King.

PSALM CIV.

*Praise ascribed to God, who is surrounded with the
most splendid and awful Majesty.*

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, to hymns of praise ;
To God the song of triumph raise,
And thankful bless th' Almighty Lord,
The God in ev'ry act ador'd.
- 2 O, cloth'd with majesty divine,
What pomp, what glory, Lord, are thine !
Light forms thy robe, and round thy head
The heav'ns their ample curtain spread.
- 3 Thou know'st amid the fluid space
The strong compacted beams to place,

That proof to wasting ages lie,
And prop the chambers of the sky.

4 Behold, aloft, the King of kings,
Borne on the wind's expanded wings,
(His chariot by the clouds supplied,)
Thro' heav'n's wide realm triumphant ride.

5 Around him, rang'd in awful state,
Th' assembl'd storms ministerant wait ;
And flames, attentive to fulfil
The dictates of his mighty will.

Nature obedient to the Will of the Creator.

6 To God the all-prolific earth,
From chaos call'd, ascribes her birth,
And, fix'd by his almighty hand,
Has stood, and shall for ages stand.

7 He spake ; and o'er each mountain's head
The deep its wat'ry mantle spread :
He spake ; and from the whelming flood
Again their tops emergent stood.

8 Now fast adown their bending side
With refluent stream the currents glide ;
Aw'd by his stern rebuke they fly,
While peals of thunder rend the sky.

9 In mingled tumult backward led,
They haste to their appointed bed,
And, taught their destin'd bounds to know,
No more th' affrighted earth o'erflow.

10 The springs, the rivulets (their course
By nature's ever-copious source
Supplied,) refresh the hilly plain,
And life in all its forms sustain.

*Though God takes Care of all his Creatures, still he
more especially regards the human Race.*

- 11 Here, stooping o'er the river's brink,
The herds and flocks promiscuous drink ;
There, 'mid the barren desert nurs'd,
The wild ass cools his burning thirst ;—
- 12 While fast beside the murmur'ring spring
The feather'd minstrels sit and sing,
And, shelter'd in the branches, shun
The fervors of the mid-day sun.
- 13 God's show'rs with verdure crown the hills ;
The earth with various fruits he fills ;
Preventive of their wants, his aid
Yields to the brute the springing blade.
- 14 For man, chief object of his care,
His hands the foodful herb prepare,
The glad'ning wine, refreshing oil,
And bread that strings his nerves for toil.
- 15 By him with genial moisture fed,
The trees their shades luxuriant spread ;
The cedars, nurtur'd by his hand,
On Lebanon's high summit stand.
- 16 They weave their social boughs, design'd
A refuge for th' aerial kind ;
While on the fir-tree's spiry top
The vagrant stork is seen to stop.
- 17 See from the hills the goats depend,
Or bounding from the cliff descend ;
The lesser tribes, in fury pride
Array'd, the rock's dark caverns hide.

The Moon and Sun mark out the Time and Seasons.

*The wild Beasts hunt for their Prey by Night, while
Man takes his Rest after the Fatigue of the Day.*

18 Her way, by God prescrib'd, the moon
Our seasons marks, and knows her own ;
And, taught by Hin, the orb of day
Slopes in the west his parting ray.

19 Now night from ocean's bed ascends,
And o'er the earth her wings extends ;
While, favour'd by the friendly gloom,
The sylvan race licentious roam.

20 The lions chief, with hideous roar,
From God their needful food implore ;
And, eager for the wonted prey,
Along the echoing desert stray ;—

21 Till now, as morn approaches nigh,
Back to their cavern'd haunts they fly ;
Where, satiate with the bloody feast,
The lordly savage sinks to rest.

22 His care sufficient to the day,
Man to his labour takes his way,
His task at earliest dawn begun,
And ended with the setting sun.

*God's Works are manifold and full of Wisdom. The
Earth, the Sea, and all the Creatures entirely de-
pend upon God for their Existence.*

23 Eternal Ruler of the skies,
How various are thy works, how wise !
How great the wonders Thou hast wrought,
And deep beyond all search of thought !

24 Nor earth alone beholds her shores
Enrich'd from thy exhaustless stores :

Alike, throughout their liquid reign,
Th' extended seas thy gifts contain.

25 Beneath, unnumber'd reptiles swarm,
Of diff'rent size, of diff'rent form ;
Above, the ships enormous glide,
Incumbent on the burthen'd tide ;—

26 And oft, the rolling waves between,
The huge Leviathan is seen,
There privileg'd by Thee to stray,
And wanton o'er the wat'ry way.

27 Thy care, great God, sustains them all ;
By hunger urg'd, on Thice they call,
And reap from thy extended hand
Whate'er their various wants demand.

28 If Thou thy face but turn away,
Their troubled looks their grief betray ;
If Thou the vital air deny,
Behold them sicken, faint, and die !

The human Race fails, and is renewed again. The Glory of God endures for ever. The highest Mountains melt at his Presence.

29 His breath resign'd, on earth's low bed
Behold the mortal rest his head ;
Dust to its kindred dust returns,
And earth her ruin'd offspring mourns.

30 But soon thy breath her loss supplies ;
She sees a new-born race arise,
And, o'er her regions scatter'd wide,
The blessings of thy hand divide.

31 Thy glory, fearless of decline,
Thy glory, Lord, shall ever shine,

Thy works in changeless order lie,
And glad their great Creator's eye.

32 Earth at thy look shall trembling stand,
Conscious of sov'reign pow'r at hand,
And touch'd by Thee, almighty Sire,
The cloud-topt hills in smoke aspire.

Gratitude for God's Favours. The Doom of hardened Sinners. A general Exhortation to unite in praising God.

33 To God in ceaseless strains my tongue
Shall meditate the grateful song,
And, long as breath informs my frame,
The wonders of his love proclaim.

34 Assur'd that his paternal ear
With full regard my voice will hear ;
His acts shall be its constant theme,
His favour my delight supreme.

35 Behold his wrath on sinners shed ;
Behold them number'd with the dead ;
And, struck by his resistless hand,
In heaps promiscuous strew the land.

36 But thou, my soul, the hymn of praise
In loudest notes triumphant raise ;
And let consenting nations join
To bless with me the name divine.

An Exhortation to praise God, and seek him constantly.

1 COME, celebrate your God and King,
Awake the song, awake the string ;
With awful rev'rence own his name,
His pow'r invoke, his praise proclaim.

2 Aloud declare, through ev'ry land,
 The wonders of his mighty hand ;
 And let his name your thought employ ;
 His name, fit theme of highest joy.

3 Such joy may each for ever share,
 Whose steps to Salem's fane repair ;
 O frequent seek that blest abode,
 O seek the face of Jacob's God.

*Israel particularly called upon to be mindful of God's
 Mercies, who faithfully kept his Covenant, and suf-
 fered no Man to hurt them.*

4 The acts of heav'n's almighty Lord
 Let Israel's thankful sons record ;
 Ye seed of Abraham, his friend,
 With joy to his commands attend.

5 To you his presence stands confess ;
 His judgments earth's wide realms attest :
 His promise kind, and wise decree,
 Though man forget, yet will not he.

6 The oath, confirm'd through periods past,
 And doom'd to latest times to last ;
 To Terah's son, to Isaac, made,
 And thus to Jacob's hands convey'd ;—

7 “ Arise, thou favour'd of thy God,
 “ And claim the gift by him bestow'd ;
 “ Behold thy sons their wide command
 “ Extend o'er Canaan's fertile land.”

8 But when? or how? their number view ;
 (It asks no toil;) a helpless few,
 And strangers there, doom'd long to roam,
 And seek through distant climes a home.

9 Yet, privileg'd by him from wrong,
 Secure the exiles march along ;
 Kings hear his dread reproof, nor dare
 To hurt whom God has bid to spare.

10 " Touch, touch not these ; for on their heads
 " My hand the sacred unction sheds ;
 " Your eyes in them my prophets see ;
 " And, what they speak, they speak from me."

Egypt saved in the Time of Famine by means of Joseph, who is released, and most highly preferred.

11 God calls ; and on the cultur'd ground
 Life's needful staff no more is found,
 While drought, incumbent o'er the plain,
 Checks in mid growth the rip'ning grain.

12 Yet mercy still his wrath outran ;
 Thy shores, O Nile, receive the man,
 Ordain'd the chosen race to save,
 Thy future Lord, though now thy slave.

13 What though, his feet in fetters bound,
 His soul th' afflicting irons wound,
 Though various griefs around him wait
 Through kindred envy, wrath, and hate ;—

14 Yet, Joseph, patient bear thy lot ;
 Thy lips, with heav'nly science fraught,
 Shall soon the mystie dream explain,
 That ends thy woes, and breaks thy chain.

15 The monarch bids ; the prison door
 Detains the injur'd saint no more ;
 But through succeeding life he gains
 A full exemption from his pains.

16 New honours now his wrongs repair ;
 The regal palace to his care

Its wealth consigns ; and Egypt's land
Bows to her captive's wise command.

17 Ev'n princes own'd, with rev'rent awe,
The dictates of his will their law,
And senates on his youthful tongue
In silent wonder list'ning hung.

Jacob's Visit. God protects his Posterity. Moses and Aaron sent to deliver them.

18 Lo ! Joseph sends, and, bow'd with years,
Jacob on Mizraim's coast appears ;
Th' illustrious pilgrim's wearied feet
In Egypt fix their last retreat.

19 With large increase his line is blest,
And Zoan in th' adopted guest
With hostile eye beholds up-grown
A strength superior to her own.

20 See hence the woes on Egypt pour'd !
But thou, O monarch, should'st thy word
Absolve, nor thus with impious rod
Oppress the servants of thy God.

21 See Moses, pleading, stretch the hand ;
See Aaron lift the sacred wand,
And lead th' invited vengeance on
In scenes to nature's laws unknown.

The Beginning of the Plagues of Egypt.

22 What terrors, Cham, alas ! are thine,
While quick on thy devoted line,
Far as thy utmost coasts extend
Thou seest the various pests descend !

23 If fear their stubborn hearts may melt,
Let darkness, darkness to be felt,

Inclose their land, and o'er their head
Its melancholy mantle spread.

24 Thus, thus th' almighty Monarch spake ;
As forth the awful accents brake,
Darkness the high behest obey'd,
And round them wrapt its thickest shade.

25 The heav'n-struck Nile's extended flood
Now rolls a current black with blood ;
While breathless on their oozy bed
In heaps the funny tribes are spread.

26 The loathsome frog, a num'rous birth,
Springs instant from the teeming earth,
Nor walls, that guard a monarch's rest,
Know to exclude the hideous guest.

*The Succession of the Plagues of Egypt to the Death
of the First-born.*

27 God bids ; and through the darken'd air
In troops th' assembling flies repair,
And swarms of reptiles, scatter'd wide,
Rebuke the faithless tyrant's pride.

28 In league against them now conspire
The rushing hail, and bick'ring fire ;
And, instant by the tempest torn,
Their ruin'd shades the forests mourn.

29 No more array'd in native green
The fig-tree and the vine are seen,
No more with flow'ring honours crown'd,
But useless load th' incumbent ground.

30 He bids ; and, join'd in close array,
Th' embattled locusts take their way :
Before them plains, with verdure grac'd,
Appear ; behind, a barren waste :—

31 While the dun beetle through the sky
 With eager speed is seen to fly,
 And, partner in the offer'd spoil,
 Consumes th' astonish'd planter's toil.
 32 Now to the grave, with anguish torn,
 Each mother yields her eldest-born ;
 And Egypt's land, along its shores,
 The first-fruits of its strength deplores.

*The Israelites, conducted by Miracle out of Egypt,
 spoil their Enemies.*

33 Now, Israel, shines the day to thee,
 That bids thy captive sons go free :
 Rise, quickly rise ; for in their ear
 Thy sons the voice of freedom hear.
 34 The wealth of their relenting foes
 Earth's sov'reign Lord on them bestows,
 And bids them leave the hostile soil,
 Each strong for travel, strong for toil.
 35 As now their destin'd path they tread,
 Egypt, yet pale with recent dread,
 Exulting sees the sacred band
 With parting footsteps press her strand.
 36 Expanded wide above their heads
 The shadowing cloud its curtain spreads ;
 Before them walks th' embodied fire,
 And bids the shades of night retire.

*Wonders wrought for the Support of the Israelites, in
 their Journey to the Land of Canaan. Praise due
 to God for these extraordinary Mercies.*

37 God's hand, indulgent from on high,
 To Israel yields the wish'd supply ;

Quails on their appetite bestow'd,
And bread ethereal, give them food ;—

38 While, at his word, from out the rock
Th' imprison'd streams luxuriant broke,
And onward pour'd with lengthen'd train,
Ran murm'ring o'er the thirsty plain.

39 Such mercies, all-indulgent Lord,
Thy changeless promises afford,
Such blessings thy remembrance kind
Of Abraham's ever faithful mind.

40 Redcem'd from stern oppression's seat,
With grateful joy their bosoms beat ;
With such as ev'ry heart o'erflows,
When rescu'd from its cruel foes ;—

41 Joy, yet enlarg'd, when Canaan's land
Resigns her sceptre to their hand,
And bids them reap from off her soil
The harvest of another's toil.

42 Behold the love to Israel shown,
That we, great God, thy pow'r might own,
And each with stedfast heart fulfil
The dictates of thy mighty will.

43 Awake the song, awake the string,
And thankful praise th' immortal King,
And, faithful heralds to his fame,
To distant lands his praise proclaim.

PSALM CVI.

*A grateful Acknowledgment of God's Goodness and
Prayer for the Communication of his Blessings.*

1 LET songs of joy to God ascend,
Whose love nor limit knows, nor end :

But O, what tongue in equal lay
 His acts can speak, his praise display ?

2 Thrice happy who with stedfast will
 The dictates of his law fulfil !
 With these, thy chosen flock, assign'd
 May I my lot for ever find !

3 O grant me, Lord, with these to prove
 The pow'r of thy redeeming love ;
 The graee thy saints are blest to know,
 That graee to me benignant show.

4 And while thy merey on our heads
 The fulness of its blessings sheds,
 With them th' aecepted hymn to sing
 To thee, my Saviour and my King.

*The Ingratitude of the Israelites after their Escape
 from Egyptian Bondage.*

5 Too faithful followers of our sires,
 Our life with theirs, great God, conspires
 Thy wrath on Judah's realm to eall,
 And teach thy terrors where to fall.

6 O say, thou Erythræan main,
 Whose waves beheld the rebel train,
 How soon oblivion could efface
 Each act of God's stupendous graee,—

7 How soon effaee each act his hand
 Perform'd in Chain's affrighted land ;
 Yet, still, that man his pow'r might own,
 Conspicuous in their aid it shone.

8 Aw'd by his voicee, the briny flood
 In gath'ring heaps suspended stood,
 While, safe as o'er the sandy waste,
 Th' admiring troops betwixt them pass'd.

9 Soon as they reach the adverse strand,
 Th' impetuous wave the hostile band
 O'erwhelms; nor one exempted man
 Back with the dreadful tidings ran.

10 Convinc'd, they now (what could they less?)
 His words the words of truth confess,
 Yield to his name th' extorted praise,
 And songs of grateful triumph raise.

11 But soon rebellious as before,
 (His works remember'd now no more,)
 To times, by them prescrib'd, confine
 The counsels of the will divine.

*The presumptuous Behaviour of God's People. God's
 Vengeance inflicted upon them.*

12 As Jacob's sons, by lust impell'd,
 Their course along the desert held,
 Fierce rise their bands, in evil hour,
 And challenge God's almighty pow'r;—

13 That pow'r, while ev'ry eager eye
 Rashly demands the quick supply,
 Displeas'd, the wish'd-for ill shall grant,
 And satiate their imagin'd want.

14 That pow'r alone their outrage fell
 From thec, O Moses, could repel,
 And uncontested rev'rence claim
 To consecrated Aaron's name.

15 Wide, discontinuous, yawn'd the ground,
 And Dathan, in the dark profound,
 With proud Abiram's frantic train,
 Receiving instant, clos'd again.

16 Th' almighty Lord, with wrath inflam'd,
 His vengeance dire at Israel aim'd,

His fires impetuous, roll'd along,
Wrapt in the blaze th' apostate throng.

—————

The powerful Effect of Moses's Intercession for the Idolaters.

17 Horeb ! what sin is wrought on thee ?
Blush, conscious earth, O blush to see
A figure from the grazing herd
To God, the living God, preferr'd ;

18 That God, their glory late confest ;
But ah ! within their thankless breast
No longer now recorded stand
The wonders of his saving hand.

19 No more, with gratitude impress'd,
His miracles their hearts attest :
In vain on Egypt shown, in vain
Repeated on the bord'ring main.

20 See, as in awful threat'nings heard,
Eternal justice gives the word,
The summon'd storms the heav'nly throne
Surround, impatient to be gone.

21 But Moses in the breach appears,
And, as his suppliant voice he rears,
Averts, yet waiting on the wing,
The vengeance of th' almighty King.

—————

The Chastisement of the People for their Infidelity.

22 As Israel's tribes approaching, stand
Near promis'd Canaan's fertile land,
That promise, seal'd by truth divine,
They doubt, and at the gift repine.

23 From tent to tent the murmur runs,
While each the heav'nly counsel shuns,

That bids them safe in him confide,
Their God, their guardian, and their guide.

24 Their guilt mature for vengeance found,
Th' uplifted sword, in act to wound,
Hangs imminent ; and myriads slain
In heaps promiscuous load the plain.

25 The conqu'ring foe through unknown ways
The scatter'd fugitives conveys ;
Secluded from their promis'd home,
In foreign countries long they roam.

The People serve Baal, and are punished. They are relieved in Time of a Plague by the Conduct of Phineas. Their Discontents urge Moses to hasty Expressions.

26 With Baal's worshippers behold
The names of Jacob's race inroll'd,
Who, pleas'd, the impious table spread,
And eat the off'rings of the dead.

27 New crimes new chastisements provoke ;
And forth the pest wide-wasting broke,
Unseen the furious onset gave,
And swept them to the crowded grave ;

28 Till, Phineas, thy preventient care
Purg'd from its taint the deathful air :
The pious deed to latest days
Shall consecrate the hero's praise.

29 Nor Meribah's yet thirsty ground
Unconscious of their guilt is found ;
Till, summon'd from the rock, the wave
Her plain in full effusion lave.

30 Nor he, who often mildly strove
To draw them with the cords of love ;

Not Moses, leader of their bands,
From touch of blame exempted stands.

31 While murmurs, heard on ev'ry side,
And loud reproach, his patience tried,
Resentment quick his bosom stung,
And words unweigh'd escap'd his tongue.

The Israelites not only save their Enemies, but sacrifice their Children to senseless Gods.

32 The nations round, with error blind,
To just excision long design'd,
Israel's rebellious offspring spare,
Nor shun the heathen rite to share.

33 Prostrate they fall to sculptur'd stone,
And frenzy's deepest influence own,
To dæmons rear'd their altars stand,
And scenes of blood pollute the land.

34 While with untrembling hands the sires
Their son, their daughter, to the fires
A victim yield ; and, of their cry
Regardless, see their offspring die.

35 To images, to lifeless gods,
(Such, Canaan, shame thy dire abodes ;)
Streams on the knife the filial gore,
And, guiltless, stains th' unhallow'd floor.

God, after suffering his People to feel the Weight of his Displeasure, is mercifully reconciled.

36 What, Israel, now shall wash thee clean,
While lessons of inventive sin
Have prompted thy adul'trous heart
Thus from thy Maker to depart ?

37 Fierce o'er thy head his anger burns ;
 From his own heritage he turns,
 Abhorrent : now let Jacob's foes
 At will th' abandon'd race inclose.

38 Behold them by oppression torn,
 And fix'd the mark of hostile scorn,
 With flatt'ring lip their homage pay,
 And trembling own tyrannic sway.

39 Oft they were sav'd, and oft again
 Rebellious spurn'd his equal reign,
 Again their ruin'd state deplor'd,
 And bow'd beneath a foreign lord.

40 Yet He with pity from on high,
 True to his compact, heard their cry,
 His hand in their defence he rear'd,
 And gracious in their cause appear'd.

41 He saw them drag the servile chain,
 And, studious to relieve their pain,
 Compassion's tend'rest sense impress'd
 On the stern victor's iron breast.

*A Petition to God to redeem Israel, and an Exhortation
 to the People to praise him.*

42 O, still our Father, still our Friend,
 To Israel's woes, great God, attend ;
 From distant climes, and hostile lands,
 Collect once more our scatter'd bands ;

43 That Sion with delighted ear
 The hallow'd strains again may hear ;
 Thy name the subject of each song,
 Thy praise the boast of ev'ry tongue.

44 O thankful hail th' Almighty Lord,
 The God by Jacob's sons ador'd :

His fame, ere time its course began,
O'er heav'n's wide region echoing ran.

45 To him throughli endless ages raise
One song of oft-repeated praise ;
And let consenting nations join
To bless with us the pow'r divine.

Hallelujah.

PSALM CVII.

All People are bound to praise God, especially those whom he has redeemed for his Guidance, and the Relief of their Wants.

1 To God above from all below
Let hymns of praise ascend ;
Whose blessings unexhausted flow,
Whose mercy knows no end.

2 But chief by those his name be blest,
To whom his aid he gave ;
Beheld them by the foe oppress'd,
And reach'd his arm to save.

3 To east, to west, to south, to north,
Condemn'd awhile to roam,
His hand in pity brought them forth,
And call'd the wand'lers home.

4 Behold them o'er the desert stray,
A helpless, hopeless train :
Some city, where their steps to stay,
They seek, but seek in vain.

5 Ah ! what shall cheer their fainting mind,
Or what their woes assuage,
To thirst's afflictive pain consign'd,
And famine's fiercest rage ?

6 Distress'd, to God they make their pray'r ;
 He guides, directs their feet ;
 And, safe in his protecting care,
 They reach their destin'd seat.

7 O then that all would bless his name,
 Whose mercy thus they prove,
 And pleas'd from age to age proclaim
 The wonders of his love !

8 That love, whose gifts with thankful breast
 The sons of want divide,
 And find their ev'ry grief redress'd,
 Their ev'ry wish supplied.

The Captivity of the Israelites. Success of their Repentance, and Obligation to be thankful.

9 Israel, by God's avenging hand,
 Death's gloomy shades detain ;
 To these he adds the iron band,
 And sorrow's heavier chain.

10 Such is the doom to those assign'd,
 Who, frantic, durst withstand
 The counsels of th' Almighty Mind,
 And spurn his just command.

11 O'erwhelm'd with deepest woe they lie ;
 And sinking to the grave,
 No pitying ear attends their cry,
 No hand is nigh to save.

12 Distress'd, to God they make their pray'r ;
 He, instant, near them stands,
 Dispels the gloom of black despair,
 And breaks their stubborn bands.

13 O then that all would bless his name,
 Whose mercy thus they prove,

And pleas'd from age to age proclaim
The wonders of his love !

14 That love, that oft its succour gives,
The captive's woes to heal,
The gates of brass in sunder cleaves,
And bursts the bars of steel.

Whosoever acknowledges God's Justice in their Sufferings are relieved ; all Men are bound to glorify God for his Love towards them.

15 Beneath God's terrors bid to groan,
Lo ! Judah's sinful band
The fruits of folly reap, and own
The justice of his hand.

16 Estrang'd from food, their languid soul
The needful meal foregoes ;
Life feels its current faintly roll,
And hastens to its close.

17 Distress'd, to God they make their pray'r ;
And nature, joyous, sees
His word her ruin'd strength repair,
Her fiercest tortures ease.

18 O then that all would bless his name,
Whose mercy thus they prove,
And pleas'd from age to age proclaim
The wonders of his love !

19 That realnis of various tongue would sing
His acts in frequent lays,
And yield to heav'n's eternal King
The sacrifice of praise !

Mariners and Sailors experience the signal Care of Heaven. God's Wonders worthy of endless Praises.

- 20 Who o'er the waves from shore to shore
 The gifts of commerce bear,
 The wonders of the deep explore,
 And own that God is there.
- 21 By these his works are seen ; his ways
 By these are understood ;
 He speaks the word ; the storm obeys,
 And rising lifts the flood.
- 22 Now high as heav'n the bark ascends,
 Now seeks the depth below ;
 Each heart beneath the terror bends,
 And melts with inward woe.
- 23 As gorg'd with wine, in wild amaze
 They reel from side to side ;
 Nor hope survives, their souls to raise,
 Nor reason wakes to guide.
- 24 Distress'd, to God they make their pray'r ;
 Obedient to his will,
 The storms that rag'd their rage forbear,
 The seas that roar'd are still.
- 25 Each grief, each fear, at once resign'd,
 They see their labour o'er ;
 Then, led by him, their haven find,
 And touch the wish'd-for shore.
- 26 O then that all would bless his name,
 Whose mercy thus they prove,
 And pleas'd from age to age proclaim
 The wonders of his love !
- 27 That Salem in her sacred shrine
 His praise with thankful tongue

Would utter ; while her elders join
To swell the festal song !

*Countries are rendered dry and barren, or abound in
Springs and Fruitfulness, according to the Piety of
Ungodliness of the Inhabitants.*

28 God bids ; and lo ! a burning waste,
Where roll'd the floods before ;
And, touch'd by the descending blast,
The springs are seen no more.

29 Sad witness of some dire offence,
Behold the fertile soil
No more its wonted gifts dispense,
But mock the tiller's toil.

30 He bids ; and o'er the desert wide
The liquid lake is spread ;
New springs the thirsty earth divide,
And murmur'ring lift the head.

31 There myriads, late with hunger wan,
By him assembled, meet ;
There pleas'd the future eity plan,
And fix their sure retreat.

32 And now they sow the foodful grain,
The tender vine they rear ;
Now waves the harvest o'er the plain,
And plenty crowns the year.

33 Blest in his care, the sires with joy
A num'rous race behold ;
Nor dares disease their herds annoy,
Or waste the peopled fold.

The Righteous, delivered out of their Afflictions, acknowledge the Goodness and Justice of God.

34 If Israel, sunk with heaviest woe,
 Endure oppression's pow'r ;
 If civil rage, or conqu'ring foe,
 Their boasted strength devour ;—
 35 Though, humbled from their state, awhile
 Their princes feel his rod,
 And wander o'er a barren soil,
 By human step untrod,—
 36 His hand affords the wish'd release,
 Collects their scatter'd train,
 And bids them like the flocks increase,
 That fill the verdant plain.
 37 Such truths his servants shall attest,
 And, joyful, wake the song ;
 While shame the impious shall invest,
 And chain their speechless tongue.
 38 His works attentive while it sees,
 The heav'n-instructed mind
 Shall own, how equal his decrees,
 His providence how kind.

PSALM CVIII.

*A solemn Resolution to praise God. A Prayer to him
 for Protection.*

1 My heart is fix'd, eternal Sire ;
 My heart is fix'd ; to Thee aspire
 My thoughts, and dictate to my lays
 An argument of endless praise.
 2 To Thee, great God, my joyous tongue
 Preluding forms the grateful song ;

That tongue, whose highest praise shall be
The pow'r it boasts of praising Thee.

- 3 Awake, my lute, and new-strung lyre ;
Instinct, myself, with holy fire
I wake ; and lo, the dawning sun
Already hears the strain begun.
- 4 From me assembling crowds shall burn
The triumphs of thy love to learn,
And, rapt with zeal, the nations round
Catch from thy lips the saered sound.
- 5 Lo ! to the clouds thy truth extends,
And heav'n's stupendous height transcends ;
Far as to earth's extremest bound
In all thy works is mercy found.
- 6 Inthron'd thyself above the skies,
O, bid thy fullest glory rise,
And to the earth with cloudless ray
The wonders of thy pow'r display.
- 7 The just, blest objects of thy love,
Defend propitious from above ;
Let me with them thy mercy share,
And hear, O hear, my ceaseless pray'r.

*The Just place their whole Confidence in God for their
Preservation and Security.*

- 8 God's truth shall ne'er forget to guard
The promise by his lips declar'd ;
And what th' Almighty Monarch wills,
My ready hand with joy fulfils.
- 9 Behold me Sichem's plain divide ;
My line, to Succoth's vale applied,
Its bound deseribes ; thee mine I see,
O Gilead, and, Manasses, thee.

10 Thou, Ephraim, art my strong defence,
 Thou, Judah, shalt my law dispense ;
 A diff'rent lot shall Moab find,
 A vasc to vilest use assign'd.

11 A doom like his shall Edom meet,
 And wipe the dust from off my feet ;
 Philistia shall her tribute bring,
 And own in me her future king.

12 Who, as our troops in close array
 To Edom's forts direct their way,
 Arm'd with resistless strength shall bid
 Her gates unfold, her bolts recede ?

13 Behold us, Lord, oppress'd with woe,
 As exil'd from thy care we go ;
 Shall Israel's hosts, thy aid withheld,
 Still unsuccessful take the field ?

14 Our hope, on man repos'd in vain,
 O let thy strength, great God, sustain ;
 And let us, on thy help reclin'd,
 In Thee our firm protector find.

15 Thus arm'd, each adverse pow'r we dare,
 And dauntless meet the rushing war,
 While from thy sword our foes retire,
 Or trampled in the dust expire.

PSALM CIX.

*A Prayer against Persecution. Trouble arising from
 the ill Returns of deceitful Friends.*

1 GOD of my praise, thy silence break ;
 Thy timeliest aid my woes bespeak,
 While tongues to falsehood train'd prepare
 To wrap me in the deathful snare.

2 Now words of deepest art they try;
 Now hostile threats around me fly;
 And crowds, inflam'd with causeless rage,
 Wars, fiercest wars, against me wage.

3 While thus, with enmity profest,
 My fame they wound, my peace molest,
 While stedfast hate my love repays,
 To Thee my soul incessant prays.

4 But O! what anguish rends my mind,
 What keen regret! condemn'd to find,
 As gifts on gifts my hands bestow,
 In each expected friend a foe.

*1 Petition for signal Punishment upon the hardened
 Enemy and his Posterity.*

5 On him, whose heart, with malice fraught,
 Against my peace has bent its thought,
 O let thy justice, Lord, by me
 Aloud proclaim its fix'd decree.

6 Arraign'd at stern oppression's bar,
 Some dread accuser let him share,
 That, planted on his right, may stand,
 And vengeance from his judge demand.

7 Nor let his deprecation win
 The wish'd-for pardon to his sin,
 But witness of his guilt become,
 And seal, beyond reverse, his doom.

8 Let death's accelerated day
 To worthier hands his charge convey,
 His roof a weeping widow see,
 Her orphans hanging at her knee.

9 While as from morn to eve they roam,
 Some ruin'd cell their casual home,

Let these, by pinching hunger led,
Seek at the rich man's gate their bread.

*A Prayer that the obstinate Sinner and his Race may
suffer for their Impenitence.*

- 10 The sinner's wealth let rapine spoil ;
The gather'd harvest of his toil
Let fell extortion's hand surprise,
While each his woes unpitying eyes.
- 11 And let his race, no succour near,
Corrected, lesson in thy fear
This age ; and, one succession o'er,
Be seen by human eye no more.
- 12 Let what of sin his sires have done,
What guilt his mother's heart has known,
In heav'n be noted, and their crime
Recorded stand to endless time.
- 13 Let wrath and horror at thy word
Quick on th' abandon'd offspring pour'd,
The measure of their sins fulfill'd,
Their name to just extinction yield.

*God's Vengeance is entreated against those who would
murder the Innocent.*

- 14 Lord, on the wretch let vengeance rest,
Who, when with heaviest woes oppress'd
The helpless innocent he view'd,
With murd'rous hate his soul pursu'd.
- 15 In curses, for in them his heart
Delighted, let him bear his part,
Dread spectacle ! a foe profest
To blessing, and himself unblest.

16 Himself he veils in cursings dire,
 That, sprung from hell-enkindled fire,
 Like water shall his bowels rend,
 Like oil into his bones descend.

17 Fast as his vesture to his side
 Still let them cleave, by Thee applied,
 And, o'er his loins for ever bound,
 In painful einiture wrap him round.

18 Such recompense my foe shall claim,
 Such all who blast with lies my fame ;
 But let thy grace on me bestow'd
 Thy name exalt, immortal God.

The Psalmist implores the divine Goodness, and glorifies God the Saviour and Supporter of the Afflicted.

19 Thy love, O Lord, thy love reveal,
 And stretch the hand my heart to heal,
 That fainting pours th' incessant groan,
 And sorrow's deepest wounds has known.

20 To life's last verge, impell'd by woe,
 Fast as the flitting shade I go ;
 Chas'd as the locust see me roam,
 My strength by hunger's force o'ercome.

21 While thus within my wasted frame
 Sinks, half extinct, the vital flame,
 Reproaching foes, around me spread,
 With haughtiest triumph shake the head.

22 Thy wonted clemency bestow,
 And give them, mightiest Lord, to know,
 Thy eare extended to my aid,
 Thy pow'r in their repulse display'd.

23 Though curs'd by them, yet bless me Thou ;
 O teach their stubborn hearts to bow ;

And let their rage, by Thee suppress'd,
With grateful transport fill my breast.

24 On each who calls himself my foe,
Let shame its thickest mantle throw;
Let black disgrace their name o'erspread,
Who aim their curses at my head.

25 While I, amid th' assembled throng,
Raise to my God the ceaseless song,
Who, constant at his side, the poor
From lawless judgment shall secure.

PSALM CX.

*Christ's Exaltation; the Subjection of his Enemies,
and Increase of his Kingdom.*

1 TH' Almighty Lord, beneath whose seat
The starry orbs their course repeat,
In awful majesty array'd,
Thus to my Lord Messiah said—

2 Come seat thee at my own right hand,
Till, at my word, the hostile band,
As low with prostrate necks they lie,
A footstool to thy steps supply.

3 Thy God from Sion's lofty tow'r
Shall bid thee stretch the rod of pow'r;
Victorious o'er the rebel train,
Arise, and vindicate thy reign.

4 Behold the long-expected day,
When willing crowds their homage pay;
To Thee their sacred off'rings bring,
And hail their Saviour and their King.

5 Thy future offspring view, a birth
More num'rous than the dews, on earth,
Beneath the twilight's dubious gloom,
Diffus'd from morn's prolific womb.

The Eternity of Christ's Priesthood established by an Oath. His Power and final Victory.

- 6 Th' irrevocable oath is sworn ;
 " My best-belov'd, my eldest born,
 " Charg'd with th' eternal priesthood see,
 " And rank'd, Melchizedec, with thee."
- 7 Thine arm th' anointed prince shall shield,
 Thou, Lord, beside him tread the field,
 While kings shall feel th' inflicted wound,
 And hardiest warriors press the ground.
- 8 His name the subject world shall awe,
 His sword to distant lands give law ;
 By him their sceptred chiefs are slain,
 And heaps of carnage load the plain.
- 9 The streams, that glide along the way,
 Shall to his heart new strength convey,
 And bid him, 'mid the scene of dread,
 Secure of conquest, lift the head.

—
 PSALM CXI. *Hallelujah.*

The Wonders of God's Providence Subjects of perpetual Praise.

- 1 My soul, with sacred zeal inspir'd,
 Shall wake to God the thankful strain,
 In secret with his saints retir'd,
 And 'midst fair Sion's crowded fane.
- 2 Great are his works : with studious aim
 Each faithful heart those works has trac'd ;
 His act shall highest honour claim,
 His equity for ever last.
- 3 His wonders to the grateful sense
 In sweet memorial stand confess ;

For boundless grace his hands dispense,
 And tend'rest pity warms his breast.

4 His love the souls to him allied
 With food of heav'nly growth has fill'd,
 Nor suffers from his thought to slide
 The promise to his people seal'd.

5 Thy pow'r that people, Lord, have known,
 Illest heirs of Canaan's fertile land ;
 Thy precept truth and justice own,
 And bid thy deeds reverseless stand.

6 Salvation from our God descends ;
 His faith shall Israel's bliss insure ;
 Majestic awe his name attends,
 And sanctity from blemish pure.

7 His fear th' obedient heart refines,
 And wisdom's path to view displays ;
 In brightest beams array'd it shines,
 And prompts each tongue with endless praise.

PSALM CXII. *Hallelujah.*

The Happiness and Prosperity of the just and charitable Man. The fruitless Attempts of the Wicked against him.

1 How blest the man, his God who fears !
 Thy precept, on his thoughts impress'd,
 Eternal King, his spirit cheers,
 And peace perpetual fills his breast.

2 His sons the heirs of pow'r shall hold,
 Transmissive blessings on their line
 Be pour'd, his treasures swell with gold,
 His righteousness for ever shine.

3 How to thy saints, just, kind, and good,
 Has light amidst the gloom upsprung !

Their hands have amplest gifts bestow'd,
And fair discretion guides their tongue.

4 Secure from fall the just shall stand,
Nor e'er from thy remembrance slide ;
No rumour'd ills his fear demand,
Whose hopes in Thee, great God, reside.

5 Without a dread (thy strength his trust,) He meets the battle on its way,
Nor turns, till prostrate in the dust
His eyes the vaunting foe survey.

6 Inrich'd by what he gives, his hands
Deal to the sons of want his bread ;
His innocence unsullied stands,
And lasting honours crown his head.

7 His bliss transgressors shall behold,
And grind their teeth, and inly groan,
Their impious toil by Thee controll'd,
Their ev'ry wish by Thee o'erthrown.

An Exhortation to praise God for his Condescension to the Poor, and his Comfort to the childless Mother.

1 YE faithful servants of your God,
On him be all your praise bestow'd ;
Through time's extended course his name
Shall praise, and thanks, and homage claim.

2 Its circuit from the east begun,
To farthest west his fame shall run,
His glory earth's wide realms o'erflow,
Nor highest heav'ns its limit know.

3 Great is the Lord, and great his praise ;
What god like him our thoughts can raise ?

O whom to him shall mortals dare
 To equal, whom to him compare ?

4 He sits aloft, o'er gods a God,
 Eternity his dread abode,
 Yet stoops to view, and view'd, records
 The scenes that earth's low seat affords.

5 He from the dust uplifts the poor,
 And gives the abject and obscure,
 The dunghill for a throne exchang'd,
 To sit with mightiest monarchs rang'd.

6 'Tis his the barren house to bless ;
 His gift let each the babes confess,
 That, long to her request denied,
 Tho joyful mother's care divide.

PSALM CXIV. *Hallelujah.*

God's Power in delivering the Israelites from Egyptian Bondage. The Earth admonished to fear him.

1 When Jacob's sons through paths unknown
 From Egypt took their way,
 In Judah's tribe his presence shone,
 And Israel own'd his sway.

2 Old Ocean saw them as they came ;
 He saw, and backward fled ;
 Recoiling Jordan turn'd his stream,
 And sought his fountain-head.

3 The mountains feel the sudden shock ;
 As rains, from off the ground
 They spring ; as younglings of the flock,
 The hills affrighted bound.

4 Thou, Ocean, say, why, as they came,
 Thy billows backward fled ;

And what, O Jordan, urg'd thy stream
To seek its fountain-head?

5 Ye mountains, whence the sudden shock?
Why leap ye from the ground
As rams? as younglings of the flock,
Say why, O hills, ye bound?

6 Earth, instant, to thy lowest base
Convuls'd, avow thy fear,
While heav'n's high Lord reveals his face,
While Jacob's God is near.

7 Dissolv'd beneath whose potent stroke
The flint a torrent gave;
Who spake; and from the yielding rock
Gush'd forth the bidden wave.

PSALM CXV.

Glory is due to God only. The Vanity and Folly of worshipping Idols.

1 O LET not us, thou God of hosts,
O let not us, with frantie boasts,
The merit and the glory claim,
Due only to thy hallow'd name.

2 To Thee, great God, to Thee alone,
Thy trnith and gracie, to Israel known,
Shall ceaseless honour yield, and raise
Each heart to love, each tongue to praise.

3 Why should the heathen tribes demand,
"Where's now the God of Israel's land?"
In heav'n our God has fix'd his throne,
That Lord, whose will and act are one.

4 Not such the gods whom ye adore,
That, once a mass of shapeless ore,
Now crown'd with furtive honours stand,
The creatures of the artist's hand.

5 Months have they, not for speech design'd ;
 And ears and eyes, yet deaf and blind ;
 Their nostrils, as along the fane
 It breathes, the incense greets in vain.

6 Their hands th' imprinted kiss ne'er feel,
 While suppliant crowds before them kneel ;
 Their feet have never step essay'd ;
 Their throat has never sound convey'd.

7 Unvisited by wisdom's ray
 Their breast ; nor less insensate they,
 Who made their mimic forms, or, made,
 With fruitless pray'r invoke their aid.

The Faithful exhorted to trust in God.

8 Ye happiest sons of Israel's line,
 Conducted by the light divine,
 On God your firm reliance build ;
 Him own your refuge, him your shield.

9 Ye, who from vested Aaron trace
 The honours of your choseu race,
 On God your firm reliance build,
 Him own your refuge, him your shield.

10 Ye souls, with pure devotion warm,
 Whose lives to his decrees conform,
 On God your firm reliance build,
 Him own your refuge, him your shield.

*God's Blessings are not withdrawn from his Chosen-
 The Dead cannot, the Living only shall praise
 God.*

11 Behold God's beams around us shine ;
 He, Jacob, ho shall bless thy line ;

You, who from vested Aaron trace
The honours of your chosen race,—

12 And you, with pure devotion warm,
Whose lives to his decrees conform,
From him, whose hand the sceptre guides,
To him who in the cot resides,—

13 To you, to yours, till time shall end,
His love its blessings shall extend,
Heirs of the changeless promise, giv'n
By him who form'd the earth and heav'n ;—

14 That heav'n, within whose awful bound
Himself, with brightest glory crown'd,
His seat has rear'd ; while Adam's sons
The earth (his gift) its tenants owns.

15 Not those, whom death has snatch'd away,
The debt of hallow'd praise shall pay,
Or wake his wonders to disclose,
But silent in the dust repose.

16 'Tis ours, who still those wonders view,
The grateful labour to pursue ;
Nor ever shall our lips decline
To crown with hymns the name divine.

PSALM CXVI.

God is the Defender of the Innocent.

1 How glows with grateful love my breast !
For God the voice of my request
Accepts, and, while my hands I rear,
Bows to my plaint the willing ear ;
For this, to life's extremest hour,
My lips to him the pray'r shall pour.

2 While death its snares around me threw,
The grave, its horrors to my view

Presenting, prest with heaviest grief,
From Thee, great God, I sought relief ;
“ O save me, heav’ly Sire,” I cried,
“ And turn th’ impending stroke aside.”

3 Great is our God, beyond all bound
His providence and pow’r are found ;
Just, good, and kind, is Israel’s Lord,
His breast with tend’rest pity stor’d,
And prompt his arm, when ills invade,
The guileless and the meek to aid.



They who trust in God are free from Danger. The Help of Man is deceitful.

4 God’s mercies, ’midst thy deepest woe,
By blest experience tauglit to know,
Turn, turn thee to thy rest, my soul ;
For he, who sits above the pole
(Tremendous name) has o’er thy head
The fulness of his bounty shed.

5 Thou, mightiest Father, Thou wert nigh,
To save my soul from death, mine eye
From tears, to guard from lapse my feet,
And bid me in this earthly seat
(Life’s wide dominion) still reside,
To Thee in filial fear allied.

6 To God my heart resign’d its care,
To him my tongue address’d its pray’r ;
While, struck with terrors as I stood,
A sea of sorrows round me flow’d,
“ No more, my soul, no more,” I cried,
“ In man’s fallacious aid confide.”

The good Man at a Loss how he can be sufficiently grateful, takes the Cup of Salvation, and worships God in the Temple.

7 O, what requital at my hand
 Shall mercies, Lord, like thine, demand ?
 By Thee from each distress enlarg'd,
 The cup with benediction charg'd
 I take, and, touch'd with holy flame,
 Invoke my great Deliv'rer's name.

8 Ev'n now, before th' assembled train,
 Ev'n now, within thy sacred fane,
 (That fane, whose walls, on firmest base
 Uprear'd, fair Salem's confines grace,)
 Behold me at thine altar bow,
 And, pleas'd, absolve my offer'd vow.

9 Who thy decrees, Great God, obey,
 Secure on Thee their hope shall stay ;
 Nor fraud nor rapine's iron hand
 Shall dare to touch the pious band,
 For sacred is their blood, and high
 Its price in thy paternal eye.

10 In me thy servant, Lord, in me
 The offspring of thy handmaid see ;
 Releas'd by Thee, from day to day
 The sacrifice of praise to pay
 I joy, and, touch'd with holy flame,
 Invoke my great Deliv'rer's name.

11 Ev'n now, before th' assembled train,
 Ev'n now, within thy sacred fane,
 (That fane, whose walls, on firmest base
 Uprear'd, fair Salem's confines grace,)
 Behold me at thine altar bow,
 And, pleas'd, absolve my offer'd vow.

PSALM CXVII.

Praise to God for his infinite Mercy and eternal Truth.

- 1 LET thy various realms, O earth,
Praises yield to heav'n's high Lord ;
Praise him all of human birth,
And his wondrous acts record.
- 2 See his mercy o'er our land
Spread its ever-healing wing,
And his truth through ages stand ;
Praise, O praise th' eternal King.

PSALM CXVIII.

The Faithful exhorted to praise God for his constant Goodness.

- 1 LIFT your voice, and thankful sing
Praises to your heav'nly King ;
For his mercies far extend,
And his bounty knows no end.
- 2 Israel, thy Creator bless,
And with joyous tongue confess,
That his mercies far extend,
And his bounty knows no end.
- 3 Aaron, let thy chosen line
Grateful in th' avowal join,
That his mercies far extend,
And his bounty knows no end.
- 4 Ye, who make his will your care,
With assenting voice declare,
That his mercies far extend,
And his bounty knows no end.
- 5 To my plaint propitious, he
Bade my captive soul go free ;

He shall in my cause appear ;
Let not man excite my fear.

6 He amid my helpers stands ;
Struck by him, th' opposing bands
Instant from before mine eye
Back in wild retreat shall fly.

—————
*The greatest Armies flee before him, who trusts in
God alone.*

7 O, how safe the man, whose mind
Rests on Jacob's God reclin'd !
Safer far than they who trust
On the help of breathing dust.

8 O how safe the man, whose mind
Rests on Jacob's God reclin'd !
Safer far than they who deem
Kings on earth their pow'r supreme.

9 Gather'd from each distant coast,
Round me press'd th' embattled host ;
But my arm, by God upheld,
Strew'd with slaughter'd heaps the field.

10 Round me, thirsting for my blood,
Round me adverse myriads stood ;
But my arm, by God upheld,
Strew'd with slaughter'd heaps the field.

11 Round me, see ! as bees they dwell,
Bees, that, issuing from their cell,
Mix in swarms, and on the wing
Arm'd with fury onward spring.

12 See their rage at once expire
Like the thorn-enkindled fire ;
While my arm, by God upheld,
Strews with slaughter'd heaps the field.

God defends the just Man, lengthens his Life, and saves him from his Foes.

13 Soon thy stroke, relentless foe,
 Soon thy stroke had laid me low,
 Had not God's supporting hand
 Bid my fault'ring feet to stand.

14 He my strength, and he my song,
 Lo ! my days I yet prolong,
 And, each hostile force o'erthrown,
 Him my great salvation own.

15 Shouts of health, and hymns of praise,
 Wisdom's faithful followers raise,
 While, amid their peaceful seat,
 Thus the ear their accents greet :

16 " O how strong the hand divine !
 " O what wonders, Lord, are thine !"
 See that hand, from heav'n reveal'd,
 Wonders yet on wonders yield.

17 Vaunt thy terrors, death, no more ;
 He, whom Israel's sons adore,
 He, each danger chas'd away,
 Bids me still his acts display.

18 He, indulgent, just, and kind,
 Trials to my lot assign'd ;
 Yet, amidst the doubtful strife,
 Rescu'd from the sword my life.

*A Prayer for free Access to God's Temple. Christ
 its chief Ornament and Corner-Stone.*

19 Ope the gates of righteousness ;
 Let my feet have full access ;
 There I'll praise my Saviour's name,
 And his boundless love proclaim.

20 Here the hallow'd gate behold ;
 See its valves at once unfold,
 Pleas'd t' admit the chosen train,
 Pure from sin's infectious stain.

21 Thee, the God enthron'd above,
 Thee my lips shall sing, whose love
 To my voice attention gave,
 Prompt to hear, and strong to save.

22 See the stone, that, cast aside
 By the builders' erring pride,
 In the dome assumes its place,
 Own'd the angle's noblest grace.

23 Thou the work, great God, hast wrought ;
 In its scenes our wond'ring thought
 Joys thy clemency to trace,
 Seal'd to Jacob's favour'd race.

24 Lit by thy auspicious ray
 Downward streams the wish'd-for day,
 Big with acts, that shall suggest
 Endless mirth to Israel's breast.

*A Prayer for Prosperity, and an Exhortation to
 praise God and trust in him.*

25 Save, O save, eternal Lord,
 And thy prosp'ring aid afford ;
 Blest the man, who, sent by God,
 Visits Salem's lov'd abode.

26 Come, ye saints, and in his train
 Tread with licens'd step her fane,
 While from out her sacred tow'r
 Blessings on your head we pour.

27 Safe in Israel's Lord confide ;
 He is God, and none beside ;

See his fav'ring beams arise
To his people's longing eyes.

28 Fair, and innocent of spot,
Let the victim lamb be brought,
And beside his altar stand,
Fetter'd in the writhen band.

29 Thee, my God, in lengthen'd lays,
Thee my raptur'd lips shall praise ;
Thee, my God, aloud proclaim,
Zealous to exalt thy fame.

30 Lift your voice, and thankful sing
Praises to your heav'nly King ;
For his mercies far extend,
And his bounty knows no end.

PSALM CXIX.

ALEPH.

The Happiness of the Godly. His pious Wish and grateful Resolution. A Prayer for divine Comfort and Succour.

1 How blest, who Thee, great God, obey,
And stedfast walk th' all-perfect way !
How blest, whose hearts with will intire
Thy presence seek, Almighty Sire ;
Whose feet thy guidance own, whose mind
Has each nefarious act declin'd.

2 Thy voice has charg'd us to fulfil
The dictates of thy heav'nly will ;
Such, Lord, thy charge : and O may I
Attentive to the task apply,
Trust in thy aid, thy works record,
And mark the precepts of thy word.

3 My steps conform'd to thy decrees,
 Nor shame nor dread my soul shall seize ;
 Thy precepts on my mind impress'd
 Shall swell with joy my faithful breast,
 Thy justice prompt my tongue to raise
 The song of gratitude and praise.

4 Thy law my love shall claim : do Thou
 Thy ear to my petition bow ;
 O treat me not with cold disdain,
 Let not my vows return in vain,
 Nor leave me, helpless and forlorn,
 The absence of thy grace to mourn.

 BETH.

*Religion the best Preservative of young Men's Virtue.
 Obedience to God's Law the Soul's richest Treasure and Joy.*

1 How, early wise, shall youth, O say,
 In innoeenee direct its way ?
 Thy word its steps, to Thee resign'd,
 The ever faithful guide shall find.

2 Hail, best Instruetor ! Thee my thought
 With full desire, great God, has sought ;
 O let me not, by error's sway
 Impell'd, from thy direction stray.

3 Thy precept, in my breast conceal'd,
 From sin's assault my heart shall shield ;
 Blest is thy name, eternal Lord !
 O write within my mind thy word ;—

4 That word, whose rules from day to day
 My lips with grateful zeal display ;
 These, my best wealth, my treasur'd store,
 I keep, and view them o'er and o'er.

5 Thy dictates still, my constant joy,
 My soul's attention shall employ ;
 Nor aught shall from my sight withdraw
 Thy path, or from my thought thy law.

GIMEL.

*A Petition for spiritual Wisdom. A good Life Man's
 strongest Defence. The Comforts of Piety.*

1 Thy mercy let thy servant see ;
 Grant me to live confornd to Thee,
 And let my soul, each niist away,
 The wonders of thy law survey.

2 Behold me, absent from my home,
 Through life's wild maze a pilgrim roam,
 Nor Then to my desiring eye
 Thy word's directing beans deny.

3 With ardent zeal, with strong desire,
 My thonghts to thy decrees aspire ;
 With fervent hope thy paths I tread,
 By mercy and by truth outspread.

4 O Thou, whose threat the proud subdues,
 Whose wrath the sinner's steps pursues,
 My soul of each transgression pure,
 From scorn and fierce reproach secure.

5 While princes with malignant aim
 Assembled wound my honest fame,
 My life, thy will its fix'd pursuit,
 Shall each opprobrious tongue refute.

6 Thy laws my ev'ry thought controul,
 While, fill'd with sacred joy, my soul
 Its ever faithful friends in these
 And inmates of its counsel sees.

DALETH.

The Psalmist prays for God's Grace and Assistance, that his Actions and Conversation may be consistent with the Law of Truth.

- 1 Low in the dust my soul is laid ;
O reach me, Lord, thy promis'd aid ;
Thou, as my heart its guilt avow'd,
Thy pitying ear, great God, hast bow'd ;
Let thy commands my footsteps lead ;
O give me, Lord, thy paths to tread ;
And let me, lesson'd in thy way,
The wonders of thy grace survey.
- 2 While on my soul, that melts with woe,
That grace its succours shall bestow,
(Such hope thy word has bid me form ;)
Let me, with holy transport warm,
And privileg'd thy law to learn,
From error's path abhorrent turn ;
Averse from each injurious art,
Let falsehood from my lips depart.
- 3 Truth, Lord, my steady thoughts pursue,
Thy judgments fix'd before my view
In full display : exempt from shame,
O give me Thou by these to frame
My course ; and inark with what delight,
(As onward these my stcps invite,)
Its bands by Thce dissolv'd, my soul
Anticipates the distant goal.

HE.

A Prayer for Instruction. Freedom from Shame, and Improvement in Righteousness.

- 1 Teach me, O teach me, Lord, thy way ;
So to my life's remotest day,

1 By thy unerring precepts led,
My willing feet its paths shall tread.

2 Inform'd by Thee, with sacred awe
My heart shall meditate thy law,
And, with celestial wisdom fill'd,
To Thee its full obedience yield.

3 Give me to know thy words aright,
(Thy words, my soul's supreme delight,)
That, purg'd from thirst of gold, my mind
In them its better wealth may find.

4 O turn from vanity mine eye,
To me thy quick'ning strength supply,
And with thy promis'd mercy cheer
A heart devoted to thy fear.

5 O vindicate my name from wrong,
And silence the reproachful tongue;
My dreaded shame, great God, remove;
Thy judgments, Lord, my thoughts approve.

6 Thy wise commands my breast inflame;
O haste, and to my inmost frame
Permit thy justice to dispense
Its all-reviving influence.

 VAU.

A Petition for saving Mercy. The happy Effects of believing and obeying the Scripture.

1 O let me, Lord, thy mercy know;
Thy promis'd health, great God, bestow;
So from my soul, on Thee reclin'd,
Shall each reproach an answer find.

2 My trust thy judgments, mightiest Lord,
Support: O let not then thy word
(Thy word, by truth eternal seal'd,)
Be ever from my lips withheld;—

- 3 That word to life's extremest stage
My just remembrance shall engage,
My soul to thy decrees incline,
And make the paths of freedom mine.
- 4 The heav'n-taught truths, that warm my breast,
My tongue to monarchs shall suggest,
And, wrapt with zeal, each check disclaim
Of servile dread and infant shame.
- 5 Thy dictates, on my thoughts impress'd,
With sweet delight shall fill my breast ;
Thy law, Jehovah, still shall share
My ardent love, my constant care.
- 6 And, while from Thee with lifted hands
Pleas'd I receive its just commands,
My life, submitted to its rein,
Shall speak them not receiv'd in vain.

ZAIN.

*Encouragement from God's Promises. The Zeal of
the Righteous for the Laws of Revelation.*

- 1 Thy promises, Almighty Sire,
Accomplish : these my hope inspire :
These, when oppress'd with ills I lie,
With vital strength my soul supply ;
Nor loud reproach, nor hostile scorn
My heart from thy obedience turn :
Amid my woes, through ages past
In long memorial backward trac'd,
Thy judgments have my trust upheld,
And sorrow's heaviest cloud dispell'd.
- 2 How trembles, Lord, my heart to see
The souls that err from thy decree !

Long as within this seat of clay,
 My house of pilgrimage, I stay,
 Thy statutes are my song ; thy name
 Wakes in my breast the holy flame,
 That heav'nward lifts my thoughtful soul,
 When night's dark shades invest the pole :
 What hopes, great God, are mine, what joy,
 While thy commands my care employ !

CHETH.

*God is the Psalmist's best Portion. His Constancy.
 Choice of good Companions. Prayer for Mercy.*

- 1 My heart's best portion, Lord, art Thou ;
 To Thee my thoughts obedience vow ;
 To Thee with ardent zeal I pray ;
 Thy promis'd mercy, Lord, display.
- 2 While back my yet unfinish'd race
 With scrutiny severe I trace,
 Thy law with full delight I greet,
 And turn to Thee my willing feet.
- 3 With studious haste I ran, I flew,
 Intent thy dictates to pursue,
 Nor these forget, though troops of foes
 Amid their snare my steps inclose.
- 4 Thy just decrees within my breast
 Revolv'd, I quit my bed of rest,
 And pleas'd, at midnight's awful hour,
 In thanks to Thee my spirit pour.
- 5 I mark where'er the souls I find
 To thy commands, great God, inclin'd ;
 I mark them, and with such reside
 In friendship's strictest bands ally'd.

6 That mercy, Lord, whose beams extend
 Far as to earth's remotest end,
 That mercy to my soul impart,
 And grave thy precepts on my heart.

TETH.

*God's Goodness acknowledged. A Prayer for its
 Continuance. The good Use of Affliction.*

1 My grateful heart thy love has known,
 O Thou, whose words and deeds are one ;
 O still that love impart, and store
 My soul with thy celestial lore,
 Whose thought its full assent resigns
 To what thy sacred will enjoins.

2 In devious paths awhile I trod,
 Ere yet corrected by thy rod ;
 But from thy just and perfect law
 Fair virtue's lessons now I draw,
 And, disciplin'd, great Sire, by Thee,
 Obsequious bow to thy decree.

3 Thy mercies, Lord, exhaustless flow ;
 O give my soul thy will to know ;
 While crowds, whose hearts thy fear disclaim,
 With studied falsehood blast my fame,
 Thee, Lord, I seek ; by thy command
 My acts, my thoughts, directed stand.

4 Amidst their rage, with joyful view
 My heart thy precepts can pursue,
 While folly theirs from truth withholds,
 And round them wraps its thickest folds ;
 Behold them, Lord, in error lost,
 Thy law reject with impious boast.

5 Blest be thy hand, severely kind,
 Whose stroke recall'd my erring mind,
 And urg'd me, as to Thee I turn,
 Thy hallow'd institutes to learn,
 And, taught their worth, to prize them more
 Than heaps of Ophir's richest store.

JOD.

The human Body proves the Being of God. A Prayer for Wisdom. The Use of Correction. The Just escapes Shame.

1 Thy plastic art, throughout my frame,
 Each limb, each nerve, great God, proclaim ;
 O give me Thou, with mind sincere,
 To learn th' instructions of thy fear.

2 So shall the souls, that fear who know,
 With social joy, my God, o'erflow,
 And pleas'd my constant heart approve,
 That waits, with them, thy plighted love.

3 Thy judgments praise eternal claim,
 Wise, just, and good ; with friendliest aim
 Thy faithful hand each woe I feel
 Inflicts, and wounds me but to heal.

4 O let thy promis'd mercy shed
 Its quick'ning effluence on my head,
 And comfort to my soul instil,
 That loves the dictates of thy will.

5 Let shame th' aggressors proud repay,
 Who seek my footsteps to betray ;
 Thine aid I ask, eternal Lord,
 And treasure in my heart thy word.

6 With me in sacred friendship join
 The souls, that to thy fear incline,

And from the well-spring of thy law
Exhaustless streams of knowledge draw.

7 O never from my constant heart
Let thy decrees, great God, depart ;
So shall I thence, by Thee renew'd,
Guilt, and its offspring shame, exclude.

CAPH.

*A Prayer for Salvation. Complaint against the Proud.
Promise of Obedience.*

1 Behold, while wearied with delay
My soul, my sight, consume away,
Thy servant o'er the ethereal plain
Send the long look, but send in vain.

2 O when, to my expecting eyes,
When shall thy wish'd salvation rise,
Through struggling clouds its promis'd ray
Transmit, and o'er me pour the day ?

3 Fast as the wine-exhausted hide
Amid the circling smoke is dried,
I waste ; yet never from my heart
Shall thy commands, great God, depart.

4 How long shall I my days, O say,
In sad succession roll'd survey ;
How long to haughtiest insult yield,
Thy vengeance from my foes withheld ?

5 The proud, thy precepts who despise,
(Thy precepts, Lord, how just, how wise !)
With causeless rage their pits prepare ;
O haste, and make my life thy care.

6 How nigh had conquest crown'd their aim,
And rooted from the earth my name !

While still thy paths, eternal God,
With undiverted step I trod.

7 O let thy mercy to my heart
Its life-sustaining pow'r impart ;
So shall my soul with sacred awe,
And just observance, hear thy law.

LAMED.

The lasting Comfort of God's Word. Prayer for Safety. The Pleasure of keeping the Commandments.

1 Fix'd in the heav'ns, eternal Lord,
On firmest basis rests thy word ;
Thy truth, unconscious of decay,
Sees wasting ages roll away.

2 Pois'd on its centre by thy hand,
Earth long has stood, and yet shall stand ;
The whole creation, ev'ry hour,
Subservient owns thy sov'reign pow'r.

3 How had I perish'd 'midst my woes,
But that within my bosom rose
The joys, which thy injunctions yield,
And each invading grief dispell'd !

4 O never, never, shall my heart,
Forgetful, from thy law depart,
Which, instant, kindliest succour gave,
And wrought my rescue from the grave.

5 Behold me, Lord, behold me thine ;
Thy ear to my request incline,
And save a soul, whose wakeful thought
With fervent zeal thy truths has sought.

6 And though with secret art their snare
The impious for my life prepare,

Thy precepts still, my constant joy,
My fix'd atteution shall employ.

7 Mine eycs perfection's limit see
Through nature's works; but thy decrec
No period, mightiest Monarch, knows,
Nor bounds of space its breadth inclose.

MEM.

The great Advantage of Studying the Divine Law.

1 With what desire, great God, I burn
Thy sacred oracles to learn!
Each day, each hour, with stedfast mind
Thy truths I meditate, and find
The knowledge, to my foes denied,
To me in fullest weight supplied.

2 My teachers, while from out thy law
The lessons of my life I draw,
My guidance ask; the aged me
Their elder in discretion see,
As, onward led, with steady pace
The heav'n appointed paths I trace.

3 O with what zeal my bosom burn'd,
With joy the heav'nly precept learn'd!
How have I kept my feet from ill,
Intent thy mandate to fulfil,
My ear to discipline resign'd,
Nor ever from its rules declin'd!

4 In full satiety of joy
Absorpt, thy words my thought employ,
And sweeter on my palate dwell
Than honey dropping from its cell:
My soul, by thy instruction wise,
From error's path abhorrent flies.

NUN.

A Resolution to observe God's Law, in whatever Condition, to the End of Life.

- 1 Thy law, from Sinai's mount reveal'd,
A lantern to my feet shall yield,
A light, whose beams shall o'er me dwell,
And night's incircling shades dispel.
- 2 Thy precepts (thus my tongue has sworn,
Nor aught my purpose, Lord, shall turn;)
Thy precepts, just, and wise, and true,
My steps, unwearied, shall pursue.
- 3 Beneath a weight of woes I bend;
Thy promis'd aid, my God, extend:
My lips their willing off'rings pay;
Accept them, gracious Lord, I pray.
- 4 Thy judgments to my longing eyes
Display; while dangers round me rise,
My soul just ready to resign,
To these my thoughts I still incline.
- 5 No impious force, or hostile snare,
Shall alienate from these my care;
Nor e'er shall sin my steps betray
From these in devious paths to stray.
- 6 These, while their worth my soul inflames,
Its lasting heritage it claims,
And pleas'd the dictates of thy will
To life's last period shall fulfil.

—
SAMECH.

The Wildness of Superstition. The Purity of God's Law. The Wicked overthrown! The Just confirmed in their Love of Piety.

- 1 Far hence each superstition vain,
Wild offspring of the human brain;

The truths, that fill thy hallow'd page,
 My happier choice, great God, engage ;
 Safe on thy word my trust I build,
 O Thou, my refuge, and my shield.

2 Ye impious, from my sight away ;
 My soul shall God's behests obey :
 O ever faithful to thy word,
 Do Thou thy vital strength afford ;
 Thy help impart, eternal Sire,
 Nor let my hope in shame expire.

3 Sustain'd by thy almighty aid,
 What danger shall my soul invade ?
 Nor error's cloud, nor arts of sin,
 My soul from thy obedience win ;
 In vain shall these their force apply
 To turn from thy decrees mine eye.

4 Subverted by their own deceit,
 And spurn'd beneath thy conqu'ring feet,
 Thy wrath the rebel tribes deplore ;
 Spurn'd—as the dross, that from the ore,
 Amid the glowing furnace cast,
 Is sever'd by the fiery blast.

5 For this, with ardent love thy law
 I seek ; for this, while rev'rent awe
 And holy horror shake my frame,
 Thy dreaded judgments I proclaim ;
 And, wrapt in fear, most mighty Lord,
 Thy pow'r, thy righteousness record.

 AIN.

*The Upright implores God's Protection. His Esteem
 of God's Law, and Hatred of Sin.*

1 While justice o'er my life presides,
 Each act, each word, each purpose guides,

Friend of the guiltless ! nigh me stand,
And save me from th' oppressor's hand.

2 O still thy wonted grace disclose ;
Still in my quarrel interpose
Thine arm, nor let my haughty foe
Exulting triumph in my woe.

3 My wasting eyes with earnest view
Thy promis'd health, my God, pursue :
Thy mercies to thy servant show,
Give me each heav'n-taught rule to know.

4 Behold me, Lord, behold me thine,
And let thy influence on me shine,
Till, each illusion purg'd away,
My soul thy mystic truths survey.

5 Thy wise injunctions cast aside,
The sons of insolence and pride
With oft-repeated crimes demand
Th' unwilling vengeance from thy hand.

6 Thy dictates on my thought impress'd
With sweet delight shall fill my breast ;
Not gold like these my love shall claim,
Gold sev'n times tortur'd in the flame.

7 These, Lord, I keep, thy works record,
And mark the precepts of thy word,
Trust in thine aid, and, fix'd, decree
To shun each path that leads from Thee.

PE.

The Excellency of God's Law. A Prayer for Knowledge and Safety. Compassion for Sinners.

1 O how the wonders of thy law
My heart to just obedience awe !

What streams of purest knowledge yield
 Thy words in full display reveal'd !
 By these the souls untaught before
 To heights of heav'nly science soar.

- 2 With earnest zeal and anxious thought
 Thy words my panting bosom sought ;
 With thirst, with sacred thirst, I burn'd ;
 To these my op'ning mouth I turn'd ,
 And from thy precept wise and true
 Its life-imparting spirit drew.
- 3 What grace thy saints are blest to know ,
 That grace on me, great God, bestow ;
 Thy dictates to my soul convey ,
 And level to my steps thy way ;
 Redeem from error's growth my mind ,
 Nor leave one baleful root behind.
- 4 O save me from oppression's hand ;
 So shall my soul thy wise command
 Observe, and, lesson'd in thy fear ,
 The precepts of thy law revere ;
 Indulgent on thy servant shine ,
 And make the paths of knowledge mine.
- 5 My tears, great God, my zeal disclose ,
 And down the copious torrent flows ,
 As oft, with inward anguish torn ,
 Thy violated laws I mourn
 By guilty souls, whose love of ill
 To rash transgression prompts their will.

TSADDI.

*The Perfectness of God's Will. The Righteous follows
 and finds it his chief Support in all his Troubles.*

- 1 Hail, Arbiter supreme ! thy will
 Truth, equity, and justice seal ;

Truth, justice, equity, thy voice
 Prescribes to favour'd Israel's choice ;
 These while my foe presumptuous spurns,
 With zeal consum'd my bosom burns.

2 O how thy precepts, in the fire
 Long prov'd, thy servant's love inspire !
 To indigence and scorn resign'd,
 These still I seek with studious mind ;
 Nor cease with constant thought to trace
 The acts of thy stupendous grace.

3 Eternal rectitude is thine ;
 Truth to thy laws adjusts its line ;
 Thy laws, my soul's best comfort found,
 When pains and sorrows wrapt me round :
 Thy just decrees shall time survive ;
 Them teach me, and my soul shall live.

KOPH.

A Prayer for Instruction and Comfort. The Righteous acknowledges the Excellency of God's Precepts.

1 O Maker, Guide, and Judge of all !
 With earnest voice to Thee I call ;
 To Thee I call ; propitious hear ;
 So shall the precepts of thy fear
 My soul inform, and, thou my aid,
 My ev'ry act by these be sway'd.

2 Ere yet the dawn has streak'd the sky,
 God of my life, to Thee I cry ;
 (My hope, nor shall that hope be vain,)
 Thy sacred promises sustain :
 On thy decrees, great God, intent,
 My thoughts the early watch prevent.

3 O let thy mercy, while I pray,
 My night illumine, guide my day,

Thy word within my inmost frame
 Awake the ever-living flame,
 And, instant, to my breast dispense
 Its all-reviving influence.

4 Behold a crowd, from Thee estrang'd,
 In dire alliance near me rang'd ;
 But Thou, my God, art nearer still ;
 My soul the dictates of thy will
 Fix'd on eternal base has view'd,
 And owns them wise, and just, and good.

RESH.

The Psalmist seeks Protection against his Foes, and shows his Faith in God's Word.

1 Behold my griefs ; my soul preserve ;
 For ne'er from thy direction swerve
 My thoughts : do Thou my cause defend ;
 O let thy word its aid extend.

2 In vain thy grace the souls would heal,
 Whose crimes their just rejection seal ;
 Who, bold each impious deed to try,
 Thy laws oppose, thy pow'r defy.

3 O let thy mercy, Lord, (how great
 That mercy !) on thy servant wait,
 Its beams in full effusion give,
 And teach my fainting heart to live.

4 While hostile crowds around me stand,
 My steps I guide by thy command
 Unvarying, and indignant see
 The souls, whose will has err'd from Thee .

5 Behold what love, what full delight,
 Thy precepts in my breast excite,

And let thy favour o'er my head
Its vital pow'r incessant shed.

6 With truth thy word, great God, was crown'd,
Ere time began its restless round ;
Thy laws through length of days extend,
First, midst, and last, and without end.

SCHIN.

*The Righteous fears none but God. Religion the chief
Support of the Soul through Life.*

1 While princely pow'r, without a cause,
The threat'ning sword against me draws,
My mind, to thy commands applied,
Them fears, nor owns a fear beside.

2 My heart with secret transport swells,
While studious on thy word it dwells ;
Nor wealthiest spoils such joy bestow,
New wrested from the prostrate foe.

3 To lies averse, thy laws I love ;
Thy just decrees my thoughts approve ;
And sev'n times, each revolving day,
To Thee my grateful vows I pay.

4 Great is the peace prepar'd for all,
Whose willing feet obey thy call ;
Great is the peace for such prepar'd,
Nor aught their footsteps shall retard.

5 Thy health, my God, I wait, thy will
With unremitting zeal fulfil,
And, wrapt in love and filial fear,
The heav'n-descended truths revere.

6 Thy truths my soul reveres ; each day
Thy wise instructions I obey,

Assur'd that to thy searching eyes
My life's whole path conspicuous lies.

TAU.

A Petition for Wisdom and Safety. The Penitent, as a lost Sheep, begs for Restoration to God's Favour.

- 1 O let my erics thy heav'nly seat
Approach ; my pray'r indulgent meet,
And give, for on thy word relies
My hope, O give me to be wise
- 2 Behold, for mercy lives in Thee,
Behold me suppliant bend the knee,
And let thy promis'd aid dispel
The clouds of grief that o'er me dwell.
- 3 Thy sacred precepts taught to know,
How shall my lips, great God, o'erflow
With praise, and, touch'd with holy flame,
The justice of thy laws proclaim !
- 4 While pleas'd I bow to thy command,
Reach, in my resue, reach thy hand ;
Do Thou, whose dictates warm my heart,
Thy long-expeeted health impart.
- 5 O let my soul, to life restor'd,
Thy love in lasting hymns record,
While o'er my head its beams shall shine,
And make thy great salvation mine.
- 6 Thine eyes in me the sheep behold,
Whose feet have wander'd from the fold,
That, guideless, helpless, strives in vain
To find its safe retreat again ;—
- 7 Now listens, if perchance its ear
The shepherd's well-known voice may hear,

Now, as the tempests round it blow,
In plaintive accent vents its woe.

8 Great Ruler of this earthly ball,
Do Thou my erring steps recall;
O seek Thou him, who Thee has sought,
Nor turns from thy decrees his thought.

PSALM CXX.

The Psalmist prays against false Accusers, shows their End, and laments their sad Condition.

1 To God I cried, with anguish stung,
Nor form'd a fruitless pray'r;
O save me from the lying tongue,
And lips that would insnare.

2 Thou child of guilt, to falsehood bred,
Say, what shall be thine end?
See keenest arrows o'er thine head,
And quenchless coals impend.

3 Ah! woe is me, to Mesech's seat
And Kedar's tents confin'd;
Perpetual insult doom'd to meet
From men of restless mind.

4 When offers mild of peace I make,
And friendliest terms prepare,
My words their slumb'ring rage awake,
And arm them for the war.

PSALM CXXI.

God protects the good Man, and preserves him from Danger.

1 Lo! from the hills my help descends;
To them I lift mine eyes;

My strength on him alone depends,
Who form'd the earth and skies.

2 He, ever watchful, ever nigh,
Forbids thy feet to slide ;
Nor sleep nor slumber seals the eye
Of Israel's guard and guide.

3 He at thy hand, array'd in might,
His shield shall o'er thee spread ;
Nor sun by day, nor moon by night,
Shall hurt thy favour'd head.

4 Safe shalt thou go, and safe return,
While he thy life defends,
Whose eyes thy ev'ry step discern,
Whose mercy never ends.

PSALM CXXII.

Pleasure on visiting the Sanctuary, and praising God.

1 THE festal morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy honour'd dome,
Thy presence to adore ;
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing step thy courts ascend,
And tread the hallow'd floor.

2 Ev'n now to our transported eyes
Fair Sion's tow'rs in prospect rise ;
Within her gates we stand,
And, lost in wonder and delight,
Behold her happy sons unite
In friendship's firmest band.

3 Hither from Judah's utmost end
The heav'n-protected tribes ascend
Their off'rings hither bring ;

Here, eager to attest their joy,
 In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
 And hail th' immortal King.

4 By his command impell'd, to her
 Contending crowds their cause refer ;
 While prinees from her throne
 With equal doom th' unerring law
 Dispense, who boast their birth to draw
 From Jesse's favour'd Son

A Prayer for the Peace and Prosperity of the Church.

5 Be peacee by each implor'd on thee,
 O Salem, while with bended knee
 To Jacob's God we pray :
 How blest, who calls himself thy friend !
 Success his labour shall attend,
 And safety guard his way.

6 O may'st thou, free from hostile fear,
 Nor the loud voice of tumult hear,
 Nor war's wild wastes deplore :
 May plenty nigh thee take her stand,
 And in thy courts with lavish hand
 Distribute all her store !

7 Seat of my friends and brethren, hail !
 How can my tongue, O Salem, fail
 To bless thy lov'd abode ?
 How ease the zeal that in me glows
 Thy good to seek, whose walls inclose
 The mansion of my God ?

PSALM CXXIII.

The Faith of the Saints, and their Prayer for Deliverance.

- 1 To Thee, above the starry spheres
Inthron'd, his look thy suppliant rears ;
As tow'rd their lord the menial band,
As maidens tow'rd their mistress' hand
Observant east th' expecting eye,
So lift we ours, great God, on high,
Till Thou thy mercy shalt display,
And chase these clouds of grief away.
- 2 Enough thy people, Lord, have borne
Of insult keen, and hostile scorn ;
O let thy clemency divine
Conspicuous in our rescue shine,
And hear, in pity hear, the sighs
From our full hearts incessant rise,
While, round us rang'd, the sons of pride
Our name revile, our woes deride.

PSALM CXXIV.

God is the Protector of his People.

- 1 HAD God abandon'd from his care
Our cause, when adverse hosts to war
Uprose ; had God, may Israel say,
Our cause abandon'd, in the day
When o'er the plain their troops were pour'd,
Our tribes their fury had devour'd ;—
- 2 Down we had sunk ; and o'er our head
The swelling floods their waves had spread :
Down we had sunk ; but blest be God,
Whose arm the timely help bestow'd,
And, each invader chas'd away,
Snatch'd from their jaws th' expected prey.

3 See ! as the bird with sudden spring
 Exulting mounts upon the wing,
 Just rescu'd from the fowler's art,
 So triumph we, with thankful heart,
 And, sav'd by his preventing care,
 Shake from our feet the broken snare.

4 When woes, when dangers round us rise,
 On him alone our hope relies,
 To him our liberty we owe,
 And own his strength against the foe,
 Whose hand thy centre fix'd, O earth,
 And gave th' enduring heav'ns their birth.

PSALM CXXV.

The Safety of those who trust in God, and Misery of the Wicked.

1 THEY, who with holy confidence
 Trust in the Lord for their defence,
 Secur'd by his proteeting hand,
 Shall stedfast as mount Sion stand,
 That, proof to ages, meets the skies,
 And, fix'd, each adverse shock defies.

2 Behold fair Salem's hallow'd ground,
 By shadowing hills encompass'd round ;
 Thy presence thus, great God, we trace
 Incircling Jacob's chosen race ;
 Nor distant times shall see thy love
 Its blessings from thy saints remove.

3 Ne'er on the lot by these possess'd
 Shall impions pow'r its sceptre rest ;
 Lest sin, establish'd into law,
 Their hearts from thy obedience draw :
 O still our Guardian, still our Friend,
 Thy mercies to the just extend ;

4 While all, whose heart from wisdom's way
 Through pathis perverse has lov'd to stray,
 In suff'rings, as in guilt, allied,
 Shall see the peace to them denied
 The fulness of its influence shed
 On happier Israel's favour'd head.

PSALM CXXVI.

The wonderful Restoration of God's People. A Prayer that their Sorrow may be turned into Joy.

1 Is this a dream? amaz'd we cried,
 When, led by their celestial Guide,
 Fair Sion's captive tribes again
 Beheld her late deserted plain;
 Then forth to laughter burst each tongue,
 And songs of loudest triumph sung.

2 The nations round, with seeret awe,
 The mighty work admiring saw;
 And, "Great (they eried) the gift bestow'd
 "On these, the favour'd of their God!"
 "O, great the gift!" our hearts rejoyn,
 And joyful bless the hand divine.

3 Let those, whose exile still we mourn,
 Beneath thy conduct, Lord, return,
 Fast as the copious torrents glide,
 When, to its vacant bed their tide
 Restoring, o'er the wastes they run,
 That burn beneath the southern sun.

4 Let scenes of hope our thought employ;
 Who sow in tears, shall reap in joy;
 The weeping hind, whose dubious hand
 Now strews with grain the furrow'd land,

Shall homeward soon exulting bear
The blessings of the loaded year.

PSALM CXXVII.

*A City cannot prosper without God's Blessing.
Children are the Gift of God.*

- 1 A race by God unblest who rear,
A fruitless toil sustain ;
If God to shield the town forbear,
The watchman wakes in vain.
- 2 Why rise ye early, late take rest,
And eat the bread of care ?
The balm of sleep, his gift confest,
His children only share.
- 3 Know too thy sons, that round thee stand,
A gift by himi prepar'd ;
Nor arrows in the giant's hand
Can yield so sure a guard.
- 4 Blest, who his quiver stores with these ;
When hostile troops are near,
His gate the storm approaching sees,
Yet sees without a fear.

PSALM CXXVIII.

The Blessings of those who fear God, and keep his Commandments.

- 1 How blest the souls, their God who fear,
His pow'r confess, his law revere !
Who stedfast walk th' all-perfect way,
Nor lost in paths of folly stray.
- 2 O happy thou ! ordain'd to share
Thy Maker's ever constant care ;

Thou privileg'd from want shall stand,
And eat the labour of thy hand.

3 The object of thy wedded love
Prolific as the vine shall prove,
Whose foliage, o'er thy walls display'd,
Spreads wide its amicable shade:—

4 While, as the olive-branches fair,
Around thy board thy infant eare
Shall crowd, and bid thy heart o'erflow
With joys that only parents know.

5 Such blessings, Lord, thy hands provide
For all who make thy fear their guide,
And stedfast walk th' all-perfect way,
Nor lost in paths of folly stray.

6 Hail, favour'd man! from Sion's tow'r
Thy God on thee his gifts shall show'r;
Thou, thankful, to thy latest day
Shall Salem's prosp'ring state survey.

7 With lengthen'd joy, thine aged eyes
Shall see thy children's children rise,
And peace her healing wings expand
O'er Judah's heav'n-distinguish'd land.

PSALM CXXIX.

*God's Mercy to the Church. Judgments inflicted on
her ungodly Persecutors.*

1 Oft from my youth, may Israel say,
Oft from my youth, in close array
Against me rang'd, the hostile train
My ruin sought, but sought in vain.

2 My back with stripes the ploughers tore;
The lengthen'd furrows stream'd with gore;

But Thou, just God, hast burst their bands,
And sav'd me from their ruthless hands.

- 3 Back let them fly, in wild retreat,
Whose rage fair Sion's hallow'd seat
Pursues: let shame their guilt repay;
And let them like the grass decay,—
- 4 That, on the house-top seen to rise,
Stops in mid-growth, and fades, and dies;
Nor fills the mower's hand, nor gives
One grasp to him who binds the sheaves;
- 5 Nor prompts th' observing passenger
To greet them with this friendly pray'r;
“ May heav'n's high Lord your labours bless,
“ And crown them with the wish'd success !”

PSALM CXXX.

*The Prayer of the Faithful in Distress is accepted.
His Patience and Resignation are rewarded.*

- 1 To Thee from out the deeps I pray,
With heaviest woes oppress'd;
Lord, let thine ears attentive weigh
The voice of my request.
- 2 If from the sons of human birth
Thy wrath its debt demand,
O who, throughout the peopled earth,
Beneath that wrath shall stand?
- 3 But sin's worst wounds thy mercy heals;
As down its pow'rs descend,
The grateful soul their influence feels,
And trembles to offend.
- 4 Thee, Lord, I seek, the wise, the just;
My soul, by Thee upheld,

Expectant waits (thy word its trust,))

Till Thou thy beams shalt yield.

5 Not thus intent their longing sight

The wearied watchmen rear,

Not thus intent the growing light

Observe, when morn is near.

6 O trust in God ; for love in him,

And grace abundant reign ;

He, Jacob, shall thy sons redeem,

And purge their ev'ry stain.

PSALM CXXXI.

The Humility of the Just, and an Exhortation to trust in the tender Mercy of God.

1 THINE eyes, my God, nor lofty mind
Nor haughty look in me shall find,
Nor earth's vain pomp attracts my view,
Nor honour's prize my thoughts pursue.

2 Behold me of affections mild,
Behold me humble as the child,
That meek and silent sinks to rest,
Wean'd from the tender parent's breast.

3 O, fonder than that parent, see
Thy Maker, Israel, cherish thee :
To latest times on him depend,
Thy Guide, thy Guardian, and thy Friend.

PSALM CXXXII.

The Zeal of the Righteous towards establishing God's Sanctuary.

1 GREAT Ruler of this earthly ball,
Thy David to thy thought recall ;

O hear my voice, all-potent Sire,
Nor distant from the pray'r retire.

2 O think what pangs his bosom tore,
When to his God the oath he swore,
And thus, with various pressures bow'd,
To Jacob's Lord a mansion vow'd.

3 Be witness, if my floor I tread,
Be witness, if my couch I spread,
If sleep these weary orbs shall seal,
Or slumber o'er mine eyelids steal.—

4 Till to my search fair Judah's land
Some place present, whereon may stand,
Through future age, thy fix'd abode,
The seat of Jacob's mighty God.

5 To thee, O Ephrata, we came,
Inquisitive, and, led by fame,
The hallow'd tabernacle found
Within the forest's ample bound.

6 Behold us, Lord, with willing feet
The mansion of thy presence greet,
(Each heart inflam'd with grateful zeal,)
And prostrate at thy footstool kneel.

A Prayer at the Removal of the Ark. The Unchangeableness of God's Oath.

7 Rise, Israel's Father, God, and Friend ;
Pleas'd to thy place of rest ascend,
Thou and thine ark, tremendous shrine
Of Majesty and pow'r divine.

8 While righteousness thy priests arrays,
O let thy saints their thankful lays
Prolong ; and in thy David's name
Let Judah's king thy favour claim.

9 Thus to the prince of Jesse born
 God the reverseless oath has sworn ;
 Thy throne, protected by my care,
 The offspring of thy loins shall heir.

10 Through distant times their hallow'd line,
 Long as to me their hearts incline,
 My compact keep, my laws obey,
 Shall, uncontroll'd, extend their sway.

God's special Favor to Sion, her Inhabitants, her Priests, and her Kings.

11 Thy walls, O Sion, to thy Lord
 His destin'd residence afford ;
 Here will I rest, nor e'er my love
 From thy distinguish'd seat remove.

12 Thy plenteous board my hand shall spread,
 Distribute to thy poor their bread,
 Thy priests with lasting health invest,
 And wake to mirth each faithful breast.

13 Amid thy race, O David, here,
 Salvation shall her standard rear,
 While copious on th' anointed head
 The heav'nly lamp its beams shall shed.

14 Thy foes, with shame envelop'd o'er,
 Their blasted counsels shall deplore,
 And see the crown, that binds thy brow,
 With unextinguish'd splendours glow.

The Happiness of Unity and Concord among Brethren.

1 How blest the sight, the joy how sweet,
 When brothers join'd with brothers meet
 In bands of mutual love !

Less sweet the liquid fragrance, shed
 On Aaron's consecrated head,
 Ran trickling from above,—

2 And reach'd his beard, and reach'd his vest ;
 Less sweet the dew on Hermon's breast,
 Or Sion's hill descend :
 That hill has God with blessings crown'd,
 There promis'd grace that knows no bound,
 And life that knows no end.

PSALM CXXXIV.

*An Exhortation to praise God in his Sanctuary, and
 a Prayer for his Blessing upon his Saints.*

1 YE servants of th' eternal King,
 Your grateful hymns triumphant sing ;
 To you I call, the chosen band,
 Who take amid his courts your stand,
 While, gliding round the dusky pole,
 The starry orbs in silence roll.

2 Within his temple's vaulted frame,
 With lifted hands, his praise proclaim ;
 And He, may He, whose pow'r has made
 The earth, and heav'n's wide arch display'd,
 From sacred Sion bid thee prove
 The blessings of his boundless love !

PSALM CXXXV.

Praise the peculiar Duty of God's Ministers.

1 YE faithful servants of your God,
 To him be all your thanks bestow'd ;
 Through time's extended course, his fame
 In songs of highest praise proclaim.

2 Ye who, on his behests intent,
 The courts of Israel's Lord frequent,
 And, pleas'd, within his hallow'd gate
 In regular succession wait ;—

3 Him praise, the everlasting King,
 And mercy's unexhausted spring ;
 Haste, to his name your voices rear ;
 What name like his the heart can cheer ?

4 His love from out the num'rous birth,
 That crowns the wide-extended earth,
 Selects the race of Isaac's sons,
 And Jacob his possession owns.

5 Thy greatness, Lord, my thoughts attest,
 With awful gratitude impress'd,
 Nor know, among the seats divine,
 A pow'r that shall contend with thine.

The Universality of God's Government. His Judgments upon Egypt. The Israelites take Possession of Canaan.

6 'Tis God, whose all-disposing sway
 The heav'ns, the earth, and seas obey ;
 Whose might through all extent extends,
 Sinks through all depth, all height transcends,

7 From earth's low margin to the skies
 Who bids the pregnant vapours rise,
 The lightning's pallid sheet expands,
 And glads with show'rs the furrow'd lands.

8 Now from his storehouse built on high,
 He gives th' imprison'd winds to fly,
 And, guided by his will, to sweep
 The surface of the foaming deep.

- 9 By his resistless stroke assail'd,
Her eldest born proud Egypt wail'd ;
Nor rag'd his sword on man alone ;
Her flocks, her herds, its fury own.
- 10 New scenes of dread her land surpris'd,
When God the haughty chief chastis'd,
And each who lent th' assisting hand
To execute his stern command.
- 11 From Egypt's desolated shore
Its course his vengeance onward bore
To distant realms, by justice led ;
And mightiest kings beneath it bled.
- 12 Their monarch Hesbon's coast deplor'd,
And Basan her gigantic Lord,
While Canaan wept her forfeit lands
Resign'd to Israel's chosen bands.

*God will judge and comfort his People. The Folly
of worshipping Idols.*

- 13 Thy name shall ever live, thy name,
O Lord, shall ceaseless honour claim ;
Thy works, achiev'd in ages past,
To endless time remember'd last.
- 14 From Thee our judge we wait our doom :
Thou, Lord, the balance wilt assume,
And, prompt thy people's woes to heal,
The sentence of thy wrath repeal.
- 15 Behold, on each polluted shore
The heathen tribes their gods adore ;
Of gold and silver form'd, they stand
The creatures of the artist's hand.
- 16 Mouths have they, not for speech design'd,
And ears and eyes, yet deaf and blind ;

Their lips, by nature's finger seal'd,
Ne'er knew the vital breath to yield.

17 Unvisited hy wisdom's ray
Their breast ; nor less insensate they,
Who made their mimie forms, or, made,
With fruitless pray'r invoke their aid.

God's chosen People are called upon to glorify him.

18 Ye favour'd tribes, from Israel sprung,
Jehovah's praise with grateful tongue
Aloud proclaim, and thankful join
To bless the majesty divine.

19 Him bless, ye sons of Aaron's race ;
Ye, who your birth from Levi trace,
And all, whose heart his laws delight,
In thanks to him your songs unite.

20 Let Sion with enraptur'd ear
His fame throughout her precincts hear,
Who 'midst her walls, eternal guest,
Has fix'd the mansion of his rest.

*A generat Exhortation to praise God for his manifold
Blessings.*

1 LIFT up your voice, and thankful sing
Praises to your heav'nly King ;
For his blessings far extend,
And his mercy knows no end.

2 Be the Lord your only theme,
Who of gods is God supreme ;
For his blessings, &c.

3 He to whom all lords beside
Bow the knee, and veil their pride ;
For his blessings, &c.

4 Who asserts his just command
By the wonders of his hand ;
For his blessings, &c.

*Praise to God, as the Creator of the Heavens, and the
glorious Works therein.*

5 Praise the Lord, who, thron'd on high,
By his wisdom built the sky ;
For his blessings, &c.

6 Hail, who bade the watry deep
Under earth's foundation sleep ;
For his blessings, &c.

7 And the orbs that gild the pole
Through the boundless aether roll ;
For his blessings, &c.

8 Thee, O sun, whose pow'rful ray
Rules the empire of the day ;
For his blessings, &c.

9 You, O moon and stars, whose light
Breaks the horrors of the night ;
For his mercies, &c.

*The remarkable Destruction of the Egyptians, and
miraculous Deliverance of the Israelites.*

10 When God's vengeful wrath was shed,
Egypt mourn'd her first-born dead ;
For his blessings, &c.

11 Thence by him from bondage freed
March'd all Israel's chosen seed ;
For his blessings, &c.

12 While his mighty hand he rear'd,
And his outstretch'd arm appear'd ;
For his blessings, &c.

3 Aw'd by him, from side to side,
 Lo ! th' obedient deeps divide ;
 For his blessings, &c.

14 At his word the billows stay,
 Part, and give his people way ;
 For his blessings, &c.

15 At his word again they close
 O'er the head of Jacob's foes ;
 For his blessings, &c.

*God preserves his People from new Enemies, and
 settles them in the Promised Land.*

16 Safe in God's almighty aid
 Israel o'er the desert stray'd ;
 For his blessings, &c.

17 Kings, unable to withstand,
 Felt the vengeance of his hand ;
 For his blessings, &c.

18 Chiefs for hardiest deeds renown'd
 Prostrate fell, and bit the ground ;
 For his blessings, &c.

19 Sihon fierce, who forth to fight
 Led the harness'd Amorite ;
 For his blessings, &c.

20 Mightiest Og, beneath whose sway
 Basan's fertile region lay ;
 For his blessings, &c.

21 These he slew, and from their hands
 Took the forfeit of their lands ;
 For his blessings, &c.

22 Lands, which erst by promise due,
 Sons of Jacob, fell to you ;
 For his blessings, &c.

*An Acknowledgment of God's Goodness to his People
in their Affliction.*

23 On our sorrows from on high
God with pity cast an eye ;
For his blessings, &c.

24 In our battles, o'er each head
He the shield of safety spread ;
For his blessings, &c.

25 He with food sustains, O earth,
All who claim from thee their birth ;
For his blessings, &c.

26 Lift your voice, and thankful sing
Praise to heav'n's eternal King ;
For his blessings far extend,
And his mercy knows no end.

PSALM CXXXVII.

The Jewish Church in her Captivity laments the Decay of true Religion, and foretells the Ruin of her Foes.

1 WHERE Babylon's proud water flows,
We sate and wept, while in us rose
The dear remembrance of thy name,
O fair, O lost Jersalem !
Our silent harps the willows bore,
Whose branches shade th' extended shore.

2 In haughty triumph thus the foe
Insulting aggravates our woe :
“ Come, tune to mirth your sullen tongue ;
“ Rise, Hebrew slaves, and give the song ;
“ Such strains as wont your fane to fill
“ On captive Sion's boasted hill.”

3 How shall we yield to the demand ?
 How, exiles in a heathen land,
 Presume the heav'n-taught song to raise,
 And desecrate the hallow'd lays ?
 Shall Israel's vanquish'd tribes employ
 Their mournful voice in hymns of joy ?

4 If Sion from my breast depart,
 Forget my hand its tuneful art :
 Fast to my palate cleave my tongue,
 If, when I form my sprightliest song,
 Aught to my mirth supply a theme,
 But thou, O lov'd Jerusalem.

5 Think, Lord, O think, whien Sion lay
 Abandon'd to the dreadful day,
 How, as thy heaviest wrath she tried,
 " Down, down, exulting Edom cried,
 " Down let the hated city fall,
 " And level to the dust her wall."

6 Daughter of Babylon, that woe,
 Depress'd, consum'd, thyself shalt know,
 Which we, dire murd'ress, found from thee :
 And blest the man, whom God's decree
 Ordains to lead the slaughter on,
 And dash thine iufants on the stone.

 PSALM CXXXVIII.

The Psalmist praises God, and foretells that other Kings shall do the same. His Faith and Confidence.

1 THEE, Lord, my harp's awaken'd strings
 Shall praise, and to the ear of kings,
 Whose pow'rs thy sacred impress bear,
 The ardour of my zeal declare.

- 2 In low prostration, tow'rd thy shrine,
His knees thy servant shall incline,
And thankful teach the rapt'rous lay
Thy faith and mercy to display.
- 3 Thy sanctity all height transcends ;
Thy word eternal truth attends ;
Thy pow'r, while Thee my pray'r address'd,
Has fill'd with heav'n-born strength my breast.
- 4 Earth's lords, by thy instructions led,
With Israel's sons thy path shall tread,
And, joyous, as they march along,
Thy glory chant in grateful song.
- 5 Inthron'd above the loftiest sky,
Thou deign'st the humble to deservy,
And, from thy distant seat, deride
The frantic boasts of human pride.
- 6 When hostile troops excite my fear,
Thy quick'ning grace my heart shall cheer,
Thy hand compose their furious strife, ;
And rescue from the sword my life.
- 7 What bliss thy promise bids me share,
Haste, Lord, to yield ; nor from thy care,
O ever faithful, wise, and good,
The creature of thy hands exclude.

PSALM CXXXIX.

God knows all our Thoughts ; we cannot hide ourselves from his Sight.

- 1 THOU, Lord, hast search'd me out ; thine eyes
Mark when I sit, and when I rise !
By Thee my future thoughts are read ;
Thou round my path and round my bed

Attendest vigilant ; each word,
Ere yet I speak, by Thee is heard.

2 Life's maze, before my view outspread,
Within thy presence wrapt I tread,
And, touch'd with conscious horror, stand
Beneath the shadow of thy hand ;
Such knowledge, Lord, how deep ! in vain
I seek its summit to attain.

3 Where shall I shun thy wakeful eye,
Or whither from thy spirit fly ?
Aloft to heav'n my course I bear ;
In vain ; for thou, my God, art there :
If prone to hell my feet descend,
Thou still my footsteps shalt attend.

4 If now, on swiftest wings upborne,
I seek the regions of the morn,
Or haste me to the western steep,
Where eve sits brooding o'er the deep,
Thy hand the fugitive shall stay,
And dictate to my steps their way.

5 Perchance within its thickest veil
The darkness shall my head conceal ;
But, instant, thou hast chas'd away
The gloom, and round me pour'd the day ;
Darkness, great God, to Thee there's none ;
Darkness and light to Thee are one.

*The curious Texture of Man's Body fills the Mind
with Astonishment.*

6 My reins, my fabriek's ev'ry part,
O Lord, the wonders of thy art
Proclaim, and prompt my willing tongue
To meditate the grateful song ;

With deepest awe my thought their frame
Surveys ;—“ I tremble that I am.”

7 While yet a stranger to the day
Within the burthen'd womb I lay,
My bones, familiar to thy view,
By just degrees to firmness grew :
Thy pow'r my lineaments began,
To shapes prescrib'd the texture ran.

8 Day to succeeding day consign'd
Th' unfinish'd birth ; thy mighty mind
Each limb, each nerve, ere yet they were,
Contemplated distinct and clear ;
Those nerves thy curious finger spun,
Those limbs it fashion'd one by one ;—

9 And, as thy pen in fair design
Trac'd on thy book each shadowy line,
Thy handmaid Nature read them there,
And made the growing work her care,
Conform'd it to th' unerring plan,
And gradual wrought me into man.

*God's gracious Acts are numberless. The Righteous
shuns the Society of the Wicked, and prays for
Purity and Salvation.*

10 With what delight, great God, I trace
The acts of thy stupendous grace !
To count them, were to count the sand,
That lies upon the sea-beat strand :
When from my temples sleep retires,
Thy presence, Lord, my heart inspires.

11 Shall impious men thy will withstand,
Nor feel the vengeance of thy hand ?

Shall not thy wrath terrific rise,
The bold transgressors to chastise?
Hence, murd'lers, hence, nor near me stay ;
Ye sons of violence, away !

12 When lawless crowds with insult vain
Thy works revile, thy name profane,
Can I unmov'd those insults see,
Nor hate the wretch that hateth Thee?
Indignant, in thy cause I join,
And all thy foes, my God, are mine.

13 Searcher of hearts, my thoughts review ;
With kind severity pursue
Through each disguise thy servant's mind,
Nor leave one stain of guilt behind ;
Guide through th' eternal path my feet,
And bring me to thy blissful seat.

PSALM CXL.

*The Psalmist prays for Protection against the Designs
of his Enemies.*

1 My impious foes, great God, repel ;
Their rage by pow'r superior quell ;
Do Thou subdue the adverse band,
That, leagu'd in guilt, against me stand.

2 They toil, on fierce contention bent,
New arts of mischief to invent ;
Whet, as the asp, their tongues, and dip
In death's worst gall their venom'd lip.

3 O save me from the hand of wrong,
And backward turn the frantic throng,
That, pleas'd, in dire alliance meet,
And tempt to fatal lapse my feet.

4 The murd'rous trap, th' intwining snare,
 The sons of violence prepare,
 And guileful, onward as I tread,
 Beside my path their net outspread.

5 Thou art my God ; to Thee on high
 Thus prostrate at thy throne I cry ;
 O let my pray'r by Thee be heard,
 From undissembling lips preferr'd.

God, the just Man's only Strength in Battle, is untreated to disappoint and punish his Foes.

6 Strength of my health, indulgent Lord,
 Thy arm unseen each adverse sword,
 As o'er the field the battle burn'd,
 Preventive from my head has turn'd.

7 O let not the remorseless band
 (Each counsel by thy prosp'ring hand
 Accomplish'd, and each wish supplied,) i
 Their conquests boast with growing pride.

8 Do Thou, vindictive, on their heads
 (While round the hostile circle spreads,
 Intent my guiltless soul to slay,)
 The mischief of their lips repay.

9 Let rushing flames their sin chastise ;
 Prone tow'r'd the pit (no more to rise),
 Let each with fault'ring footsteps bend,
 And headlong to its depths descend.

Vengeance overtakes the Wicked. The Righteous enjoy God's Favor.

10 The tongue, to wisdom unsubdu'd,
 From bliss its owner shall exclude ;

Detraction in the earth's domain
No lasting heritage shall gain.

11 The feet to violence inclin'd,
Destruction, following fast behind,
Shall hunt, and with unwearied pace
Through sin's dark maze their path shall trace.

12 My heart has known thee, Lord, prepar'd
The helpless and the poor to gward,
To save them from oppression's jaws,
And vindicate their injur'd cause.

13 The souls subjected to thy fear
To Thee the thankful voice shall rear,
And, studious of thy just command,
Within thy sight accepted stand.

PSALM CXLI.

The Psalmist prays against bad Company, and rather to be reproved than flattered by the Good.

1 To Thee I call ; O haste Thee near ;
My voice, great God, indulgent hear ;
With grateful odour to the skies
As incense let my pray'r arise,
And let my hands, uplifted high,
With full acceptance meet thine eye,
As victims on thine altar laid,
When eve extends its deep'ning shade.

2 O let my mouth to guilt be barr'd,
And o'er its portal plant a guard ;
Turn, turn from sin's pursuit my will,
Nor let th' artificers of ill
In me the wish'd associate greet,
Or see me to their path my feet

Incline, and, caught in error's snare,
Their feastful board luxurious share.

3 Let virtue's friends, severely kind,
With welcome chastisement my mind
Correct, and, by their precepts won,
Let me each error learn to shun ;
But give not these, great God, to shed
The balm of flatt'ry o'er my head,
Lest sudden from thy wrath I feel
The stroke, that none shall know to heal.

*A Prayer that the Ungodly may amend their Ways.
The Afflictions of the Righteous, and Encouragement of Faith.*

4 The pray'r that from my lips proceeds,
My horror of the sinner's deeds
Shall speak ; nor Thou that pray'r despise,
But, while before their startled eyes
From rocky heights their chiefs are thrown,
Incline their stubborn hearts to own
How sweet my words, and, taught thy fear,
The lessons of thy truth to hear.

5 The beasts, the birds that wing the air,
Thy slaughter'd saints insatiate tear ;
Behold the grave's wide mouth display'd,
Our bones in heaps before it laid ;
As when, beneath the woodman's stroke,
From the tall ash, or spreading oak,
The branches fall, and, scatter'd round,
In wild disorder strew the ground.

6 Father of all ! to Thee mine eyes
I lift ; on Thee my hope relies ;

Do Thou, as 'mid the toils I tread,
 By men of impious heart outspread,
 My dangers, not regardless, see,
 And let me, while by thy decree
 Wrapt in the snare themselves I view,
 With step secure my path pursue.

PSALM CXLII.

*An humble Petition and Appeal to God against artful
 Foes and faithless Friends.*

- 1 To God I cry ; to him my pray'r
 Address ; to him my heart its care
 Shall pour, and to his ear disclose,
 In sad recital, all its woes ;
 To him, for he the pray'r can hear,
 To him my suppliant voice I rear.
- 2 To Thee, great God, to Thee alone,
 The traces of my paths are known ;
 Thy searching eyes, with steady view,
 Through sorrow's gloom my steps pursue,
 And see my foes athwart my way
 The cover'd snare insidious lay.
- 3 I turn'd me, anxious, on the right,
 I turn'd, and round me cast my sight
 With fruitless search ; no friend was nigh,
 Th' expected succour to supply,
 With lenient tongue my griefs to cheer,
 Or pitying drop the social tear.

*The good Man's Confidence. God is his Portion.
 His Deliverance is the Occasion of Thankfulness.*

- 4 Forlorn of help, Thee, mightiest Lord,
 My soul with humble trust implor'd ;

In Thee, all-bounteous God, I cried,
 In Thee alone my hopes reside ;
 O, while beneath my woes I bend,
 To me thy kindliest succour lend.

5 While life along my veins shall stream,
 Its portion Thee, and bliss supreme,
 My heart shall own ; O gracious hear,
 While worn with griefs my voice I rear,
 And let my foe's superior might
 Thy pity to my aid excite.

6 Do Thou my prison doors unbar ;
 So shall my tongue thy love declare
 In hymns of praise, while, joy'd in me
 Th' event of pious hope to see,
 The souls that own thy just command
 With thankful wonder round me stand.

PSALM CXLIII.

The Psalmist prays that he may not be strictly judged ; sets forth his melancholy State, and reflects on God's Mercies.

1 THINE ear, my God, propitious lend ;
 O, ever just and true, extend
 Thy pity, while to Thee I pray,
 Nor scrutinize with strict survey
 Thy servant's acts ; for who, O who
 Shall pure of guilt approach thy view ?

2 Thou seest the foe with furious strife
 My soul pursue ; to earth my life
 He treads, and in the horrid gloom,
 As those who 'mid the silent tomb
 Through ages sleep, from human eye
 Secluded far, has bid me lie.

3 I feel my vital strength depart,
And wild amazement fills my heart ;
But, backward borne to periods past,
Thy mercies, Lord, my thoughts have trac'd ;
And in my breast recorded stand
The wonders of thy mighty hand.

A Prayer for God's Guidance and Protection.

4 Aloft my suppliant palms I spread ;
Nor more the glebe, its moisture fled,
Longs the descending show'r to see,
Than thirsts my wearied soul for Thee ;
O hide not, Lord, thy face, but save
Thy servant from the yawning grave.

5 O let the hour that wakes the day
Thy mercy to my ear convey ;
While, for on Thee my hope depends,
In fervent thought my mind ascends,
Expectant, tow'r'd thy heav'nly seat
Train to the paths of truth my feet.

6 To Thee, my refuge, Lord, I fly ;
Do Thou the deaths that wait me nigh
Repel ; my will to thine, for Thou,
Thou art my God, corrective bow,
And give me, by thy spirit led,
The land of righteousness to tread.

7 Thy wonted mercy, Lord, impart,
O quicken with thy grace my heart,
And let thy justice interpose,
My sorrows to relieve, my foes
To crush, and from their rage remove
A soul devoted to thy love.

PSALM CXLIV.

*The King blesses God for his Victories. Man's
Frailty and Vanity.*

- 1 BLEST be the Lord my strength, whose aids,
When lawless force my peace invades,
My fingers for their task prepare,
And discipline my hands to war.
- 2 My hope, my shield, my strongest tow'r,
The friend that in the dang'rous hour
My life protects, and bids each laud
Subjected own my just command.
- 3 Lord, what is man, that in thy care
His humble lot should find a share ?
Or what the son of man, that Thou
Thus to his wants thine ear shouldst bow ;
- 4 What are his days ?—a span their line ;
Or what his age, compar'd with thine ?
Himself, when in the balance weigh'd,
A nothing, and his life a shade.

*The King's Prayer against his Enemies. He promises
a Song of Praise, and owns God to be his De-
fender.*

- 5 Descend, from heav'n's vast height descend ;
Its wide-spread arch beneath Thee bend ;
Touch the proud hills, eternal Sire,
And see them quick in smoke aspire !
- 6 Let fiercest lightnings through the air,
Now rushing, now reverting, tear
Thy stubborn foes ; and, edg'd with flame,
Swift at their heads thy arrows aim.
- 7 Stretch to my aid thine arm, and save
My life from the devouring wave ;

Back let the vengeful foe retire,
Whose lips, whose hands, in fraud conspire.

8 So shall my finger's artful stroke
The harp and ten-string'd lute provoke
New strains t' attempt, and with my tongue
In sweet division form the song.

9 Guardian of kings ! thy fav'ring might
Thy David through the thickest fight
With watchful care vouchsafes to guide,
And turns each threat'ning sword aside.

—————

*The signal Blessings that arise from God's Help to
to the Faithful.*

10 Stretch out thy arm, O Lord, and save
My life from the devouring wave ;
Back let the vengeful foe retire,
Whose lips, whose hands, in fraud conspire.

11 So, nurs'd beneath indulgent skies,
Our sons with full increase shall rise,
Like youngling plants in order rang'd,
Of healthful stem, and leaf unchang'd,—

12 Our daughters as the column fair,
That, fashion'd by the artist's care,
Claims in the regal done a place,
The polish'd angle's noblest grace.

13 So shall the hind exulting bear
The blessings of the loaded year,
And the rich harvest's gather'd store
Load with its heap th' extended floor.

14 Our oxen strong for toil behold !
The teeming mothers of the fold
See, scatter'd o'er the rural scene,
Their thousands and their myriads yean.

15 No more our streets the cries of fear
 Or shouts of violence shall hear ;
 Thou, Lord, the tumults shalt assuage
 Of hostile force, and civil rage.

16 O happy we, while thus our race
 The signals of thy love shall grace !
 O blest the people, that in Thee
 Their God and faithful Guardian see !



PSALM CXLV.

*A grateful Resolution to praise God for the Wonders
 of his Power, Justice, Love, and Mercy.*

1 THEE will I bless, my God and King,
 Nor cease thy wondrous acts to sing :
 From earliest morn to latest eve
 Thy praises on my tongue shall live ;
 To Thee my harp shall wake each string,
 Nor cease thy wondrous acts to sing.

2 Great is our God : in vain our praise
 His excellence in equal lays
 Would celebrate ; in vain the mind
 Its height, its depths essays to find ;
 Age to succeeding age thy might
 Shall speak, thy works, blest Lord, recite.

3 My tongue thy glory shall proclaim,
 The faithful witness of thy fame,
 Bid contemplation's inmost thought
 Survey the wonders thou hast wrought,
 And with assenting myriads join
 To bless the Majesty divine.

4 Thy dreaded pow'r shall each rehearse,
 Thy greatness shall my thankful verse

Inspire, thy righteousness and love
 Our hearts inflame, our songs improve ;
 Thee good and kind shall mortals own,
 To anger slow, to pity prone.

The Delight of the Faithful. God's Truth and Goodness. His Favor to Penitents.

5 Far as creation's bounds extend,
 Thy mercies, heav'nly Lord, descend ;
 One chorus of perpetual praise
 To Thee thy various works shall raise,
 Thy saints to Thee in hymns impart
 The transports of a grateful heart ;—

6 The splendors of thy kingdom tell,
 Delighted on thy wonders dwell,
 And bid the world's wide realms admire
 The glories of th' Almighty Sire,
 Whose throne shall nature's wreck survive,
 Whose pow'r through endless ages live.

7 Thy promise truth eternal guides,
 And mercy o'er each act presides ;
 The feet, whose steps to lapse incline,
 With faithful care thy arm divine
 Shall prop ; the spirit bow'd with woe
 Thy all-supporting aid shall know.

God's Care of his Creatures. The Lot of the Proud and Wicked. God is ever to be praised.

8 From thee, great God, while ev'ry eye
 Expectant waits the wish'd supply,
 Their bread proportion'd to the day
 Thy op'ning hands to each convey ;

Thy ways eternal justice guides,
And mercy o'er thine act presides.

9 Who ask thine aid with heart sincere,
Thee ever gracious, ever near,
Shall own ; their pray'r, in each distress,
To Thee thy servants, Lord, address,
And find Thee (verging on the grave)
Nor slow to hear, nor weak to save.

10 Ye souls among his saints inroll'd,
In God your sure defence behold,
Who wakes your chosen train to guard ;
While pride shall meet its just reward ;
And fierce destruction at his word
Shall bathe in impious blood its sword.

11 Long as I breathe, my thankful tongue
To Him shall meditate the song ;
My willing lips with praise o'erflow,
My grateful soul with transport glow ;
From man's whole race his hallow'd name
Shall thanks and endless honour claim.

PSALM CXLVI. *Hallelujah.*

God alone is worthy of Praise and Confidence.

1 PRAISE, praise thy God, my soul ; his name
To life's last date my thanks shall claim,
And, long as I exist, my lyre
Shall wake to sing th' eternal Sire.

2 O seek not, with presumption vain,
Your hope on princes to sustain,
Nor trust, when threat'ning ills invade,
The strengthless prop of human aid.

3 His breath resign'd, on earth's low bed
Behold the mortal rest his head ;

Nor farther shall his thoughts extend,
But with him to the grave descend.

4 Blest, who their help in Thee alone,
The God to Jacob's offspring known,
Have found, and to the hand divine
In each distress their care resign ;—

5 That hand, that form'd the heav'ns and earth,
And call'd the watry deep to birth,
With all that in the ample round
Of nature's utmost reign is found.

*God delivers the afflicted, defends the Stranger, the
fatherless, and the Widow; and reigns for ever.*

6 'Tis God's, whose truth, through ages past
Confirm'd, shall time's extent outlast ;
'Tis his, the injur'd cause to right,
And crush the arm of lawless might.

7 'Tis his to loose the captive's chain,
With bread the hungry to sustain,
The blind restore, the weak uprear,
And save the souls that own his fear.

8 Through distant regions doom'd to roam,
In him the stranger finds a home ;
'Tis his, the orphan's breast to cheer,
And wipe the heart-swoln widow's tear.

9 The impious souls, whose love of ill
To rash transgression prompts their will,
Who dare from his decrees to stray,
Shall reap the error of their way.

10 O Sion, in thy God confide,
And know how fix'd his reign, how wide ;
O'er subject worlds his just command
To endless age confirm'd shall stand.

PSALM CXLVII. *Hallelujah.*

An Exhortation to praise God, who is the Founder and Defender of the Church against her Enemies.

- 1 O BLESS Jehoval : sweet the joy,
When tasks like these the voice employ ;
To him our highest thanks belong,
And praise sits comely on our tongue.
- 2 'Tis he who builds fair Salem's walls,
And Israel's exil'd sons recals ;
Yields to the contrite heart relief,
And binds its wounds, and soothes its grief.
- 3 He to the stars assigns their names,
(As, scatter'd wide, their vivid flames
Adorn the bright ethereal plain,)
And numbers with his eye their train.
- 4 Great is our God : beyond all bound
His pow'r ; beyond all search is found
His knowledge ; in his arm the meek
With sure success their aid shall seek ;—
- 5 That arm, whose unresisted stroke,
On each, who dares his wrath provoke,
With swift descent its aim shall guide,
And level to the dust their pride.

*God is to be praised for his special Providence towards
his chosen People.*

- 6 Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry chord,
Exalt the name of Jacob's Lord,
Whose hand with clouds the heav'n obscures,
On earth the genial moisture pours.
- 7 He bids the herb its mantle spread,
Luxuriant o'er the mountain's head ;

Gives to the beasts their wonted food,
And stills the raven's clam'rous brood.

8 If o'er the field the battle bleed,
His watchful eye the strengthful steed
Regards not, nor the chiefs, whose feet
Unmov'd the shock of legions meet.

9 On you, in whom his fear resides,
On you, whose heart in him confides,
His grace its signals shall bestow,
His arm with conquest bind your brow.

10 O Solyma, his lov'd abode,
Him praise unceasing ! bless thy God,
O Sion, who thy gates has barr'd,
Whose various gifts thy sons have shar'd.

11 His visits teach thy grateful soil
To recompense the tiller's toil ;
He crowns with peace thy happy plain ;
Calls from thy glebe the purest grain.

*God governs all Nature by regular Laws. The Church
is bound to praise him for his Blessings.*

12 God's word, from heav'n in swift career
Convey'd, suggests to nature's ear
The laws that regulate her frame,
And gives her ev'ry act its aim.

13 Flak'd by his art, the woolly snow
Falls silent on the ground below ;
By him the frost, as ashes hoar,
Lies sprinkled earth's wide surface o'er.

14 In harden'd fragments through the air,
While man its rigours shuns to bear,
His hail descends ; in icy chains
His hand the gliding stream detains,—

15 Till, at his word, th' instructed wind
 With friendly breath the wave unbind,
 And bid it, onward borne, again
 With liquid lapse its course maintain.

16 Such is the God, and such his might,
 Whose precepts Israel's love invite,
 And to his tribes in full display
 His life-directing truths convey.

17 What realms, through earth's extended coasts.
 His care, like thine, O Judah, boasts ;
 Or, taught, as thou, his fear to own,
 The dictates of his will has known ?

18 O come, your thankful voices join,
 And bless the Majesty divine :
 His praise, to time's remotest day,
 His pow'r in sacred notes display.

PSALM CXLVIII. *Hallelujah.*

The Angels in Heaven, and the glorious Works in the Firmament, are called upon to praise their Creator.

1 YE blest inhabitants of heav'n,
 To God be all your praises giv'n ;
 O praise him from the realms that lie
 Above the reach of mortal eye ;
 Him praise, ye angels of his train,
 Him, all whom heav'n's vast hosts contain.

2 Praise him, thou glorious orb of light,
 And thou, pale ruler of the night ;
 Praise him, ye stars ; his praise repeat,
 Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his awful seat ;
 And you, ye floods, that, heap'd on high,
 Press with your weight th' extended sky.

3 Let these to God their voices rear,
Who bade them be ; and straight they were :
Who bids them stand ; and stand they shall :
Nor aught the mandate shall recal,
That, fix'd by his almighty mind,
To endless age their date assign'd.

The inferior Creation, Princes and Magistrates, young and old, are exhorted to unite in praise to God.

4 Let not the heav'n God's praise confine ;
O all of earth the chorus join ;
Ye whales, ye deeps, in praise conspire,
Snow, vapour, hail, and bick'ring fire,
And ev'ry wind, and ev'ry storm,
That duteous his behests perform ;—

5 Ye lesser hills, ye mountains high,
Ye trees, whose fruits man's food supply ;
Ye cedars, whose expanded shade,
Nor storms nor ages teach to fade ;
Ye beasts, that range th' uncultur'd soil,
Or patient lend to man your toil.

6 Praise him, each bird that wings the air,
Each reptile, nurtur'd by his care ;
Ye kings and nations of the earth,
O praise him all of princely birth ;
And ye, whose doom, as justice guides,
The long-contested cause decides.

7 Ye youthful bands, and virgin choir,
Each lisping babe, and hoary sire,
Wake to his name your grateful songs ;
To him alone all praise belongs ;
His glory earth's wide bounds o'erflows,
Nor highest heav'n its limit knows.

8 Ye tribes, exalted by his arm,
 You, chief, the heav'nly theme shall warm,
 Blest sons of Israel's hallow'd land,
 Who neighb'ring to his presence stand ;
 O come, your thankful voices raise,
 And consecrate to him your praise.

PSALM CXLIX. *Hallelujah.*

The Faithful are invited to pay their Adoration to their Maker and Benefactor.

1 SING to our God the new-form'd lay,
 Ye souls, who his commands obey,
 Assembling join your thankful tongues,
 And hallow with his praise your songs.
 2 O Israel, let thy Maker's name
 With joyous zeal thy breast inflame,
 And Sion's sons exulting sing
 The mercies of their heav'nly King.
 3 Range in the dance the sacred band,
 And urge the minstrel's well-taught hand
 To strike the loud-resounding lyre,
 While timbrels in his praise conspire.

God's Delight in the Just, their Encouragement and Reward for their Obedience.

4 With what delight, great God, behold
 Thine eyes the people of thy fold !
 Thy strength the souls of humble frame
 Their ever present aid proclaim.
 5 With conquest crown'd, and wrapt in joy,
 Let all, whom thy decrees employ,
 Thy name exalt, and thankful raise
 The song of gratitude and praise.

6 Let all unite with willing mind,
 Nor cease, when on their beds reclin'd,
 The silent midnight's list'ning ear
 With songs of loudest mirth to cheer.

7 Thy mercy let their lips record ;
 Give to their grasp the two-edg'd sword,
 And let them, guided by thy hand,
 Deal vengeance through each heathen land.

8 Let them the guilty tribes chastise,
 Whose impious arm thy pow'r defies ;
 Triumphant in the iron chain
 Their nobles and their kings detain,—

9 And while, inspir'd with active zeal,
 Thy prescript thus their hands fulfil,
 The glories wear for all prepar'd,
 Whose hearts thy just behests regard.

Hallelujah.

PSALM CL.

Hallelujah.

*The best Instruments of Music, and the Voices of all
 Creatures, ought to be employed in praising God.*

1 PRAISE, O praise the name divine ;
 Praise it at the hallow'd shrine ;
 Let the firmament on high
 To its Maker's praise reply.

2 Let each tongue, and let each chord
 Praise the name of Jacob's Lord ;
 Let his acts, and pow'r supreme,
 To your songs suggest a theme.

3 Be the harp no longer mute ;
 Sound the trumpet ; touch the lute ;
 Wake to life each tuneful string ;
 Bring the pipe, the timbrel bring.

- 4 Let the organ in his praise
Learn its loudest note to raise,
And the cymbal's varying sound
From the vaulted roof rebound.
- 5 All who vital breath enjoy,
In his praise that breath employ,
And in one great chorus join ;
Praise, O praise the name divine.

DOXOLOGIES;

Or, Forms of ascribing Glory and Praise to the ever-blessed Trinity, from one Generation to another;—to God the Father for our Creation, to God the Son for our Redemption, and God the Holy Ghost for our Sanctification.

GLORIA PATRI.

I.

In thee, O heav'n, O earth, in thee
Be glory to th' eternal Three;
That glory, which through ages past
Was, is, and shall for ever last.

OR THIS.

II.

To Father, Son, and Spirit blest,
Be praise in heav'n and earth address'd,
As was, and is, and yet shall be,
When time its latest hour shall see.

OR THIS.

III.

To Thee, one God, in Persons three,
As was, and is, and yet shall be,
One chorus let the nations raise,
One shout of universal praise.

OR THIS.

IV.

To Father, Son, and Spirit blest,
 Be praise, as was at first, address'd ;
 Such praise as from th' angelic choirs,
 And saints, whom zeal like theirs inspires,
 In heav'n above and earth below
 Still flows, and shall for ever flow.

OR THIS.

V.

To Father, Son, and Spirit blest,
 Be praise in loudest notes address'd,
 Such as the stars of morning sung,
 When earth was on its balancee hung ;
 Such praise as from th' angelie choirs,
 And saints, whom zeal like theirs inspires,
 In heav'n above and earth below
 Still flows, and shall for ever flow.

ANOTHER.

VI.

All glory to th' eternal Three ;
 Thee, Father ; thee, O Son ; and thee.
 The Spirit ever blest ;
 That glory, which through ages past
 Unchang'd has stood, and yet shall last,
 When time has sunk to rest.

ANOTHER.

VII.

All glory to th' eternal Three,
 As was, ere time began to roll,
 As is, nor yet shall cease to be,
 When time has reach'd its destin'd goal.

ANOTHER.

VIII.

Be glory to th' eternal Three
 Ascrib'd, and highest praise,
 As was, and is, and still shall be
 Beyond the end of days.

ANOTHER.

IX.

To th' eternal Three be giv'n
 Praise on earth, and praise in heav'n,
 Such as was through ages past,
 Is, and shall for ever last.

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